

M. VAL. MARTIALIS



LONDON.  
*Printed for Henry Bonwicke*

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EPIGRAMS  
O F  
MARTIAL,  
E N G L I S H E D.

With some  
Other Pieces, Ancient and Modern.

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*Dicitur & nostros cantare Britannia versus.*  
*Mart. Lib. IX. Ep. 4.*

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On the Frontispiece.

*Whose chance it is, to take in hand this Book,  
In the Satyric-Mirror let him look;  
Wherein, if Wise, with much delight he'll see,  
From what fond Vice his Nobler Soul is free :  
If Foolish, he'll astonish'd be to find,  
A Stranger better knew, than he, his Mind :  
And if he flies from so severe a School,  
To wink, boots not, when others see the Fool.*

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L O N D O N,

Printed for Henry Bonwicke at the Red Lyon  
in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1695.

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# TO THE READER.

## On Translation in General.

*(does more ;*  
**H**E that Translates, than he that Writes,  
 For he must please upon a double Score ;  
 That of his Author first, then on his own,  
 Hold out compar'd, be Good when read alone.  
 When he that from his Brain does first endite,  
 Has paid all Debts, if well he does but write.

Translation then a Comment ought to be,  
 Not only change the Tongue, but Author free  
 From Darkneß ; clear his Sense, sometimes im-  
 For if the Second Pen soar not above *(prove :*  
 His lowest Stoops, 'twill ne're that Grace repay,  
 Which in the Work, too oft, will slip away.

## To the Reader.

*But then, who will translate to this Degree,  
Be held the Author's Second Self to be,  
Must not cleave servilely to ev'ry Phrase,  
And think, therein, he has deserv'd the Bays :  
Sometimes, 'tis true, a Word's an Epigram,  
There he must Sweat, till he express the same  
With like Felicity : But on each Word  
Who equal Pains and Travel shall afford,  
And thinks't a Mastery the same to hit,  
Will oft spend Cost on Weakness 'stead of Wit ;  
Make his Verse strut, and pride it in that part,  
Which was the Author's Shift, perhaps, not Art.  
Some things will bear, some will require a Change,  
And the chief Purpose will appear less strange  
In new Terms, than its own. A nobler Aim  
He will pursue, if he shall seek a Name,  
By keeping of the Force, not Words ; the Wit  
And Grace, and evermore the Genius hit,*

## To the Reader.

*That powerful Thing so hard 'tis to expound,  
But in whatever is well Writ, is found.*

*But then no Law with them will e're dispense,  
Who wildly ramble from the Author's sense;  
Not only shift his Phrase, but leave his way;  
Follow not his, but their own Phancies sway;  
Little regarding what they undertook,  
Namely, to English, not to write a Book.  
To such we say, Martial we hop'd to see,  
His Epigrams, not those were writ by Thee.  
Obj. But th' Author seems sometimes to droop &  
Ans. If there a brisk but wary Touch do rowz (drowz.  
His Vein, the well-plac'd judgment all will praise,  
And with his Worth your Own you'l joyntly raise.  
But when he's excellent, if you balk or range,  
Write what you will, none will accept the change,  
But rigidly the Author's Sense require.  
As he that of a Painter shall desire*

## To the Reader.

*To copy some much-lov'd or honour'd Face,  
Unlikeness will not please with better grace.  
Altho', alas, what some more graceful deem,  
Meer Blunders, and not Master-strokes do seem.  
How Rash must be he then, who nothing fears,  
To change a Work approv'd a thousand Tears?  
But, when he faithfully shou'd the Text express,  
Preferrs to shew himself a Beau in Verse;  
And with such confidence does act this part,  
As if his Error were a Rule of Art.*

*Others there are, who to this Work address,  
With more pretence, but with as small success:  
Who, when it is their Province to explain  
The Author's Excellence and noble Vein,  
His beautiful Schemes to best advantage show,  
Their Pains in searching Manuscripts bestow;  
To criticize upon the Text affect,  
The Poet not to illustrate, but correct;*

*Think*

## To the Reader.

*Think if their Toyl retrieve from Mould and Rust,  
Some Various Reading long obscur'd in Dust,  
Th'ave reach'd the highest Point, tho' nought it tend  
T' improve the Sense, or any grace to lend.*

*What boots it, how the words are understood,  
If the exchange produces nothing good?*

*These Mens Abilities their Margents speak,  
Their Notes are learn'd, their Version dull and weak.*

*Dost ask, If I have all these Laws obey'd?  
Th'ave been my aim, however I have stray'd.*

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TO THE  
READER.

On the Present Translation.

**W***Ho, for the Public View, employs his Pen,  
Writes to as many Judges, as to Men ;  
To those know more than he, to those know less ;  
To those are skill'd, to those can only guess ;  
He must submit (altho' he lose his Cause)  
To trifling Phancies, as to equal Laws :  
Nay, and as if th' Objections were too few,  
Himself, against Himself, must find out new  
And curious ones, such as much Pains have taught,  
And great Experience only could have brought :  
And answer'ing all, he's yet not freed from Fear :  
For when thus arm'd at ev'ry Point, ev'n where*

*He*



## To the Reader.

*He least does think of Wounds, the fatal Steel  
(Tho' like Achilles dipp'd) will find his Heel.*

*Thus I am charg'd —*

*Cens.] — From th' Author thou dost range;  
His Sense abridge, enlarge, and sometimes  
change.*

*Trans.] If, as thou say'st, I did not sometimes stray,  
I oft should lose the End, to keep the Way;  
And tho' the Author, to Translate, might boast,  
His Wit would vanish, and his Drift be lost.  
Again, where he does blaze, tho' tax, that Sin,  
The Heathen World was so engulphed in,  
If any escap'd the knowledge of 't before,  
I like'd not that my Pen should teach them more.*

*Cens.] But while this Sin thou fondly dost detest,  
Thou slight'st his smartest Epigrams and best.*

*Trans.] Who shall translate Martial's licentious  
Unless he also could translate the Age* (Rage,

*In*

## To the Reader.

*In which he liv'd, with Vice 'twould him oppress,  
Who never 'gainst Decorum did transgress.  
But this so little we observ'd do find,  
Men speak the Author's Words without his Mind:  
For whereas he with Gall the Vice did press,  
They set it forth exalted in their Verse;  
No scruple make to bring it into Vogue,  
Brand not and lash, but glorifie the Rogue;  
Bold Nomenclators they delight to show  
Themselves of Vice, but little Good to know;  
And if we rightly their Performance state,  
'Tis their Lewd Selves, not others, they translate.  
Cens.] Yet with some looser Touches you dispense.  
Transl.] Conclude not that I break my Rule from  
But as a Painter, that will likeness take, (thence:  
Must not refuse i'th Face a Scarr to make,  
If such he finds: So I engag'd to draw  
Martial's Resemblance, fetter'd by this Law,*

*Some*

## To the Reader.

*Some Traëts must take, which not so comely be,  
That those who see the Piece, may say, 'Tis He;  
And tho' I his Obsceneness do omit,  
Have merry, tho' not wanton, Martial hit. (alone.  
Cens.] You might have let the Work wholly a-  
Trans.] O candid Censor! in amends for one  
Default, how many Noble Precepts shine,  
How many sharp Reproofs enrich each Line?  
When the flat Preacher does exhort in vain,  
A thousand Vices by his Verse are slain,  
And Vertues taught; Men rather would be dead,  
Than in his Poem branded and ill-read.  
Cens.] Oft thou insertest Verses of thine own,  
Ambitious that the Author them should own.  
Trans.] If in some parts I have the Text enlarg'd,  
My Margent's fair, and with few Notes is charg'd:  
Nor do I rove from the prescrib'd Intent,  
But plainer shew what 'twas the Poet meant:*

*Which*

## To the Reader.

*Which Glosses, tho' not Children of his Brain,  
Yet for his Childrens Children may be ta'en.  
And who the Latin, vainly shall contend,  
In as few English words to comprehend;  
Against this Evil he will never fence,  
But render oft a cramp'd abortive sense;  
And when his Author and himself h'as vex't,  
His Version shall be dark, tho' clear the Text.*

*Heaps of dry Names, in part too, I omit,  
When more they clog, than they advance the Wit;  
Customs, again, I change, when exolete,  
Coins, Names of Fishes, Fowls, and various Meat, }  
Of which best Criticks doubt, altho' they treat : }  
'For in those times, tho' these were known to all,  
Now for a tedious Comment they do call;  
Which no more grateful way I could prevent,  
Than by a Modern pat Equivalent.*

## To the Reader.

*Censure not then the Changes that I make,  
If they illustrate, from the Sense not take ;  
In Zeal to Martial load me with Dispraise,  
Where he himself, alive, wou'd give me Bays.  
When to speak English, is impos'd my Task ;  
'Tis foolish to affect a Roman Mask.  
And, learned Censor, thou wert not my Care  
In this, who can'st th' Original compare,  
But who their Mother-tongue do only know,  
And further than I lead them, cannot go. (cause.  
Cens.] Epigrams thou disorder'd'st without  
Trans.] Nor for their Order know I any Laws :  
If Fancy place a few, Reason can none ;  
Beside, of Fifteen Books, I make but \* One.  
Cens.] Thy Verse is rough and harsh---  
Trans.] --- With this dispense,  
I forfeit Number oft, to give thee Sense,*

\* The first Design was so.

## To the Reader.

*And Metre too, it fuller to impart,  
Tho' I proclaim thereby my want of Art.  
And oft the Craggy Epigramick Strain  
Will not allow a smooth Maronian Vein :  
And who a flowing Verse shall here affect,  
The Sting, the Force, the Genius, must neglect.*  
Cenf.] Then to this Paradox we must agree,  
Epigrammatist and Poet none can be.  
Transf.] No; but this Truth, by whomsoever spoke,  
Martial and Virgil 'tis in vain to yoke.  
Cenf.] All who this Work have hitherto essay'd,  
Martial have not translated, but betray'd ;  
Debas'd his Muse, and all the Good th'ave done,  
Th'ave forestall'd others, and no Glory won.  
Transf.] The vain Attempts of such as go before,  
The Generous and Brave encourage more ;  
And more Illustrious still is his Renown,  
Who takes, when many are repuls'd, the Town.

But

## To the Reader.

*But here is no forestalling in the Case,  
Ev'ry new Pen may start, and shew, new Grace.  
The Wits of Old would share among a Score  
One Epigram, and thought their Pains so poor,  
That Tryal yet was left for Hundreds more.  
And if thou'lt shew the Age, by doing better,  
Nought yet is done, it will be still thy Debtor.  
Cens.] Thou but few Epigrams, and not chosen  
Dost to the World present — (well,  
Trans.] — Those that Excel  
To nobler Pens I leave; which I wish may  
Far out-do mine, and ev'ry weak Essay  
The VWorld has known. Nor shall I grieve to see,  
On this Account, my Leaves condemn'd to be  
Mantles for Soap and Spice, Carpets for Pyes,  
VWhile in the Desk th' Illustrious Version lyes,  
Adorn'd with Art and Cost, rich Gilt and Strung,  
Th' Applause and Joy of ev'ry Ear and Tongue.*

T O T H E  
Judicious R E A D E R.

**T***Hat with no Verses I come usher'd forth,  
Proceeds not from Opinion of my Worth :  
But for such Grace I did forbear to sue,  
'Cause Friends write all they can, not what is due ;  
And in these Cases it is always known,  
They shew not th' Author's Merit, but their own.*

*But if that Thou, on prospect of my Book,  
Shalt Martial take, and on the Latin look,  
And say, A just Translation I have made,  
Diluted not the Force, nor Grace betrai'd.  
Such Words, without Hyperbole of Praise,  
Will heap upon me a whole Grove of Bays.*

E P I-



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# EPIGRAMS

O F

# MARTIAL

## ENGLISHED.

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LIB. SPECTAC.

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*Epigr. 1. On Cæsar's Amphitheatre.*

**E**GYPT, forbear thy Pyramids to praise,  
 A barb'rous Work up to a Wonder raise;  
 Let *Babylon* cease th' incessant Toyl to prize,  
 Which made her Walls to such immensness rise;  
 Nor let th' *Ephesians* boast the curious Art,  
 Which Wonder to their Temple does impart.  
*Delos* dissemble too the high Renown,  
 Which did thy Horn-fram'd Altar lately crown;

*Caria* to vaunt thy Mausoleum spare,  
 Sumptuous for Cost, and yet for Art more rare,  
 As not borne up, but pendulous i'th' Air :  
 All Works to *Cæsar's* Theatre give place,  
 This Wonder *Fame* above the rest does grace.

*Ep. 2. On the Publick Works.*

Where the *Ethereal Coloss* does appear,  
 The towring Machin to the Stars draw near,  
 The hated Court, which so much Blood did spill,  
 Late stood ; one House the City seem'd to fill !

Where the stupendious Theatre's vast Pile  
 Is rear'd, there *Nero's* Fish-ponds were e'er-while.

Here, where the Baths, a great, yet speedy, Gift,  
 All Men admire, (the People left to shift  
 For Dwellings) late was a proud ample Space,  
 Reserv'd to boast an insolent State and Grace.

Where now a goodly *Tarras* does extend,  
 The City both with Shade and Walks befriend,  
 Was but the Courts Fagg and expiring End.

*Rome's* to it self restor'd ; in *Cæsar's* Reign,  
 The Prince's Pleasures now the People gain.

*Ep. 3. To Cæsar, exhibiting Shows.*

What Land's so barb'rous, *Cæsar*, so remote,  
 Whose Natives come not to admire thy Court ?  
 Rough *Thracians* hither from Mount *Hemus* speed,  
 Fierce *Tartars*, who on Flesh of Horses feed ;  
 Who the *Nile* drink at the first Spring and Head,  
*Britains* from utmost *Thule* hither led ;  
*Arabs* make haste, *Cilicians* posting come,  
 And in their Saffron Show'rs are drench'd at *Rome* ;  
*Germans* with rolling Locks in knots up furl'd,  
*Ethiops* after a diff'rent manner curl'd.  
 Various their Voices sound, but Hearts, we see,  
 And the whole Jargon, does in One agree,  
 When *Father of thy Country* All style thee.

*Ep. 4. To Cæsar, upon his banishing Informers.*

The hateful Crew to Peace and sweet Repose,  
 Informers, anxious Wealth's molesting Foes,  
 (The Lions not sufficing to destroy  
 The Num'rous Caitives, that did all annoy)

To th' Isles, and furthest *Africa* are sent,  
 And those that caus'd, now suffer, Banishment.  
 Thus while from *Rome*, sad Exiles, they do stray,  
 Even Life, 'mong *Cæsar's* Boons, we reckon may.

*Ep. 6. To Cæsar, on a Woman's fighting with  
 a Lion.*

'Tis not enough, in this our Martial Age,  
 That Men, but Women in fierce Combate gage.  
 Among the noblest Acts *Fame* does resound,  
*Alcides* laid a Lion on the Ground.  
 Let Fables cease: *Cæsar*, at thy Command,  
 This hath been acted by a Female Hand.

*Ep. 10. On a Lion that hurt his Keeper.*

A trait'rous Lion on his Keeper flew,  
 In him that fed him, durst his Teeth embrew:  
 But Vengeance worthy of his Crime, he found,  
 Whobore not Stripes, was forc'd to bear \* a Wound.  
 To such a Prince what Manners ought Men show,  
 Who Beasts commands a Gratitude to know?

\*Condemn'd to be kill'd in the Theatre.

*Ep. 12. On a Sow that farrow'd through a  
Wound she receiv'd.*

I th' publick Huntings *Cæsar* did allow,  
A Jav'lin swift transfixt a pregnant Sow.  
Straight from the wounded Dam the Litter sprung.  
*Lucina*, call'st thou this, to bring forth Young?  
The dying Sow wish'd that her wounds were more,  
That Issues had been made for all her Store.  
Who denies *Bacchus* from the Womb was torn?  
A God might well, when Beasts were this way born.

*Ep. 13. On the same.*

A Pregnant Sow, pierc'd with a deadly Blow,  
Her Life at once did lose, and Life bestow.  
How sure an Aim did the dire Steel command !  
*Lucina*, 'twas believ'd to be thy Hand :  
For dying both thy Deities she found,  
The Huntress, and the Midwife, in her Wound.

*Ep. 14. On the same.*

A Sow, her Litter ready to have laid,  
 Was by a fatal Stroke a Mother made ;  
 The Young, not staying Birth, ran forth the Wound.  
 How quick a Wit in sudden Streights is found !

*Ep. 15. On Carpophorus.*

A Boar *Meleager* which gave thee a Name,  
 Adds little to *Carpophorus* his Fame ;  
 Who a vast Bear, rushing upon him, flew,  
 The Northern Clime a fiercer never knew ;  
 A Lion, which became *Alcides* hand,  
 Of immense Bulk he laid upon the Sand ;  
 Also a Pard : And when the Prize was won,  
 He still was fresh, and could yet more have done.

*Ep. 16. To Cæsar, On Hercules carry'd to the Clouds upon a Bull.*

That from the Stage a Bull t'wards Heav'n did fly,  
 Was not th' Exploit of Art, but Deity.

A Bull *Europa* through the Surges bore,  
But with *Alcides* now 'bove Clouds doth soar.  
The Fact of *Cæsar*, and of *Jove* compare,  
Which of the two shall we pronounce most rare?  
Suppose the Burdens even; were that true,  
The Lighter loaded swam, the heavier flew.

Ep. 17. *On an Elephant's kneeling to Cæsar:*

That thee an Elephant suppliant did adore,  
Who stroke with Terror a fierce Bull before,  
To's Keeper's Art, cannot imputed be;  
We must ascribe it to thy Deity.

Ep. 18. *On a Tyger's killing a Lion:*

The rare-seen Glory of th' *Hircanian* Land,  
A Tyger, wont to lick his Master's Hand,  
In Pieces tore a Lion in his Rage,  
A thing not known before in any Age.  
He durst not this attempt in Forests high,  
Beasts among Men learn greater Cruelty.

*Ep. 21. On the Fable of Orpheus acted in the Theatre.*

What in the *Thracian* Mount's of *Orpheus* told,  
Thy Theatre, Great *Cæsar*, did unfold,  
The Rocks were seen to move, the Woods to run,  
When to his Harp the wondrous Minstrel sung;  
Together with the Trees the Beasts were led,  
And hov'ring Birds circled his Sacred Head.  
At last a Bear the Prophet piece-meal tore,  
Acted in truth, what fabled was before.

*Ep. 25. On Leander.*

*Leander*, cease t'admire the Seas did spare  
Thy last-nights Passage, *Cæsar's* Seas they were.  
While to enjoy Loves Sweets thou didst address,  
And boist'rous Waves thee threaten'd to oppress,  
Thus, Wretch, the raging Seas thou didst implore,  
*Drown me returning, waft me safely o'er.*



*Ep. 26. On the Representation of the Sea and Sea-Gods.*

The feigned Sea-Gods sport i'th' Waves with ease,  
Figuring with various Forms the yielding Seas ;  
One shakes a Trident, while another rides  
A Fish, or in a Fish-drawn Chariot Glides.  
Barks mov'd with Oars, Sails swell'd with Wind,  
*Castor* and *Pollux* there appear'd to be. (we see,  
Not real Seas so gratifie the Sense,  
*Thetis* taught here, or fram'd her Realm from hence.

*Ep. 27. On Carpophorus.*

If former Ages had *Carpoph'rus* known,  
Beside himself, there would have needed none,  
The Monsters through the World to have subdu'd,  
Being, in truth, with all that Might endu'd,  
Which to the Fab'lous Heroes gave a Name,  
Rais'd *Jasons*, *Perseus*, *Meleager's* Fame.  
*Theseus*, for th' *Minotaur*, had ne'er been crown'd ;  
For th' *Nemean* Lion *Hercules* renown'd ;

The *Hydra*, which so oft renew'd the Fight,  
 At first Assault he would have slain out-right;  
*Chimera*, of such various Figures form'd,  
 His pow'rful Hand would all at Once have storm'd;  
 The Bulls, which from their Nostrils breath'd a Flame,  
 Without a Charm, his Courage knew to tame;  
*Hefiones* devouring Orke to quail,  
*Andromeda* to rescue from the Whale.

Let Poets then their specious Lies relate,  
 How *Jove*, a Matchless Hero to create,  
 Two Nights did turn to one; to him allow  
 A Term of Life, twelve Labours to go through.  
*Carpoph'rus* Glory yet does his excel,  
 By whom, in one day, twenty Monsters fell.

Ep. 29. On two Gladiators.

*Priscus* and *Verus*, while with equal Might,  
 Prolong'd an obstinate and doubtful Fight,  
 The People, oft, their Mission did desire;  
 But *Cæsar* from the Law would not retire,  
 Which did the Prize and Victory unite,  
 Yet gave them what Encouragement he might;

Largess of Meat and Money did bestow,  
Which also 'mong the People he did throw.  
It's end, howe'er, the Strife was equal found,  
Both fought alike, and both alike gave ground :  
So that the Palm was upon each conferr'd,  
Their undecided Valour this deserv'd.

Under no Prince before we e'er did see,  
That two should fight, and both should Victors be.

Ep. 30. *To Cæsar.*

My Haste, tho' faulty, ought thee to appease,  
Pardon his Haste, who hasted thee to please.

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 L I B. I.
 

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Epigr. 1. *To Cato.*

**W**hen thou the Wanton Rites of *Flora's* Feast  
 Didst know, the Peoples License then express  
 Why cam'st thou in, *four Cato*, 'mong the Rout?  
 Didst enter only, that thou might'st go out?

Ep. 2. *Martial to the Reader.*

He whom thou read'st, is he by thee desir'd,  
*Martial*, throughout the World known and admir'd  
 For his keen Epigrams: And unto whom  
 Th'indulgent Reader did the Laurel doom,  
 While yet he liv'd, and could enjoy his Fame;  
 When others after Death scarce get a Name.

Ep. 4. *To his Book.*

In publick Hands thy self thou'dst rather see,  
 Advent'rous Book, than longer stay with me,

Thou

Thou know'st not, ah, the Pride great *Rome* will show,  
 Trust me, the Sons of *Mars* too much do know :  
 No where both Young and Old so practise Scorn,  
 Even Children shew \* *Rhinoceros's* Horn.  
 While loud Applauses, and Reception fair,  
 Thou hope'st, they'll Scoffing, toss thee in the Air.  
 But thou impatient Blots to undergo,  
 And my Pen's sharp Corrections still to know,  
 Thou seek'st thro' the wide World, *Wanton*, to come:  
 Go then, but safer 'twere to stay at Home.

\* A proverbial Expression for Censoriousness.

Ep. 5. To *Cæsar*.

If my Book, *Cæsar*, comes into thy Hand,  
 Lay by those Looks, which do the World command.  
 When thou in Triumph rid'st, thou dost submit,  
 To be the Subject of the Soldier's Wit.  
 My Verses read with so serene a Face,  
 As \* *Thymele* and \* *Latine* thou dost Grace.  
 The *Censor* does with harmless Pastime bear,  
 My Leaves are wanton, but my Life's severe.

\* Two famous Mimicks.

Ep.

Ep. 9. *To Decian.*

Consummate *Cato's*, and great *Thrasea's* Strain,  
As far as Prudence goes, thou dost maintain,  
And not thy Breast on naked Swords dost run;  
What Men judge best, that *Decian*, thou hast done.  
He's not approv'd, who cheaply dies for Fame;  
But without Death, who gets a glorious Name.

Ep. 10. *On Corta.*

A pretty, and a great Man, thou'dst be deem'd;  
But *Prettiness* is *Littleness* esteem'd.

Ep. 11. *On Gemellus and Maronilla.*

*Gemellus*, *Maronilla* fain would wed,  
Aspires by Pray'rs, by Gifts, unto her Bed,  
By Friends, by Tears: So wond'rous fair is she?  
Nothing that lives can more deformed be.  
*What is't that pleases them, and takes his Eye?*  
She's rich, and coughs, and gives good hopes she'll dye.

Ep. 13. On Regulus.

Near *Hercules* Fane, and *Tibur's* cooling Streams,  
Where *Alba* Vapours forth pale sulphurous Steams.  
Meadows, and Lands, are seen, a sacred Grove,  
Four Miles from *Rome*, the Muses Care and Love :  
A rude old Portico, near to these high rais'd,  
For grateful Shade, in Heats of Summer, prais'd,  
A monstrous Fact committed had well nigh,  
As *Regulus* in's Chariot pass'd by ;  
The ponderous Fabrick rush'd unto the Ground,  
And him, and 's Train did, only not, confound ;  
But Fortune did our Complaints, and Curses fear,  
Nor equal was the odious Crime to bear.

The Ruin pleases now ; which did not prove  
While yet it stood, what Care the Gods above  
Have of good Men, their Guardianship and Love.

Ep. 14. On Arria and Petus.

When *Arria* to her *Petus* gave the Sword,  
With which her chaste and faithful Breast shad gord,  
Trust me, said she, that I my self have slain,  
I do not grieve, 'tis thy Death gives me Pain.

Ep.

Ep. 16. *To Julius.*

*Julius*, who com'st not my best Friends behind,  
 If constant Faith avail, a sincere Mind ;  
 The Term of threescore Years th'ast past almost,  
 And but few happy Days thou yet canst boast.  
 Ill thou deferr'st those Joys may never come,  
 And which, when past, thou only thine canst sum.  
 Evils on Evils cease not us to ply,  
 But Joys return not, tho' they swiftly fly.  
 Use all thy Force to hold them, yet you'll find,  
 You may as well embrace the Waves or Wind.

*That he will live*, a wise Man should not say,  
 To Morrow's late, he ought to live to Day.

Ep. 17. *To Avitus.*

Some things are good, indiff'rent some, some nought  
 You read : A Book can't otherwise be wrote.

Ep. 18. *To Titus.*

Thou urgest me to plead, dost oft repeat,  
*How great it is, a wrong Cause to defeat?*  
 That which the Ploughman does, is also great.



Ep. 19. *To* *Tucca*.

*Tucca*, what strange Delight is this of thine,  
 To mix the Noblest with the Vilest Wine?  
 What so great Good, from Bad, didst e'er receive?  
 Or of what Good did thee the Good bereave?  
 Our Throats to cut, may no great Matter be:  
 To slay *Falernum* is a high Degree  
 Of Murder, rich *Campanian* Wine t' abuse,  
 I'th' Gen'rous Grape rank Poison to infuse.  
 Thy Guests may possibly deserve their Bane:  
 Such Precious Liquor, cannot, to be Slain.

Ep. 20. *On* *Ælia*.

ght

Four Teeth, as I remember, were thy Store,  
 One Cough spit-out two, and one Cough two more.  
 Now safely thou mayst Cough thy whole Life through,  
 For the third Cough has nothing left to do.

Ep. 21. *To* *Cæcilian*.

What Brutishness is this? when Friends you treat,  
 They looking on, alone you Mushrooms eat.  
 What on such Gluttony shall I implore?  
 Mayst *Claudian's* Mushrooms eat, and ne'er eat more.

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Ep. 22. *On Mucius Scevola.*

When, for the King, his Scribe bold *Mucius* flew,  
In Flames, instead of Blood, he did embrew  
His erring Hand. The Foe, not steel'd to see  
A Prodigy so fell, bad him *Go free*.

What *Mucius*, in contempt of Pain, was bold  
To act, *Porfena* fainted to behold.  
His Failing Hand thus Greater Glory found,  
Had he not Err'd, he had been less Renown'd.

Ep. 26. *On Faustinus.*

At length, *Faustinus*, let the World obtain,  
The polish'd Pieces of thy learned Brain :  
Which the *Athenian* Schools would highly praise,  
And our old Sages to the Stars will raise !  
Dost doubt, t'admit *Fame* standing at thy Gate ?  
Thy Labours just Reward to bear, dost hate ?  
That which will *After*, In thy Time let live ;  
Too late Men Praise unto our Ashes give.

Ep. 28. *To Procillus.*

To Sup with me, to thee I did propound,  
But 'twas when our full Cūps had oft gone round.  
The thing thou straight concluded'st to be done,  
Merry and Sober words counting all one :  
Th'Example's dang'rous at the highest rate,  
A Memorative Drunkard all Men hate.

Ep. 30. *To Fidentinus.*

'Tis said, my Books thou dost abroad recite,  
As if my Verses thou thy self didst write.  
Verses I'll Gratis send, let them be mine,  
Otherwise buy them, that they may be thine.

Ep. 33. *To Sabidius.*

I love thee not, but why, I can't display,  
I love thee not, is all that I can say.

Ep. 34. *On Galla.*

*Galla*, alone, her Father's Death ne'er weeps,  
When any come, in Tears her Cheeks she steeps.  
That, *Galla*, is not Grief, for Praise is shown ;  
She truly grieves, that grieves when she's alone.

Ep. 36. *To Cornelius.*

*Cornelius*, thou complain'st, I Verses write  
So loose and wanton, Masters they affright  
From reading in the Schools. But these my Books,  
Please, if not wanton, none who on them looks,  
More than the Marriage-Bed, without due Rites,  
The Sob'rest Man, or Chastest Wife delights.  
Thou may'st say too, A Nuptial Song endite,  
But in the Nuptial Language do not write.  
Who e'er did *Flora* gravely dress before?  
Or put a Matron's Stole upon a Whore?  
To Epigrams much License is allow'd,  
Nor please they, speaking always in a Cloud.  
Wherefore lay by thy Grave and Sourer Mind,  
And judge my *Sportive Muse* in her own Kind;  
Geld not my Verse, for foul is his Mistake,  
Who a *Priapus*, *Cybel's* Priest, would make.

Ep. 37 *To Lucanus and Tullius.*

If to thee *Tullius*, or to, *Lucan*, thee,  
*Castor* and *Pollux* Fate allow'd might be,

Your

Your Pious Strife both mutually wou'd show,  
Each before other unto Death wou'd go :  
And He whose lot it was to lead the Way,  
Live my Time, Brother, and your own, wou'd say.

Ep. 39. *On Fidentinus.*

The Book, *Fidentine*, which thou read'st, is mine;  
But while thou read'st it Ill, thou mak'st it thine.

Ep. 40. *To Decianus.*

If a rare Friend I wou'd essay to show,  
So faithful, Ages past did only know ;  
If one imbew'd with *Greek* and *Latin* lore,  
Whom single Goodness through all Dangers bore ;  
Guardian, and Friend of Truth, who would not fear;  
That Men, of what he asks the Gods, should hear ;  
Who leans alone on's Vertue great and sound,  
*Decian* is he, in whom all these are found.

Ep. 41. *To the Envious.*

Who read'st these Lines, from ranc'rous Spleen not  
May'st Envy all, and none e'er Envy thee.

Ep. 42. *On Cecilius.*

Thou seem'st Facetious, to thy self, to be,  
 But others no such thing, in thee, can see.  
*What then ?* Brutish Buffoonery and Rank,  
 Such as the Cryers shew on *Tibur's* Bank.  
 That which for Wit among some People passes,  
 Chaffering for Brimstone, Matches, broken Glasses.  
 Such as the Sellers of warm Pulse and Meat,  
 Delight those with, who in the Streets do eat;  
 Such as from Boys and Butchers you shall hear,  
 When Pug goes by, the Bag-pipe, and the Bear;  
 From Ballad-singers of the meanest Strain,  
 When People make a Ring, t' applaud their Vein ;  
 Such as old Bauds do undertake to make,  
 Whose shameless Impudence, for Wit, some take.

Cease then, at length, fondly thy self to deem,  
 What none, beside thy self, do thee esteem :  
 That from \* *Caballus* thou dost bear the Bell,  
 In Drollery, fam'd \* *Galba*, far excel.  
 It is not given to all, to have a Wit,  
 True Ralliery in the right Vein to hit :

\*Two famous Jesters in those Days.

Who utters sottish Jests, and scurrilous Dross,  
*Sextus Caballus* acts not, but the *Horse*.

Ep. 43. *On Porcia*.

When *Brutus* death Fame unto *Porcia* brought,  
 And Friends with-held the Arms, her Sorrow sought.  
*I thought*, said she, *my \* Father when he dy'd*, \*Cato  
*Taught ye, that Death to none can be deny'd.*  
 She spoke, and greedily devour'd the Fire:  
*Go now, officious Throng, vainly conspire*  
*The Weapons to deny, my Grief desire.*

Ep. 45. *To Stella*.

If twice the *Hares* and *Lions* sporting be  
 A Subject, *Stella*, trivial unto thee,  
 Revenge thy self upon me with like Fare,  
 Invite me twice, and set before me *Hare*.

Ep. 54. *To Fidentine*.

I'th' Book th'ast filcht from me, one Page alone  
 Is thine, and to be thine is so well known,  
 It all the rest proclaims to be purloin'd.  
 So greasy home-spun Cloth to Scarlet joyn'd,

Its Lustre, as it wrongs, and does defile  
It self, it also renders the more vile:  
So Earthen Cups, with Chrystal set in place,  
The worse they suit, the more themselves disgrace :  
In Consort thus ridiculous does show,  
Among the Milk-white Swans a Rascal Crow :  
A chattering Pies harsh Notes in Groves so sound,  
Where Quires of charming Nightingales abound.  
I need no Critick's Aid for my Relief,  
Thy own vile Verse rights me, and calls thee Thief.

Ep. 55. *To Fuscus*.

If thou hast room t' admit a Friend yet more,  
*Fuscus* on all sides throng'd with Friends before,  
I beg the place: And do not me refuse,  
Because I'm new, into the List to chuse.  
Those that now boast, thy oldest Friends they are,  
Had once a time, when they but new ones were.  
Look only thou, if he that now does sue  
To be thy Friend, may prove an Old and True.



Ep. 56. *To Fronto.*

Wouldst thou know what my highest Wishes are,  
*Fronto*, the Glory both of Peace and War ?

They are, to plough my own, tho' little, Field ;  
Small Means to have, which may much Leisure yield.

Will any wife, the Morning *Ave* pay  
To frozen Marbles, e'er the break of Day,  
Who may unfold, before his Fire, and warm,  
Nets loaded from his small, but fruitful, Farm ?

Or with his Line may take the Fish alive ?

Fetch Amber Honey from the dropping Hive ?

Whose propt-up Table by his Hind is prest

With his own Cates, which unbought Fewel drest ?

May they not love this Life, that love not me,

But aged grow in City-drudgery.

Ep. 58. *To Flaccus.*

Wouldst know what Temper I to love would chuse ?

What Maid I like, and what I would refuse ;

I neither like the facile, nor the coy ;

The Over-hard, nor easie to enjoy.

A mean, 'twixt both, I rather do approve,  
She that nor Racks, nor Cloys, the Sweets of Love.

Ep. 63. *On Levina.*

*Levina* chaste as *Sabins* were of old,  
Than her strict Husband yet more strict and cold :  
While in the common Baths she did descend,  
And in those Freedoms many Hours did spend,  
She fell in Love; in the cold Streams took Fire ;  
And burning with a Youth in loose Desire,  
She left her Husband, and her vertuous Name,  
*Helen* went thence, *Penelope* that came.

Ep. 64. *On Celer.*

*Celer*, to read my *Epigrams*, does crave :  
But to recite his own's the thing he'd have.

Ep. 65. *To Fabulla.*

Th'art fair and young, *Fabulla*, it is true,  
And also rich, to give thee but thy Due :  
But when of these thou dost so often vaunt,  
Wealth, Youth, and Beauty, none so much does want

ove.

Ep. 67. *To one that stole his Verses.*

d:

Thou sordid Felon of my Verse and Fame,  
So cheap dost hope to get a Poet's Name,  
As by the Purchase barely of my Book  
For ten vile Pence Eternal Glory rook?  
Find out some Virgin Poem ne'er saw Day,  
Which wary Writers in their Desks do lay  
Lock'd up, and known unto themselves alone;  
Not one with Using torn, and sordid grown.  
A *Publisch'd Work* can ne'er the Author change,  
Like one ne'er pass'd the Press, that ne'er did range  
The World trimly bound up: And such I'll sell,  
Give me my Price, nor will the Secret tell.  
He that another's Wit and Fame will own,  
Must Silence buy, and not a Book that's known.

Ep. 68. *To Choerilus.*

Thou blam'st me often, that I write too free;  
I seem to do so when I write of \* Thee.

Who art so notoriously Vicious.

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Ep. 69. *On Rufus.*

All *Rufus* Thoughts and Actions *Nevia* fills,  
 His Grief, Joy, Silence, all speak *Nevia* still ;  
 Where'er he feasts, *Nevia's* in *his* Speech alone,  
 He wants all Powers, if *Nevia* makes not one.  
 Meaning to wish his Father *the Good Day*,  
*Nevia my Light, Ave*, his Tongue did say !  
*Nevia* read this, and closely smil'd thereon,  
 Why Fool dost rave, *Nevia's* not thine alone.

Ep. 71. *To his Book.*

Go Book, to *Proculus* splendid Seat resort,  
 And, in my Stead, make thy officious Court.  
 Let not his State and Grandure thee dismay,  
 To th' Learn'd no Gate affords an op'ner way,  
 To *Phæbus* and the *Muses* is more dear ;  
 If he shall ask, *Why is himself not here ?*  
 Reply, I could not (were my Verses slight)  
 Attend the great, and e'en such mean ones write.

Ep. 73. *On Fidentine.*

For Verses, *Fidentine*, thou stealst from me,  
A Poet fain thou wouldst reputed be ;  
Old *Ægle* so, well-tooth'd would yet be thought,  
When she a Set of Ivory Teeth hath bought ;  
Painted *Lycoris* to her self seems fair,  
Who only with a Gypsie can compare,  
On like Account, a Poet thou art nam'd,  
And may'st, tho' bald, for youthful Locks be fam'd.

Ep. 77. *To Flaccus.*

Among my Noblest Friends, thou who hast place,  
*Flaccus*, the Offspring of *Antenor's* Race ;  
Renounce the *Muses* Songs, and charming Quire,  
Not one of them Enrich those they inspire.  
Court not *Apollo*, *Pallas* has the Gold,  
She's wife, and does the Gods in Mortgage hold.  
What Profit is there in an Ivy Wreath ?  
Its Fruits the loaden Olive sinks beneath,  
In *Helicon* there's nought but Springs and Bays,  
The *Muses* Harps, loud-sounding empty Praise.

What

What with *Parnassus*'s Streams hast thou to do?  
 The *Roman Forum*'s rich, and nearer too;  
 There the *Cash* chinks: But 'bout the Poet's Chair  
 The Smacks of Kisses only fill the Air.

Ep. 79. *On Festus*.

When a foul Gangren seiz'd on *Festus* Face,  
 And the Black Venom spread o'er all the Place;  
 With unwet Eyes, his weeping Friends he told,  
 Th' infernal Shades he purpos'd to behold.  
 But then his pious Throat he did not stain  
 With Poison, nor chuse Famin's ling'ring Pain:  
 But by a *Roman* Death he did decree,  
 (The noblest way) to set his Spirit free.  
 Far more Renoun'd was his, than *Cato*'s End;  
*Cato* was *Cesar*'s Foe, but he his Friend.

Ep. 84. *On Manneja*.

That thy Dog loves to lick thy Lips, th'art pleas'd  
 He'll lick that too, of which thy Belly's eas'd;  
 And not to flatter, and the Truth to smother,  
 I do believe, he knows not one from t' other.

Ep. 85. *On Quirinus, a Roman Knight.*

*Quirinus* likes by no Means to be wed,  
Yet Fruit desires, and has, o' th' Marr'age Bed.  
*How can this be?* His Maids can solve the Doubt,  
By whom he has of Young Slave-Knights a rout  
To stock his Farm and Fields. Truly may he  
Be stil'd, the *Father of his Family*.

Ep. 87. *On Novius.*

*Novius* so very near my Neighbour is,  
That from my Window my Hand reaches his.  
Who does not envy me, that in my Pow'r,  
Have thus a Friend t' enjoy at ev'ry Hour?  
But *Rufus* is not more remote to me,  
Who now in *Egypt* does command, than he.  
We never meet; nor in the Town there are,  
(However near) yet any Two so far.  
'Tis requisite, that either he, or I,  
Further remove, but so to bring us nigh.  
For he that wishes *Novius* ne'er to see,  
Let him his Neighbour, or his Inmate, be.

Ep. 88. *To Fescennia.*

Left thy o'er-nights Debauch thy Breath disclose,  
 Thou seek'st, *Fescennia*, on us to impose,  
 By eating rich Pasteels, and Amber Plums,  
 These for thy Teeth: But when the foul Belch comes  
 From thy crude Maw, they help thee in no wise,  
 But the Stink's stronger made by this Disguise,  
 Doubl'd, and trebl'd, and does further go.  
 When thus, thy Tricks discover'd, all do know,  
 Henceforth, to free us from this compound Stink,  
 Be Sober, otherwife avow'dly Drink.

Ep. 89. *An Epitaph on Alcimus.*

*Alcime*, who didst in Years yet blooming die,  
 And, by a light Turf cover'd, here dost lie.  
 I rear no tousing Tombs of massie Stone,  
 A vain Expence, that Fame confers on None :  
 But plant frail Box and Palms, whose verdant shade  
 Drench'd by my Tears, shall be immortal made.  
 Receive thou then the Monument I give,  
 A Verse that will unto all Ages live :



And when my Life is spun, and Days expire,  
No nobler Monument I my self Desire.

Ep. 90. *To Cinna.*

*Cinna*, th' art ever wispring in the Ear,  
And wispring that which all the World may hear.  
Thou laugh'st i' th' Ear, weep'st, quarrel'st, dost dispute,  
Thou sigh'st in th' Ear, dost hollow, and art mute :  
So far th' art gone in this Disease, I swear,  
Thou praifest *Cæsar* often in the Ear.

Ep. 92. *To Lætiæ.*

Thou blam'st my Verses, and conceal'st thine own,  
Or publish thine, or else let mine alone.

Ep. 98. *On Nevulus.*

When all a Clamour make, at once contend,  
Then thou art loudest too, dost most pretend  
Th' have much to say : For this would'st learned seem.  
Have all, a pow'rful Patron, thee to deem.  
Behold, the Court is hush'd, now speak you may,  
But for thy Client now th' art nought to say.

## Ep. 99. On Diodorus.

Th'ast Gouty Feet, yet stoutly dost withstand }  
 At Law, and pay'st no Fees the Courts demand. }  
 Is not the Gout, *Diodore*, in thy Hand ? }

## Ep. 100. To one that grew sordid upon obtaining great Riches.

When yet thou wert not worth an Hundred Pound,  
 So Generous, so Noble, thou wert found,  
 So Sumptuous, that it was the Wish of all,  
*Calenus*, an Estate might thee befall,  
 Suiting thy Mind. The Gods our Prayrs did hear,  
 And less than in the Compass of a Year,  
 Vast Wealth, by four dead Friends, was to thee left :  
 But thou ( as if of thousands now bereft,  
 And not enrich'd ) so sordid strait dost grow,  
 That in a solemn Feast thou didst bestow  
 ( Which Annual was, and seven old Friends did treat )  
 A pound of Leaden Coyn, for all thy Meat.  
 What does this Baseness bid us next to pray ?  
 The Gods would snatch their Ill-plac'd Wealth away ?  
 No,

No ; But to give thee many thousands more.  
That starve thou may'st out-right in so much Store.

Ep. 104. *On the like.*

Thou saidst, when yet thou hadst not a Knights-Fee,  
*If Heav'n would grant four thousand Pounds to me,*  
*Oh, in what Ease, what Splendor, I would live!*  
The easie Gods smil'd, and the Sum did give.  
But then thy Gown was sordid, Cloke thread-bare,  
Shoes, thrice and four-times clouted, thou didst wear;  
Of poor ten Olives, some were still set up ;  
On the same Meat thou used'st twice to Sup ;  
Lees of Wine serv'd thee, which *Vientus* bore ;  
A peny-worth of Pulse, a Peny Whore.  
We'll sue the Cheat : Live better, or refund  
Unto the Gods; th' art mock'd, four thousand Pound.

Ep. 108. *To Lucius Julius.*

Oft, Noble *Lucius*, thou dost this repeat,  
*Th' art Idle, Martial, something write that's Great.*  
Then give me Ease, such as *Mecenas* gave,  
When the like Work from *Virgil* he would have ;

I'll frame a Verse with such immortal Flame,  
 As to all Ages shall preserve my Name.  
 The Yoke does pinch that's born in Barren Soyl,  
 The Rich Ground tires, but Sweeter is the Toyl.

Ep. 109. *To Gallus.*

May thy fair Farm ( tho beyond *Tibur* site)  
 As it does now, thee more and more delight :  
 My Rooms *Vipsanian* Laurels do behold,  
 In the which Region I am now grown Old ;  
 A Journey 'tis, to give thee the *Good-Morn*,  
 But such thou art, tho further, to be born :  
 One Gown-man more, yet were not much to thee,  
 Tho to detain this One, is much to me.  
 My Book shall th' *Early Ave* for me pay,  
 And I'll attend when ended is the Day.

Ep. 110. *On Issa, a little Bitch.*

*Issa's* Toyings wittier are,  
 Than those of *Lesbia's* Sparrow were.  
*Issa's* Caresses, and her Loves,  
 Are purer than the Billing Doves.

Than Virgins she's more Soft and Nice,  
Than richest Gems of higher Price.  
Bitch *Iffa* is to *Publius* dear,  
Bitch *Iffa* has no where her Peer.  
Her Whining you would Speaking deem,  
She, her Lord's Cares to know, does seem.  
Tho' in his Neck, close to his Ear  
She Sleeps, no Breathing he can hear.  
When she has need her self to Ease,  
Her Lord she courts, that he would please  
To set her down, and gently scrapes;  
Be sure, no Drop from her escapes.  
To *Venus* she was ne'er inclin'd,  
And hard a Husband 'twere to find  
So soft a Bride. Least Death's sad Day  
Should wholly ravish her away,  
*Publius* caus'd her drawn to be,  
And *Iffa* you so like may see,  
(Do but the Piece with Her compare)  
*Iffa* her self you'd think were there :  
So rare is Arts and Natures Strife,  
Both Pictures seem, and both seem Life.

Ep. 111. *To Velox.*

Too long my *Epigrams*, thou thinkest are ;  
Thine, who writ'st none, *Velox*, are shorter far.

Ep. 113. *On Priscus*

I filed thee, Lord, and King, while yet unknown,  
Plain *Priscus*, now's the most that thou canst own.

Ep. 118. *On Lupercus.*

As oft as I, *Lupercus*, thee do meet,  
With the same Words thou me dost always greet.  
*Thy Epigrams*, dear Martial, to me lend,  
When for them shall my Boy on thee attend ?  
But to divert me, I shall read them o'er,  
And speedily again the Book restore.

Out of the Road, remote, three Stories high,  
I, near the *Pidg'ons* in a Garret lie ;  
Whither to send your Boy, were him to tire,  
When nearer you may have, what you desire.  
In *Forum Julii* is your daily Way,  
Where you will see *Atreæus* Shop display

All Poets Names, your Eye may run them o'er,  
Inscrib'd, or pasted on his Posts and Dore.  
My Book, from's Shelves he'll hand you at first word,  
And for three Shillings, bound and gilt afford.  
The Price *Three Shillings*? muttering low, dost say.  
*The Purchase will not, such my Cost, repay.*

Altho thy fordid Nature I despise,  
I'm forc'd to say, *Lupercus*, thou art Wise.

*Ep. 119. To the Reader.*

He who an hundred Epigrams reads o'er,  
No Ill's enough for him, if he wants more.

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Ep. 1. *To his Book.*

**T**Hree Hundred Epigrams thou mightst contain,  
 But who, to read so many, can sustain?  
 Hear what in Praise of Brevity is said.  
 First, less Expence, and Wast of Paper's made;  
 The Printer's Labour, next, does sooner end,  
 And to more serious Works he may attend;  
 Thirdly, to whomsoe'er thou shalt be read,  
 Tho naught, not tedious yet thou canst be said;  
 Again, in Length, while thou dost not abound,  
 Thou mayst be heard, while yet the Cups go-round.  
 And when this Caution's us'd, alas, I fear,  
 To many, yet, thou wilt too long appear.

Ep. 3. *To Sextus.*

*Sextus* says, *Nought he owes*, and so I say.  
 He only Owes, who knows which way to Pay.

Ep.



*Ep. 5. To Decian.*

O *Decian*, may I never happy be,  
If Night and Day I could not spend with thee :  
But two long Miles unto thy House do lead,  
Which are made four, when them I backward tread :  
Oft thou art not at Home, and oft deny'd ;  
To thy self vacant, or to Business ty'd.  
To walk *two* Miles, to see thee, is not much,  
But not to see thee, and walk *four*, I grutch.

*Ep. 8. To the Reader.*

If in my Leaves ought, *Reader*, to thee seem  
Obscure, or which less *Latin* thou dost deem.  
To th' Printer these impute, not me : Who while  
More Books he hasts to vend, cares not how vile.  
If yet thou think'st not him, but me to blame,  
Thou fear'st not Want of Candor to proclaim.  
But still my Verse, for naught, thou dost decry,  
As if what's manifest I would deny.  
Naught be they then : But them for good Ones take,  
Till thou dost shew, that thou canst better make.

*Ep.*

## Ep. 10. On Posthumus.

That but with half a Lip thou me dost kiss,  
I like ; and yet can spare the half of this :  
And wouldst thou unexpressible Kindness show ?  
Thy Half-kiss keep, or elsewhere it bestow.

## Ep. 11. To Selius.

That such a Cloud you see in *Selius* Face,  
Him treading late, alone, a mournful Pace ;  
His pensive Looks concealing Grief profound,  
That bows him, till his Nose even rakes the Ground,  
Makes him oft beat his Breast, and his Locks tear :  
No Death of Friends has caus'd this sad Despair,  
His Wife's in Health, his Sons are both alive,  
And longer than he would, like to survive ;  
By Bayliff, Tenant, he has had no Loss,  
Nor any Way that's known, receiv'd a Cross.  
*Why droops he then, and makes so sad a Moan ?*  
Alas ! he, uninvited, Sups at Home,

Ep. 12. *On Posthumus.*

Why does thy Breath always of Amber smell?  
 And without Foreign Scents th' art never well.  
 It justly, *Posthumus*, may be presum'd,  
 He ever stinks, who ever is perfum'd.

Ep. 13. *On Sextus.*

While *Sextus* did refuse his Debts to pay,  
 Both Judge and Advocate bore Bribes away.  
 Now to discharge all Scores, he makes no stay.

Ep. 14. *On Selius.*

Nothing does *Selius* unattempted leave,  
 When, he's to sup at home, he does conceive.  
 He trots to th' \* Race; where, *Paulus*, he will swear,  
 Thy Feet are swifter than *Achilles* were.  
 Nothing here got, the Place of Votes \* he tries,  
 If Ought will come from the *Æsonides*.  
 Where failing too; to th' *Memphian* \* Temple next,  
 Near the *sad Heifer*, Calves-Head sits perplex.

\* These were all places of great Resort in *Rome*.

Thence runs to th' Porch a hundred Props sustain,  
 To Pompey's Arch and Groves : Nor does disdain  
 The vulgar Baths, which *Gryllus*, *Lupus*, keep,  
 One on the Hill, the other low and deep:  
 Where having bath'd in all, and all in vain,  
 No pity'ng God fav'ring his glutt'nous Pain,  
 Back to the Race he flies, to see, if there  
 Some Friend be yet, taking the Evening Air.  
 Th' adjoyning Porch of various Paintings full,  
 Shews fair *Europa* bor'n upon a Bull.

*Jove*, I adjure thee, by the Virgn bright,  
 Make forlorn *Selius* thy \* own Guest this Night.

\*That is, kill him: To *Sup with the Gods* was a Phrase among the He-  
 then, to *be Dead*.

*Ep. 15. On one that had a sore Mouth.*

That when th'ast drunk, thou offer'st none thy Glass  
 Ought not for Pride, but for good Breeding pass.

*Ep. 16. On Zoilus.*

*Zoilus* is sick ; His rich Stuff makes him so :  
 If he were well, what should his Scarlets do ?

His Bed from *Nile*, his Hangings dy'd at *Tyre*?  
He's sick, we may his Sottish Wealth admire.  
Dismiss the Doctors, the \* *Machaons* all,  
To make him well, for my Rug only call.

\* A Name used proverbially for any Physician.

Ep. 20. To Paullus.

Poems thou buy'st, and read'st them for thine own.  
What's bought, is thine, can be deny'd by none.

Ep. 21. On Posthumus.

Some thou dost kiss, to some extend thy Hand.  
Which Grace seek I? The last I do demand.

Ep. 22. On the same.

*Phæbus* farewell, farewell my merry Muse  
Your Poet who adores ye, ye abuse.  
*Posthume* with one Kiss us'd to let me go,  
Pleas'd with my Verse, now many doth bestow.

Ep. 23. On the same.

No; tho' thou begg'st a thousand times to know,  
Who 'tis by Name of *Posthumus* does go,

I will not tell. What need I to offend  
Such Kisses, and their Fury 'gainst me bend?

*Ep. 24. To Candidus.*

By unjust Verdict wert thou guilty found,  
To thy Misfortune I'd be strictly bound.  
Wert thou condemned thy Native Soyl to leave,  
Thro' Seas, thro' Rocks, I'd to the Banish'd cleave.  
But thy Lot's Wealth: Here shall I also share?  
Wilt thou give half? 'Tis much, if ought thou spare.  
In Suffring, I may be admitted One,  
But happy, *Candidus*, thou'lt be Alone.

*Ep. 25. On Galla.*

*Galla* to none makes good, to all says, I,  
If thou speak'st always False, to me deny.

*Ep. 26. To Bithynicus.*

That *Nevia* coughs, and groans, and finds no Rest,  
Letting the Slaver fall upon her Breast;  
Thou hop'st, *Bithynicus*, her Hour is nigh:  
*Nevia* but flatters, she do'nt mean to Dye.

Ep. 27. On Silius, to Rufus.

Whether you plead, or any Work recite,  
 Hoping to Supper you will him invite,  
*Silius*, your Praises thus like Nets does spread ;  
 "Nothing can weightier, or more learn'd be said,  
 "More home, more smart, or yet with greater Grace,  
 "So would I wish to speak, set in your Place.  
 Such Words alone can make his Flatteries cease,  
 I have gain'd your Point, for this time hold your Peace.

Ep. 29. To Rufus.

See'st thou him, *Rufus*, that does so frequent  
 The Nobles Seat? from whose bright Gems are sent  
 Rays to this Place, in twice-dipt Purple goes,  
 Or Garments whiter than the driven Snows.  
 Costly *Amomum*, from whose Locks does flow,  
 Whose sleek blanch'd Arms no Hair upon them show?  
 The Lunar-Buckles were not his of old,  
 Nor Sandals pinch'd his Feet, garnish'd with Gold.  
 No secret Pain his num'rous Patches need ;  
 Look underneath, and him, a Slave, you'll read.

Ep.

*Ep. 30. On Caius.*

To borrow of a Friend, I did entreat  
 A Sum, which had he given, had not been great.  
 'Twas one, whose Chests brim-full of unbag'd Cash  
 Being clapt to, do Eccho with the Lash.  
 But he reply'd, *Would'st plead, Enough thou'dst have.*  
 Spare Counsel, *Caius*, give me what I crave.

*Ep. 31. On Ponticus.*

With *Balbus* I'm at Law, thou nought dar'st do.  
*Licinius* next; but he's a great Man too.  
*Patrobas* oft trespasses on my Feild:  
 He's *Casars* Freeman, 'tis best here to yield.  
*Laronia* my Servant does deny:  
 She's rich, old, childless, ev'ry Hour may dye.  
 His Patronage, it little boots, to crave.  
 Who to so many is himself a Slave.

*Ep. 37. On Cecilianus.*

Whate'er was serv'd of Souce, thou didst purloin  
 A young Sow's Unctuous Paps, a Porker's Chine,



A fat Heath-Poult, for two design'd a Dish,  
A Pike, a Mullet, half another Fish,  
Tame Pigeons dropping Fat, a Hen with Egg,  
A piece of Lampry, and a Capon's Leg.  
All which, sto'd in a Clout, committed were  
Unto thy Boy, that Home he them should bear.  
We, in mean Time, the idle Guests do sit,  
And of a costly Feast scarce taste a bit.  
If any Shame thou hast, restore our Meat :  
To Morrow I design'd not thee to treat.

Ep. 38. *To Linus.*

What my Farm yields me, dost thou urge to know?  
This, that I see not thee, when there I go.

*Ep. 40 On Tongelinus..*

That *Tongelin* is feav'rish many think :  
I know the Man, he wants choice Meat and Drink.  
Strait, for fat Thrush and Cocks, Springes are set,  
For Pike and Carp's imploy'd the Casting-Net ;  
Purveyance for old *Cacubum* is made,  
Such as the sound drink sparing and allay'd ;

Bathing, Physicians, with one Voice prescribe.  
To cure his Feaver, Fools, his Belly bribe.

Ep. 41. *On an old Woman.*

*Laugh, lovely Maid, laugh oft, if thou art wise.*  
As I remember, *Ovid* does advise :  
But this to ev'ry Maid he never said,  
Or if he did, 'twas always to a Maid ;  
'Twas never spoke to wretched-aged-Thee,  
To whom remains, of all thy Teeth, but three,  
And those cole-black : Therefore if this do pass  
For Truth, inform'd the same by thine own Glafs,  
A Smile thou ought'st t' avoid with no less Dread,  
Than Gallants fear the Wind for their curl'd Head ;  
Than painted Madams fear a dashing Shower,  
Or when Pomatum'd, the Sun's Raging Pow'r :  
Rather old *Hecuba's* sad Mood put on,  
When *Troy* was burnt, and all her Glory gon.  
Mimicks, and Droles, a Laughter-moving Jest,  
What ever makes thee Gern or Gape, detest.  
Mourn by your Mother's side, your equal Cross,  
Your Father's and your pious Brother's Loss ;

Your Hours, in what is sad and serious, spend,  
An Ear to Tragick Stories only lend.

The Counsel's good, if to it you can keep.

*Weep, if you're prudent, Old Mumps, often weep.*

Ep. 44. *On Sextus.*

Having some small Commodity to buy,  
I th' 'Change (the Usurer *Sextus* standing nigh,  
My old Cam'rade, you know) lest I should pray  
To borrow, for Prevention thus does say,  
Softly Computing with himself, but so  
As I may hear him. *I to Secundus owe*  
*Seven thousand, four to Phœbus, eleven more*  
*To Philet; and I Wretch, have not in Store*  
*One Doit, should now these Men for Money send:*  
O wond'rous Fetch of an old Canker'd Friend!  
'Tis hard, when one is ask'd, not to supply:  
But harder far, when not ask'd, to deny.

Ep. 46. *On Nevolus.*

As various Flow'rs in Spring paint *Hyblas* Field,  
Which to the rising Bees much Honey yield:

So do thy various colour'd Garments show,  
Which thou, heap'd up in Wardrobes, dost bestow.  
The Wool thou, from more Flocks than one, dost shear,  
Would a whole Tribe clothe sumptuously each Year.  
Thy thin-clad Friend, unmov'd, yet can't behold  
(O Sin!) tatter'd, his Sides pierc'd through with Cold.  
Unhappy Wretch, how little wou'd it be,  
To give two Garments, from Moths, not from thee.

Ep. 48. *To Rufus.*

Afford me but the Requisites of Life,  
Plain Food, and wholesome Air, a pleasing Wife,  
Not many Books, but such as I shall choose,  
A Friend not wholly rude, my Thoughts t'unloose,  
And let my Station in a Village be,  
All *Rome's* Magnificence I'll leave to thee.

Ep. 50. *On Lesbia.*

*Lesbia* talks Baudy, and does Water drink,  
Thou dost well, *Lesbia*, so to wash the Sink.

Ep. 53. *To* Maximus.

Thou but feign'st, *Maximus*, thou'dst not be Free :  
 Or if thou wouldst, by these Means thou may'st be.  
 Thou shalt be Free ; if thou at Home canst Dine ;  
 If thou canst quench thy Thirst with common Wine ;  
 If Rich Men thou can'st Miserable deem,  
 And such a thread-bare Coat, as mine, esteem ;  
 If in a cheap and vulgar Form delight,  
 A Room, in which thou scarce can'st stand upright ;  
 If thy Desires, to this Lure, thou canst bring,  
 Thou may'st live Freer than the *Parthian* King.

Ep. 55. *To* Sextus.

*Sextus*, thou seek'st Observance, when I'd love ;  
 I shall do that which thou dost most approve :  
 But where I must observe, I cannot Love. }

Ep. 56. *To* Gallus.

*Gallus*, thy Wife is taxed for the Vice  
 (Among the *Lybians*) of foul Avarice :

But she is wrong'd, and all are Lies they tell,  
 None cheaper does her self both give and sell,

Ep. 57. *On one that acted the great Man.*

He, whom you see to walk in so much State,  
Waving, and slow, with a Majestick Gate;  
In Purple clad, passing the Nobles Seat,  
My *Publius* not in Garments more compleat;  
Whose new rich Coach, with gilt and studded Reins,  
Fair Boys and Gown-men follow in great Trains,  
Lately his very Ring in Pawn did lay,  
For four poor Crowns, his Supper to defray.

Ep. 58. *On Zoilus.*

*Zoilus*, in's Nappy, scoffs my Thread-bare, Gown,  
'Tis Thread-bare, *Zoilus*, but 'tis yet my own.

Ep. 60. *On Hyllus.*

Y<sup>e</sup>are o'er-familiar with a Soldiers Wife,  
While a Boy's mulct you fear, and not your Life.  
Woe to thee! But, you say, *Upon what Score?*  
*The Law forbids to castrate any more,*  
Allows it then to make a Wife thy Whore?

Ep. 64. *On Taurus.*

While now to Law, to Rhetorick then thou'lt take,  
And know'st not what Profession thine to make ;  
Thou *Peleus, Priams, Nestors*, Years dost lose,  
And when thou shouldst give off, art still to Choose.  
Begin ; if either Heart thou hast, or Skill ;  
Three Rhetors Chairs are void, one thou may'st fill :  
Or if the Schools dislike, the pleading-Bars  
Reek with the Fervor of Litigious Wars ;  
So much, that *Marfya's* Statue that is nigh,  
May Vocal plead, through th' obstrep'rous Cry.  
Courage, break-off Delays, when shall we see ?  
Thou wilt Demur, till Nothing thou canst be.

Ep. 65. *To Saleitanus.*

Thou seem'st, *Saleitane*, much to hang thy Head.  
*Have I not Cause ?* Thou say'st, *my Wife is dead*.  
O heavy Chance ! O sad Decree of Fate !  
She, she ! The rich *Nicostrata* so late  
Deceas'd, who twenty thousand brought in Dowre ?  
I wish th'adst never known this Evil Hour.

Ep. 67. *On Posthumus.*

Who e'er thee, *Posthumus*, does chance to meet,  
Thou say'st, *What dost thou?* Thusthou all dost greet  
Ten times an Hour, if met: by which dost show,  
That thou thy self but little hast to do.

Ep. 68. *To Olus.*

That I salute thee by thy Name, no more  
Style thee my Lord and King, as heretofore,  
It is not Pride. My Chains and Cap I have  
Redeem'd, with all the Badges of a Slave.  
A Lord and Master he should have alone,  
Who, not being Master of Himself, does groan,  
Like great Men, after Riches not his own.  
Who can, without a Servant, *Olus*, be,  
May also from a King, *Olus*, be free.

Ep. 69. *On a Smell-Feast.*

Unwillingly, thou Supp'st abroad. I'll die,  
If what thou say'st be not a splendid Lie.  
In others Treats *Apicius* did Delight,  
And, with Regret, at Home did pass the Night.



If thou unwilling art, why dost thou go ?

*Th'art forc'd*, thou say'st. All Smell-Feasts are forc'd so.

*Melior* invites thee to a Sumptuous Feast :

Where are thy Braggs ? Deny : Now is the Test.

Ep. 71. *To Cecilianus*.

There's none, than thee, more Candid can be said,

Who when some Parcels in my Book thou'ast read,

From *Marsus* or *Catullus* dost recite

The like, to shew how much I better write,

Compar'd with them. Thy Good-will's to me known,

But would, thou'dst read some Verses of thine own.

Ep. 75. *On a Lion*.

A Lion wont his Keeper's Stripes to bear,

Into whose Mouth, his Hand, without all Fear,

He us'd to thrust, such Tamefulness he was taught :

But suddenly so high his Fury wrought,

'Twas 'bove what from the *Lybian* Clime he brought.

For while two Boys did rake the sandy Floor,

With Savage Rage he both in Pieces tore,

The Theatre like Crime ne'er knew before.

*Romans* may well say, *Treacherous Beast* forbear ;

Of *Romulus* Wolf young Children learn to spare.

Ep.

Ep. 77. *To Cosconius.*

Thou think'st my Epigrams in length exceed,  
To grease the Charret-Wheels, to make them speed.  
Thou'rt only fit : Who Poems Lengths dost rate  
By the Foot-Rule, not Reason, Wit, and Weight.  
By the same Law, *Colossus*, thou mayst call  
Toolong, the Figure of a Child too small.  
Of *Marsus*, *Pedo*, learn what you don't know,  
Two Pages, on one Subject, they'd bestow.  
That is not long, from which thou nought canst take,  
But, *Coscon*, thou canst long a Distick make.

Ep. 80. *On Fannius.*

When *Fannius* from his Foe did fly,  
Himself, with his own Hands, he slew.  
Who e'er a greater Madness knew ;  
Life to destroy, for fear to Dye.

Ep. 82. *On Ponticus.*

What vails it thee to make thy Slave a Mute?  
Of thy foul Crimes much louder's now the Bruit.

Ep. 85. *To a Friend*.

A Summer Gift that I in Winter make,  
 In evil part I wou'd not have thee take ;  
 Or, for my Present hold me for a Clown ;  
 But, while 'tis Cold, send me a Summer Gown,

Ep. 86. *To Classicus*.

That I Acrostick's Glory not to write,  
 In Verses, backwards read, take no Delight ;  
 Make not the Eccho in my Verses play,  
 After the *Grecian* Poetastring way :  
 Nor yet soft melting Numbers so respect,  
 As more the Chime, than ev'n the Sense t' affect.  
 So bad a Poet, as these ways to take,  
 I am not, *Classicus*. What Hire would make  
*Lada* for Swiftneſs ſam'd, ſo meanly ſtoop,  
 To leave the Race, and tumble through a Hoop ?  
 Diſgraceful 'tis unto a Poet's Name,  
 Difficult Toys to make his higheſt Aim ;  
 The Labours fooliſh, that does rack the Brains,  
 For Things have nothing in them, but much pains.

Let *Gallus* chant, while the Rout make a Ring :  
To choicest Ears I only joy to sing.

Ep. 88. *On Mamercus*.

Thou wouldst a Poet be, yet nought dost write,  
Be what thou wilt, so nought thou dost indite.

Ep. 89. *To Gaurus*.

In Profuse Drinking, that thy Nights are spent,  
*Gaurus*, thou *Cato* hast for President ;  
*Tully*, for barb'rous Verses thou dost write,  
As if the Muses bore to thee a Spight.  
*Antony*, *Apicius*, Vomitings did use ;  
Thy horrid Lust no Patron can excuse.

Ep. 90. *To Quintilianus*.

Of Giddy Youth, thou Guide of high Renown,  
*Quintilian*, Glory of the *Roman* Gown,  
That I do haste, tho' Poor, thy Licence give,  
T' enjoy my Life ; *None haste enough to live*.  
Who aim t'encrease their Father's Wealth, to throng  
Their Courts with Statues, this deferr too long.

I only to these easie things aspire,  
A Spring with Natural Turf, a shining Fire,  
Servants well fed, a plain unlearned Wife,  
Nights pass'd away in Sleep, Days without Strife.

## Ep. 91. To Cæsar.

Welfare and Glory of the Earth, while thee  
We safe behold, we Gods believe to be :  
If my slight Books did e'er thee entertain,  
And oft to read them, thou didst not disdain :  
What *Nature* does deny, do *Thou* bestow,  
For *Father of three Children* make me go.  
When my Verse takes not, this will be an Ease,  
A high Reward, in case they thee do please.

## Ep. 92. To his Wife.

He, *Father of three Children*, me has made,  
And all my Muses Labours richly paid,  
Who only cou'd : thee, Wife, I'll not retain,  
Least I the Prince's Bounty render vain.

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 L I B. III.
 

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Ep. 1. *To the Reader.*

**T**His third Book, good or bad, what e'er it be,  
*Gallia Togata* sends from far to thee.  
 If, reading this, my former thou dost praise,  
 Both yet are mine, that which least claims the Bays  
 Those must excel, born, *Rome*, within thy Wall,  
 A Slave of thine, above a free-born *Gaul*.

Ep. 2. *To his Book.*

To whom shall I a Present make thee, Book ?  
 Speedily, for a Patron, round thee look ;  
 Least Cooks, as if waste-Paper or astray,  
 To wrap up Spices ravish thee away.  
*Shall Faustine thee protect*, dost say ? Th'art wise,  
 Now, richly bound, Contempt thou mayst dispise ;  
 Twisted with Silk and Gold thy Head-bands show  
 Luxuriously, all gilded over go.

For if *Faustinus* shall approve of thee,  
No Critick fear, tho *Probus* self he be.

Ep. 3. *On an ill Shap'd Woman.*

Thy Face, that's *fair*, thou vailst when thou dost go  
To Bathe, an *ugly Body* naked show,  
Believe the Water Nymph, thee thus does pray,  
*Bath in thy Clothes, or cast thy Vail away.*

Ep. 4. *To his Book*

*Book* haste to *Rome*. Whence com'st thou? If men say :  
Reply, *From th' Track of the Emilian way.*  
If they demand the City where I dwell :  
*Imola* or *Cornelii Forum* tell.  
If for what Cause I'm Absent, they enquire :  
*The Follies of the City me did Tire.*  
If when I do return : A Poet, say,  
*I went ; when on a Fiddle I can play.*

Ep. 5. *To his Book.*

My Book, while thee to *Rome* alone I send,  
Shall I to many Friends, or one, commend?

One's enough, where no Stranger thou'lt be found,  
*Julius*, whose Name my Tongue so oft does sound.  
 The House, once *Daphnis*, him does Master call,  
 You'll find him strait in the first Court of all :  
 His Wife will thee into her Bosom Store,  
 Altho, with Highway-Dust, all cover'd o'er,  
 If them together, or apart, you meet,  
 Say only thus, *you, Marcus, bids me greet*.  
 This is enough. Who Letters brings, offends ;  
 Thinking he Commendations needs to Friends.

Ep. 8. *On Quintus*.

*Quintus* loves *Thais*. Which ? *Thais* the blind.  
 As she wants one Eye, he wants both, I find.

Ep. 9. *On Cinna*.

*Cinna*, 'tis said, does Verses write 'gainst me.  
 He does not write, whose Verse none cares to see.

Ep. 10. *On Philomusus*.

Thy Father knowing thy Luxurious way,  
 Assign'd thee an Allowance for each Day,



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Such as thy Table might both stint, and serve,  
That neither thou might'st riot, nor yet starve.  
But when he dy'd, he left thee Heir of All.  
What greater Mischeif cou'd to thee befall?  
Thy Disinheriting, thou this may'st call.



Ep. 11. On Quintus.

If she thou lov'st, nor blind, nor *Thais* be,  
What makes thee think last *Distich* writ on thee?  
If *Lais* 'twere, and her I'd *Thais* nam'd,  
For such Resemblance I might well be blam'd:  
But what Similitude do these two bear?  
How do *Hermione* and *Thais* pair?  
But thou art *Quintus*, and that Name I chuse.  
Be't so: I always feigned Names do use.  
I'll change the Lover's Name if that please more,  
*Sextus*, not *Quintus*, *Thais* loves, the Whore.

Ep. 12. On Fabullus.

Thy Odours, I confess, were last Night rare:  
But nought to Feast thy Guests thou didst prepare,  
Of Wit or Folly call'st thou this a Cast?  
To give thy Friends Perfumes, and make them fast?

Who are anointed only, and not fed,  
No treated like the Living are; but Dead.

Ep. 13. *On Nevia.*

While Boar to carve, and Mulletsthou dost spare,  
Will't sooner cut thy Father up, than Hare:  
But, as if all were *crude*, thy Cook dost beat,  
No *Cruditie*s they'll find, whom thou dost treat.

Ep. 14. *On Tuccius.*

Starv'd *Tuccius* from remotest *Spain* did come,  
Full of great Hopes, Plenty to find in *Rome*:  
But at the very Port being told the hard  
Duty of Clients, and their lean Reward,  
He turned straight his Horses Head again,  
With Switch and Spur posted him back to *Spain*.

Ep. 15. *On Codrus.*

None trusts so much as *Codrus*, I do find,  
I' th' Town. *How so? He's Poor.* He loves, tho blind.

## Ep. 16. On a Cobler.

An haughty enrich'd Cobler durst bestow,  
 A most profuse, and princely Fencer's-show :  
 What in his Life he earned by the Awl,  
 At Sword and Buckler-Fight he made fly all.  
 Sure thou wert drunk; thou couldst not, Cobler, play  
 In any Sober Mood, thy Hide away.  
 Enough of Shows; now to thy Skins abide :  
 Fear what befel the Ass i'th' Lion's Hide.

## Ep. 17. On Sabidius.

At second Course, where lately I did Dine,  
 Hot Tarts were serv'd, so hot, no Hand but thine,  
 \* *Mutius*, could touch : *Sabidius* yet, than they, \* *Scævola*.  
 More hot in Appetite, brooking no stay,  
 Blew often on them with his pois'nous Breath,  
 Blasts of worse Stench than Rottenness and Death.  
 After the which, no Man to touch them stirr'd :  
 He cool'd the Tarts, but turn'd them to a T---

*Ep. 19. On a Boy stung to Death.*

In a sweet Grove, where many Shapes were made  
Of Savage Beasts, t' adorn the pleasant Shade,  
A carved Bear with gaping Jaws did stand,  
Into whose Mouth young *Hylas* thrust his Hand;  
And, Childish wise, provok'd the Bear to bite.  
A Viper, lurking in that secret Night,  
Quicken'd the Stone with more than Natural Rage,  
And bit the Lad, that fearless did engage.

O hainous Fact! That a dead Bear should do,  
What one alive could not be wrought unto.

*Ep. 20. On Canius.*

Tell me my Muse, how *Canius* spends his Time  
In lasting Leaves, and in immortal Rhime,  
Does he the Facts of *Nero* rightly state,  
From Malice and from Flatt'ry free, relate?  
Light Elegies, or grave Heroicks write?  
I th' Comick, or the Tragick Strain Delight?  
Or in the Poets School does *Canius* sit,  
Regaling all with his choice Attick Wit?

Or else, being free from Study, does he talk  
 I' th' Temples, and the Shady Porches walk?  
 Bathes he? Or from the City Toyl retir'd,  
 Are Fields and Rivers more by him admir'd,  
*Baias* or *Lucrins* Sweet Recess desir'd?

Muse.] *How Canius spends his Time, wouldst have me*  
*He laughs at all which most Men, serious, do.* (How?)

*Ep. 21. On a Cruel Master.*

A branded Slave unto his proscrib'd Lord,  
 In's highest Danger, Safety did afford.  
 While thus his Goodness did the Cruel save,  
 Envy with Life unto his Lord he gave.

*Ep. 25. To Faustus.*

If thy hot Bath, *Faustus*, thou seek'st to cure,  
 'Bove what a Paralitick can endure:  
 Let Orator, *Sabinus*, enter in  
*Nero's* hot Baths, he'll make'a cooling Spring.

*Ep. 26. On Candidus.*

Thy pleasant Farm thou dost enjoy alone,  
 Thy Money, Plate, communicates to none.

Alone, thou, aged *Maffick* Wine dost drink,  
 Alone thy self both wise and witty think :  
 That all thou hast alone, I yet deny,  
 Thy Wife is Common, or the People ly.

Ep. 27. *On Gallus.*

That oft I thee, thou me dost never call  
 To Sup, I could forgive, if none at all  
 Tho didst invite : But, *Churle*, thou dost afford  
 To other Guests a frequent well-serv'd Board.  
 W'are faulty Both. In what, dost bid me name ?  
 I for the want of Wit, and thou of Shame.

Ep. 30. *To Gargilianus.*

Money no more, but Meat *the Great* bestow,  
 For what thou stay'st at *Rome*, I fain would know.  
 How wilt thou buy a Gown? Hire a dark Cell ?  
 Pay for thy Bath ? A *Thais* keep, canst tell ?

Garg.] *To make a little serve, great Head I'll give.*

Mar.] Scarce, as things stand, 'tis worth the Care to  
 (Live.

Ep. 31. *To Rufus.*

Thy Land, I yield, seems boundless to the Eye,  
And near the Town thy pleasant Farms do lye.  
Numbers of Debtors to thy Lordly Chest,  
Croutch, with Choice Fare thy gilded Table's prest :  
Disdain not, *Rufus*, yet, all that are poor ;  
There's greater Rogues than thou that yet have more.

Ep. 32. *To Matrinia.*

Dost ask, if an old Woman I could wed ?  
An Old I could, *Matrinia*, not a Dead,  
As thou art. Even *Niobe* I could take,  
And Mother *Hecuba* a Mistress make :  
But then before they were transform'd so fur.  
One to a Stone, the other to a Cur.

Ep. 33. *What Wife he'd chuse.*

A Wife of *high Descent* I first would wed,  
For want of such, *One Freed* should share my Bed,  
*A Slave* the last, yet if she *Noble* be  
In *Form* ; I'd chuse her first, of all the Three.

*Ep. 34. On Chione, or Madam Snow.*

Fit and unfit thy Name to thee doth show,  
For Black and Cold thou art, Snow and not Snow.

*Ep. 36. On Fabianus.*

I would not have thee pleat or curl thy Hair,  
Through slovenly Neglect, nor Elf-locks wear;  
Let not thy Skin with Scurf be over-run,  
Nicely to blanch and sleek it, no less shun;  
An Eunuch's Chin affect not, smooth and bare,  
Nor such a horrid Beard as Prisoners wear;  
By a Wise Mean avoid the best you can,  
To appear less, or yet too much, a Man.

But while thy Limbs we rough and bristly find,  
Effeminate and wanton is thy Mind.

*Ep. 38. To Sextus.*

(invite  
*Mart.*] What Cause, what Confidence, *Sextus*, does  
Thee unto *Rome*? What Hope, what Aim? Recite.

*Sext.*] *Than Tully's self more pow'rfully I'll plead,*  
*And none like Me, shall the whole Forum lead.*

*Mart.*]



*Mart.] Caius and Atestinus* (both you know)  
Do plead, but pay not a poor House-rent so.

*Sext.] If nothing this way come, I'll Verses frame,*  
*You'll say, that Virgil did compose the same.* (you see,

*Mart.] Th'art mad : That cold and tatter'd Crew*  
No less than *Ovid's* all, and *Virgil's* be. (three do speed

*Sext.] Great Men I'll court.* *Mart.] Scarce two or*  
That way, the rest are pale, and starve thro' need.

*Sext.] Say, what then ? Counsel to a Friend advance,*  
*Men live at Rome.* *Mart.] The Honest do by chance.*

### Ep. 39. On Lycoris.

One-ey'd *Lycoris* Love's more fair than He  
Kept Flocks on *Ida*. How the Blind can see !

### Ep. 40. On Telestinus.

For having lent, forsooth, an hundred pound,  
From full-cram'd Chests, and Wealth that does abound,  
Thou think'st that thou much Greatness hast dis-  
(play'd.

But that the Grandeur's mine, it may be said :  
Who being Poor, so great a Sum repay'd.

Ep. 42. *On Polla.*

Thou seek'st with Fard to smoothe thy wrinkl'd Skin,  
Bedaub'st thy self, and dost no Lover win.  
Simple Decays Men easily pass by,  
But hid, suspect some great Deformity.

Ep. 43. *On Lentin.*

False-hair thou wear'st to make thee youthful show,  
A Swan wer't yesterday, to day a Crow.  
Thou cheats not all, *Proserpine* knows thee Grey,  
Nor will thy Term of Death one Hour delay,  
But when it comes, snatch Wig and thee away.

Ep. 44. *To Ligurinus.*

That every one, to meet thee, is afraid,  
And where thou com'st, a Solitude is made.  
Would'st, *Ligurinus*, know the Reason why?  
Too much a Poet, Men do from thee fly.  
And this, I tell thee, is a dang'rous Crime,  
A Scorpion is not fear'd, like ceaseless Rhime;

An Adder, in the scorching Sun, fresh sprung,  
 A Tyger newly robbed of her young.  
 Or, Prithee, who such Tediouſness can bear ?  
 Thou read'st to those that sit, that Standing are ;  
 To them that Run, to them that are at Stool ;  
 To those are in the Bath, at the Fish Pool ;  
 That here they cannot Swim, nor wash them there ;  
 For thee reciting Verses in their Ear.  
 They haste to Sup, the Goers thou dost stay ;  
 Who'd Sup with thee, thou readest them away ;  
 Weary, and Sick, they lay them down to Sleep,  
 Thy Verses rouse them, and then waking keep.  
 Wouldst know what Mischief this to thee has bred ?  
 Thee, a good Man, Learned, Just, all do Dread.

Ep. 45. *To the same.*

Whether the Sun *Thyestes* Table fled,  
 I know not ; but all Men thy Table dread :  
 And yet 'tis Sumpt'ous, serv'd with Costly Fare,  
 But what can Relish, thou Reciting there ;  
 Hadst thou no Turbut, were thy Mullers less,  
 Bate Oysters, Mushrooms, do but hold thy Peace.

Ep. 46. *To Candidus.*

Thou dost exact, that always I attend :  
 Tho' I go not, my Freeman I do send.  
 Thou say'st, *That's not the same*. But I think, more  
 When I scarce follow'd, he thy Litter bore.  
 Thou'rt throng'd: His boist'rous Bulk o'turneth  
 My Strength's ingenuous, and my Force but small  
 Causes thou plead'st : I silently stand by,  
 He roars redoubl'd *Euge's* to the Sky.  
 Thou quarrel'st: Shame forbids loud Speech to me  
 But he'll not stick to *Spend his Mouth* for thee.  
 Cand.] *There's nought a Friend then should be called*  
 Mart.] Yes, what a Slave, *Candidus*, cannot do.

Ep. 50. *On Ligurinus.*

But for one Cause thou dost thy Friends invite  
 That thou thy Verses mayst to them recite.  
 We are but set when with the Sallet's brought,  
 A huge vast Tome, full with thy Poems fraught;  
 A second's read, while yet the first Course stays,  
 A third and fourth the second Course delays ;

before we rise, a fifth Book we do see ;  
 Wild Boar, so often serv'd, would nauseous be.  
 Thy wicked Verse condemn to wrap-up Fish,  
 when thou supp'st alone, make 'em thy Dish.

more  
 Ep. 52. *To Tongelinus*.

Thy House was lately, *Tongeline*, burnt down,  
 Chance too frequent in a Populous Town.  
 thrice o'er thy Loss has been repair'd by Friends:  
 Did'st thou not fire thy House, to get Amends?

to m  
 Ep. 55. *On Gellia*.

That Shops of Odours seem with thee to go,  
 and rich Perfumes thou dost around thee throw:  
 Think not this much, 'tis not thy Natural Smell,  
 A Dog, like thee, embalm'd, would scent as well.

nvite  
 Ep. 58. *To Bassus, on Faustinus Farm*

*Faustinus Farm*, O *Bassus*! is not fraught  
 With Idle Myrtles, into Order brought ;  
 There no trim'd Box, or barren Plane Tree's found,  
 To fill a vast unprofitable Ground :

But

But happy 'tis in rude and fertile Fields,  
 Which *Ceres* Gifts in every Corner yield;  
 There Vessels fragrant smell with Autumn Fruit;  
 And when *November's* past, and Time does suit,  
 The rough hew'd Hind late Grapes does homeward  
 (bring)

While Vallies round with lowing Kine do ring,  
 And Lust, the yet unhorned Herd, does sting.

The straggling Cohorts of the sordid Pens  
 I'th' Yards are seen, Cocks treading *Rhodian* Hens  
 Partridges speckled, Peacocks gay and fair,  
 Who in their Trains do seeming Jewels bear;  
 Pheasants, which first from impious *Colchos* came,  
 The Birds which to Red Feathers owe their Name  
 Streak'd Turkeys, Geese loud cackling and shrill,  
 All with their Noise and grateful Numbers fill;  
 While the Doves greeting from the Tow'rs you hear  
 Sleek Culvers mourning here, soft Turtles there.

The greedy Swine pursue the Housewife's Pail  
 And full bagg'd Ews, th' expecting Lambs ne'er fail

Children surround the large Fire shining bright  
 Which on the *Lares* casts a chearful Light.

None here to Labour, backward are, and both,  
None pallid and unhealthy seen through Sloth :  
But Gins for Birds, and Lines for Fish prepare,  
Pitch Toyls to catch the light-foot Deer, or Hare.  
The Orchards plain the merry Maids employ ;  
Even Boys of the best Rank their Tasks enjoy,  
Obey the Bayliff, not constrain'd by Fear,  
But they Delight some Rural-Work to share.

The Rustick there brings not a vain Salute,  
But Gifts his *Ave* speak, while he is mute :  
Presents Ambrosian Honey from the Bees,  
A Dormouse from the Woods, or a Cream-Cheese ;  
Ta'n from the Shaggy Goats a bleating Kid,  
Or else a Capon, *Venus* Sports forbid.  
The homely Country Maids in Baskets bear  
Their Mothers Gifts, something that's choice and rare.

And when the Day is past, and his Work done,  
The welcom Neighbour, a glad Guest, does come,  
To the frank Board, from which no Meat's set by,  
The next day's Scant Provision to supply.  
Servants, well-fed themselves, from Envy free,  
Grudge not, when they the Guests full gorged see.

But,

But, *Bassus*, thy trim *Villa* joyns the Town,  
 And for its Paint and Spruceness seeks Renown :  
 No Country useful Sordures thee annoy,  
 But Neat and splendid Want thou dost enjoy :  
 From stately Rooms, fair Laurels strike thy Eye,  
 Which fear not Thieves, were no *Priapus* by.  
 And when to see thy Farm, thou Time canst find,  
 With City Meal thou feed'st thy Country Hind :  
 And Herbs, Eggs, Apples, Cheese, from *Rome* dost bear,  
 All which thou ought'st, in reason, to find there.

Call not this Toy thy *Country House* for shame,  
 Let the *Remote Forlorn House* be its Name.

Ep. 60. *On Ponticus*.

When now a Guest, no Hireling, as of yore,  
 Me, the same Cheer, why sets thou not before,  
 'Thou dost thy self? Oysters are serv'd to thee,  
 Fatted in *Lucrine Lake*, but unto me  
 Muscles, which in Vileness as much excell,  
 That cut my Lips with their accursed Shell ;  
 And while the Choicest Mushrooms are thy fare,  
 For me thou poisonous Toadstools dost prepare ;

With



With a large Trout, or Turbut thou dost deal,  
 But I, on Sprats or Pilchards, make my Meal;  
 A well cram'd Fowl regalios thee again,  
 But me some Carion-thing starv'd in the Pen.

When with thee, why not with thee do I eat?  
 My \* Dole is lost, not mended by thy Meat.

\* The Emperour ordered that instead of the *Sportula* (which was a kind of Dole) Clients should be invited to Supper, but the Rich Men were so fardid, that they eat of one sort of Meat themselves, and gave another to their Clients.

Ep. 61. *On Cinna.*

What e'er thou begg'st, 'Tis *Nothing*, thou dost cry,  
 If it be *Nothing*, *Nothing* I deny.

Ep. 62. *On Quinctus.*

That with vast Sums, Boys in their Beauty's prime  
 Thou buy'st, drink'st only Wine of *Numas* time,  
 Thy Stuff, of dayly Use, did Hundreds cost,  
 Common with thee, but what a Prince might boast.  
 That thy gilt Coach was purchast at the Rate  
 Of a fair House; One Mule of an Estate.  
 Think'st thou, a larger Mind thou shew'st from hence?  
 They're Little Souls delight in Great Expence,

*Ep. 63. On Cotilus*

Men, *Cotilus*, a Gallant do proclaim :  
*But say, who's he deserves a Gallant's Name ?*  
A Gallants one can order well his Hair,  
And scatter round him a perfumed Air,  
Warble soft Tunes of *Italy* and *France*,  
With various Graces move him in the Dance ;  
Of Ladies Chat fit Umpier all the Day,  
And still have something in their Ear to say ;  
Love-Letters read to one, to others, write ;  
Whom nought, like Ruffling of his Clothes affright ;  
Runs to all Feasts, can, who loves whom, arread ;  
Tell Pedigrees of Horses, and their Breed.  
*Is this, Is this, a Gallant then to be ?*  
*A Gallant's then a Trifling Thing, I see.*

*Ep. 64. On Canius.*

The Seamen's merry Ruin, killing Joy,  
The *Syrens*, who with Melody destroy,  
That fly *Ulysses* had the Pow'r to leave,  
When all besides, with Charms, they did deceive.

I wonder not : But this I should admire,  
From *Cassius* fett'ring Tongue could he retire.

Ep. 65. *On the Kisses of a fair Maid.*

As Smells the fragrant Fruit, when bit by thee,  
The Flowring Grapes first blooming on the Tree,  
Spring Meadows, when fresh crop'd by Cows they be  
The Air, rich Saffron Beds, do from them yield ;  
A Myrtle Grove, *Arabian* spicy Field ;  
The Flavour, Musk and Amber chaf'd respire :  
*Sabean* Gums, when they make pale the Fire ;  
The fresh Glebe sprinkl'd with a Summers Show'r ;  
Thy Locks when on them thou choice Nard dost pour :  
So redolent, coy Maid, thy Kisses are !  
If freely given, what with them might compare ?

Ep. 66. *On Mark Anthony.*

*Photin* and *Anthony* like Crimes do stain,  
*Pompey* by one, by th' other *Tully* slain.  
*Tully*, *Rome's* Tongue, deserv'dly might be said ;  
*Pompey*, as justly, her triumphant Head.

Yet *Antony* o' th' Two, thy Guilt was more,  
He sinned on's Lords, thou sinn'st on thine own Score.

*Ep. 68. To his modest Matron Reader.*

To thee, *Grave Matron*, hitherto my Book  
I write. *Tow'rs whom*, dost ask, *the rest doth look?*  
My Self, the Race, the Baths; retire thou then,  
We strip, forbear to look on Naked Men.  
Well-soak'd, *Terpsichore* weighs not what she says,  
Nicens, 'mong Cups and Roses down she lays;  
And tho', without Disguise, she plainly names,  
In broadest Terms, what yearly *Roman* Dames  
To *Venus* offer, cares not who her blames;  
'Tis that, I mean, our Hinds in Gardens place,  
And Maids peep at, with Hands before their Face.  
If now I know thee, tho' my Book before  
Tir'd thee, thou'lt eager be to read it o'er.

*Ep. 69. To Cosconius.*

That all thy Epigrams thou dost indite  
In cleanest Terms, not one broad Word dost write,

I praise, admire ; how Chast alone thou art ;  
Such Crimes my Pages shew in ev'ry Part,  
The which, the waggish Youth and Maids approve,  
The Older too, who feel the Sting of Love.  
But yet, I must confess, thy Holy Verse  
Deserves much more with Children to converse.

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Ep. 1. *On Cæsar's Birth-Day.*

CÆsars bright Birth-Day's to be honour'd more  
Than *Joves*, on *Ida's* Top by *Rhea* bore.  
May *Rome* this Days Return more often see,  
Than aged *Nestor*, thine was seen by thee.  
And, than the Present, still more glorious be.  
May he on Earth (his Head adorn'd with Gold)  
Keep *Pallas* Feast ; as President behold  
The Poets and the Rhetors Strife, and Crown  
With's mighty Hand the highest in renown.  
May he the Secular Games, none twice e'er saw,  
Behold ; be privileg'd beyond Natures Law.

Great things I ask, but which from Heaven are due,  
For such a Prince too much we cannot sue.

## Ep. 5. To Fabianus.

(agree,  
*Mar.* Poor, and Upright, whose Tongue and Heart  
 What dost Propose, in coming *Rome* to see?  
 Canst act the Baud, or boon-Companions Part?  
 Know'st thou the Criers or Informers Art?  
 Canst thou debauch the Wife of thy best Friend?  
 Thy Strength on Lustful Aged Madams spend;  
 Canst sell Court Air? Flatter the Upstart Great?  
*Canus* and *Glaphyrus* i'th' right-way treat? *I'll go.*  
 How, wretch, wilt live? *Fab.*] By Faith's true Square  
*Mar.*] Thou dream'st, thoult ne'er be\* *Philomelus* so.

\* Rich as a Fidler of that Name.

## Ep. 8. To Euphemus.

The two first Hours o'th' Great consumed are,  
 The third in Lawyers Pleadings at the Bar;  
 The Trades of *Rome* the fourth and fifth employ,  
 The sixth some Rest, the seventh all Rest enjoy:  
 From eight to Nine in Exercise is spent,  
 The ninth on Feasting all Men are intent:  
 The Tenth hour's proper for my Book and me.  
 And *Euphem* thou who dost the Board o'er-see,

And order our Great Lords Ambrosian Fare,  
When Nectar has dissolv'd his publick Care,  
His mighty Hand the sober Cup does hold,  
To introduce my Mirth, thou may'st be bold.  
My Muse forbears licentiously to rove,  
I' th' Morn, when serious, to importune *Jove*.

Ep. 10. *To Faustinus.*

While yet my Book is new, its Leaves scarce dry,  
But even the chary'st Touch they fear and fly;  
To *Faustin*, Boy, this little Gift present,  
He first deserves my Toys shou'd him be sent :  
But furnish'd with a Sponge be sure to go ;  
My Book, tis fit, shou'd be attended so.  
That if my Verse *Faustinus* cannot tend  
To Purge, One Blot may all my Failings mend.

Ep. 11. *On Ant. Saturninus.*

While thou wert proud to bear *Antonio's* name,  
And that of *Saturninus* didst disclaim ;  
Thou Arms in *Germany* 'gainst *Cæsar* bore,  
As *Anthony* in *Egypt* did before.

What



What Fate attends that Name didst thou not fear?  
Of his Disgrace at *Actium* never hear?  
Or did the *Rhene* promise Success to thee,  
Tho' *Nile* to him deny'd the Victory?  
That famous *Anthony*, by *Rome's* Sword, did fall;  
Compar'd to thee, who *Cæsar* we might call.

Ep. 13. *Upon the Marriage of Pudens and  
Claudia Peregrina.*

This Day my *Pudens* to fair *Claudia's* wed,  
swell the Joys, *Hymen*, of their Nuptial Bed.  
So Musk with Amber Men do fitly joyn,  
So *Attick* Honey mix with *Massick* Wine,  
So Elms, embrac'd by Vines, do beauteous stand;  
So Reeds do Waters grace; so Myrtles Land!  
*Concord*, keep all between them ever fair,  
And equal Love unite the equal Pair;  
Let them not find their Flame grows ever Cold,  
Or think each other, when they are so, Old.

*Ep.*

Ep. 14. *To Silius Italicus.*

*Silius*, the Muses Glory and Renown  
 Whose weighty Verse pow'rfully presses down  
 'The *Punique* Falshood, makes their barb'rous Rage  
 Stoop to *Rome's* Valour, which it durst engage;  
 Their Elephants, to our Eagles, quit the Field;  
*Hannibal's* Wiles, to *Scipio's* Honour yield.

The time commands thou serious Thoughts lay-by,  
 Now in *December* that the rattling Die.  
 In ev'ry place does make a loud Report,  
 And the most sage indulge unto the Sport.  
 My Book, deep drench'd in Mirth, thou may'st allow  
 This Month to read with a relaxed Brow.  
*Catullus* now may his slight \* *Sparrow* send  
 To mighty *Mars*, and the *Aet* defend.

\* A Poem so call'd.

Ep. 15. *To Cecilianus.*

Ten pound thou begg'dst to borrow th' other Day,  
 Which speedily, thou promis'd, to repay.  
 I had it not (as civil) I did say.

But thou, by a Friends Visit, much surpriz'd,  
 To borrow of me silver Plate devis'd.  
 Art thou a Fool? or me dost one suppose?  
 When ten I would not, fifty Pound I'd lose:

Ep. 18. *On a Boy kill'd by an Icicle.*

At Fountain-gate, whose Stones do always drop,  
 Near to the Porch an hundred Columns prop;  
 A pond'rous Stream, by Cold, congeal'd to Glas;  
 Fell on a Lad, as he the Arch did pass:  
 Soon as the Wretch the fatal Blow had felt,  
 The sharpen'd Ice in the warm Wound did melt.  
 What can restrain thee, Death? Where art not found?  
 When Water, like a Sword, can cut and wound?

Ep. 20. *On Gellia and Cerellia.*

*Cerellia*, Young, affects to say, she's Old.  
 Old *Gellia*, 'mong the Girls, would be enroll'd.  
 What either does, *Colinus*, canst digest?  
 The Young One plays the Fool, the Old the Beast.

Ep.

Ep. 21. *On Selius.*

*Selius* affirms, in Heav'n no Gods there are,  
And while he thrives, and they their Thunder spare,  
His daring Tenet to the World seems fair.

Ep. 24. *On Lycoris.*

*Lycoris* Friends are rarely of long Life,  
I wish she were acquainted with my Wife.

Ep. 26. *On Posthumus.*

For not attending on thee a whole Year,  
What I have lost thereby, *Posthumus*, hear.  
Five hundred Pence, at least, upon this Score.  
'Tis much : a Gown would yet have cost me more.

Ep. 27. *To Domitian.*

My Books thou often gracest with thy Praise,  
Tho' Malice it denies, thou oft givest Bays ;  
Nor only by thy Words, this Truth is known,  
But Honours too, which thou, canst give, alone ;

V.

Envy to black my Fame, yet goes on still,  
*Cæsar* give more, till thou the Envious kill.

*Ep. 29. To Pudens.*

The Number of my Books does them much Wrong,  
 The Reader's tir'd and glutted with their Throng;  
 Scarce things take most, first Fruits please those are  
 Roses in Winter bear the highest Price:      (nice,  
 Reserv'dness recommends a beauteous Whore,  
 Her opening, not to all that come, her Dore.  
*Perseus* One Book's more celebrated far,  
 Than *Marsus* bulky *Amazonian* War.  
 Reading a Book of mine, feign there's no more;  
 Thus of my Wit thou't make the greater Store.

*Ep. 31. On Hippodamus.*

That in my Book th'art nam'd, thou'dst have it said,  
 And think't it there an Honour to be read.  
 May I not live, but grateful 'tis to me,  
 And in my Verse, most gladly, thou should'st be;  
 But that on thee a Name Men did impose,  
 So harsh, that will with no soft Numbers close.

Which

e;  
 Envy

Which *Phæbus*, and the whole *Pierian* Quire,  
Could not in Musick sing, should all conspire.  
Assume some Name more sweetly then that sounds,  
*Hippodamus* the Muses all confounds.

Ep. 32. *On a Bee enclosed in Amber.*

A Drop of Amber did a Bee enclose  
Hid from the Touch but to the Eye expose.  
Thus it deserv'd, and thus desir'd to die,  
After much Labour so entomb'd to lie.

Ep. 33. *On Sosibianus.*

Thou say'st, th'ast Poems by thee of great Worth.  
Why dost thou not, *Sosibian*, bring them forth;  
Thy Heirs, thou say'st, will cause them to be read,  
'Tis pity 'tis not done, and thy self dead.

Ep. 35. *On Deer fighting.*

The tim'rous Deer against themselves make Head,  
The Fight forsake not, till they both lie Dead:  
The Dogs look'd on, Huntsmen amaz'd appear,  
No Prey, Employment found for either here.

In softest Breasts what mov'd a Rage so high?  
Bulls rush on Bulls, and stoutest Men so die.

Ep. 37. *On Afer.*

*Coranus* does a hundred to me owe;  
*Mancinus* three; *Albinus* twice this; so  
*Sabinus* doth; *Serranus* Ten; I know

A sixth, ten more: Then from my Lands do come,  
My Flocks, and City Rents, a vaster Sum.

This thou, whole Days, relatest, and I retain  
With that Exactness, as I do my Name.

Say not, to what thy Income does amount,  
But something tell, which turns to my Account:  
I cannot hear thee, Gratis, thus excite,  
Be thy Tales true or false, my needy Appetite.

Ep. 39. *On Charinus.*

*Charinus*, Thou'st a rare Collection made  
Of Silver Works, both massy and o'er-laid;  
Alone dost *Mirons*, *Scopus* pieces show,  
What *Mentor* and *Praxetiles* could do;

Alone

Alone dost *Phidias* noble Gravings vaunt,  
 Alone the true *Grantianas* dost not want ;  
 Encha sed Goblets of Pure *Spanish* Oar,  
 All double gilt, thy Fathers Table bore.

What in these Wonder's to be wonder'd most,  
 A Penny Current-Coyn thou canst not boast.

Ep. 40. *On Posthumus.*

Tho *Pisos* Stem speaks great Nobility,  
*Seneca* shews a threefold Pedigree,  
 And both their Courts to my Access are free ;  
 Yet my Salutes to thee I first did bring,  
 Poor, and a Knight, but unto me a King :  
 Ten Years, twice told, in Amity we led,  
 One Table serv'd us, and One common Bed.

Thou'rt noble now and Rich, canst throw away ;  
 What to our Ancient Friendship wilt thou Pay ?  
 I may expect : but thou hast Nought to say.  
 Grown old a Patron I can't seek, tho' Poor.  
 On me, or Faith, hast thou imposed more ?



Ep. 41. *On a bad Poet.*

When thou thy Poems dost recite, for Fear  
 Of catching Cold, Furr 'bout thy Neck dost wear.  
 This fitter were for th' Ears of them that hear.

Ep. 42. *To Flaccus.*

If I could such obtain, as I desire,  
 Hear then what Beauty, *Flaccus*, I admire.  
 One born in *Egypt*, i' th' first place I'd chuse;  
 Such artificial Charms none else do use;  
 I'd have her Skin white as the driven Snow,  
 From that swarth Clime the fair do fairest show;  
 Her Eyes with Stars should vie, her flowing Hair  
 Fall on her Neck, which I to Curls prefer.  
 Her Forehead should be smooth, well shap'd her Nose,  
 Her lovely Lips a Rosie red disclose;  
 Sometimes I'd have her kind, and sometimes coy,  
 In no Man's Courtship, but mine own, to joy;  
 Young Men to hate, even her own Sex to fear,  
 To others Ice, to me a Maid appear.

Now, *Flaccus*, I foreknow, what thou wilt say.  
*Celia*, my *Celia*, thou dost here display,

Ep. 44 On Vesuvius.

Behold *Vesuvius* green e'er while, and stor'd  
With Vines which did the noblest Juice afford.  
*Bacchus*, this Hill, 'bove *Nysas* did advance,  
His Satyrs, here, did most delight to dance.  
*Venus* no Seat, like this, did hold so dear,  
The *Herculian* Fane shon here without a Peer.  
All now in Cinders lies, and Gods resent  
The Loss; their Pow'r, they had to hurt repent.

Ep. 49. To Flaccus.

Rightly of Epigrams thou dost not deem;  
ho Toys and Sport, *Flaccus* dost them esteem.  
He toys and trifles more, who does declare  
*Thyestes* Board, and *Tereus* impious Fare;  
*Dedalus* fitting waxen Wings to fly;  
And Monster *Polyphemus* with one Eye.  
All Tragick Themes I banish from my Muse,  
Nor huffing Buskin-Language do I use.

But these, thou say'st, Men praise, admire, adore.  
Praise these they may, but yet they read mine more.

Ep. 53. *On a counterfeit Cynick.*

He who i' th' Temples, you so often meet,  
In publick Porches, *Cosmus*, and the street,  
With Bag and Staff, nasty, and antique dress'd,  
His Hair an End, Beard hanging down his Breast ;  
Who for a Cloke, a Coverlet does use,  
Barkes for his Meat, the Givers of t' abuse ;  
A Cynick to be thought, does make this Stir :  
But he no Cynick is. What then ? A Cur.

Ep. 54. *On Colinus.*

As thou *Colinus* to thy high Renown  
From all Contenders, bor'st the Oaken Crown ;  
If wise, thy Days in genial Pleasures spend,  
As if each Day determin'd were thy End.  
None with the *Parcæ* ever could prevail,  
Their Lives, one Hour beyond their Time, to bail ;  
Altho more rich than *Crispus* ; *Thrasea*, bold ;  
Than *Mellior* they a nobler Port did hold ;

The Sisters Web unchangeable doth run,  
And one still cuts, what t' other two have spun.

Ep. 56. *On Gargilianus.*

That thou large Presents send'st the Rich and Old,  
Would'st have it for thy Glory to be told?  
There's none, like thee, deserves a Sordid Fame,  
Who, thy vile Snares, dar'st gen'rous Presents name.  
Call too a Hook, by which the Fish are ta'en,  
A Gift; the Train by which wild Beasts are slain.

What 'tisto give, dost thou desire to know?  
On me, can nought return, thy Wealth bestow.

Ep. 59. *On a Viper inclosed in Amber.*

As 'mong the Poplar Boughs a Viper crawls,  
The Liquid Gum upon him struggling falls:  
With Drops alone, while wond'ring, to be held,  
He straight within the Amber was congeal'd.  
Then of thy Tomb, proud \* Queen think not too high.  
A Worm far nobler here entomb'd doth lie.

\* Cleopatra.

Ep. 60. *On Death*.

When *Leo* rages with the Summers Sun,  
From pestilential Climates never run ;  
Since, in the wholesom'ft, and the pureft Air,  
The Destines *Croatus* did not spare.  
When thy Time's come, Death from no place is bound,  
\* *Sardinia*, in the midst of \* *Tybur's* found.

\* Wholesome and unwholesome Places are alike.

Ep. 61. *On Mancinus*.

Two Thousand Pound lately to thee befell,  
Thou with a fleering vaunting Face didst tell.  
Scarce four Days pass'd, while thou and I did walk  
I th' Poets School, of hundreds thou didst talk  
In Robes which rich *Pompilla* to thee sent;  
Thou swor'ft that *Bassa* did to thee present  
A true Sardonix, with it's triple Lines ;  
And *Celia* gave thee two fair Agmarines.  
I th' Theatre, as we did hear the Song,  
More yet thou told'ft, that did to thee belong ;  
Even hasting, and in Motion to depart,  
Of a late Heirship News thou didst impart.

What have thy Friends deserv'd of thee so ill,  
That them, with Envy, thou delight'st to kill?  
If pleasing things to blab, thou canst not hold;  
Some Good to us, Ill to thy self, unfold.

Ep. 66. *On Linus.*

A country Life, *Linus*, thou'ast ever led,  
More mean, more homely, nothing can be said;  
A curtail Gown, on Festivals alone,  
Thou wor'st, and wor'st but every ten Years one;  
Thy Forest, unbought Hare and Boar, did yield,  
Fat Thrush, thy beaten Woods and neighb'ring Field;  
Thy River, Fish afforded, being sought;  
Thy Wine was all, from thine own Vineyard, brought:  
No lovely Boys from *Egypt* did adorn  
Thy Board, but rustick, at thine own Farm born:  
And if thy lust inflamed was with Wine,  
The foulest Drab thou never didst decline;  
No Loss thou hast receiv'd by Sea or Land,  
By gaming deep, and an unlucky Hand;  
When so thou wer't dispos'd to pass the Day,  
Nuts thou didst stake, or else with Nuts didst play.

Say

Say where's the vast Estate, th' immoderate Sum  
Thy Mother left ? What is of all become ?  
All's gone. 'Tis a *hard* thing that thou hast done. }

Ep. 67. *On a Prætor.*

*Gaurus*, in's Need, did of the Prætor pray  
A hundred Pound, grown in his Friendship grey :  
And said, that Sum would give him a just Right  
To all the Honours of a Roman Knight.  
But he reply'd : An hundred Pound I use  
I' th' Race to spend, nor this will me excuse :  
Ah, shames it not, ingrate thy Friend to slight !  
To give a Horse, what thou deny'st a Knight ?

Ep. 68. *To Sextus.*

My Mefs cost cheap, thine the profusest Sum ;  
To Sup, not envy, *Sextus*, I did come.

Ep. 69. *To Papilus.*

Pure *Maffick* Wine thou dost not only drink,  
But giv'st thy Guests : tho some this do not think.  
Four Wives, 'tis said, thy Flaggon caus'd to die ;  
This I believe not, yet not thirst to try.

Ep. 70. *On Ammianus.*

Nought t' *Ammianus* did his Father leave  
But a dry Halter. Who can now conceive,  
His Fathers Life how gladly would revive;  
Who wish'd him often Dead, when yet alive?

Ep. 72. *To Quintus.*

To give my Books to thee, thou dost implore:  
But I have none; the Bookfeller has Store.  
Thou say'st, *none sober will such Trifles buy,*  
*Thou art not yet so Mad.* No more am I.

Ep. 73. *On Vestinus.*

*Vestinus* drawing now his latest Breath,  
And ready to resign his Soul to Death,  
The fatal Sisters he did humbly pray,  
Of his near End to make a little stay;  
That Dead t' Himself, to Others he might Live.  
Way to such Pious Vows the *Fates* did give.  
Then parting his vast Wealth, he left the Light,  
Seeming now full of Years to take his Flight.

Ep.



Ep. 74. *Upon Deer fighting.*

See how the tim'rous Herd in Fight engage!  
How fearful Deer exprefs the fiercest Rage!  
Death from themselves they are not feen to fear!  
*Cæſar*, ſet on the Dogs, to ſave the Deer.

Ep. 75. *On Nigrina.*

Thou higheſt Glory of a *Latian* Wife,  
Bleſt in thy Spouſe, bleſt, *Nigrine*, in thy Life.  
Him Maſter of thy Birth-right thou didſt make,  
Joying, in all thou haſt, he ſhould partake.  
*Evadne* periſh'd in the Fun'ral Flame,  
Nor cheaper did *Alceſte* purchaſe Fame.  
But thou thy Faith, by ſurer ways doſt prove,  
And need'ſt not Death to teſtify thy Love.

Ep. 76. *On a niggard Friend*

Ten pound I begg'd, with half thou didſt me ſpeed;  
Next time I'll aſk thee, twice what I have need.

*Ep.*

Ep. 77. *On Zoilus.*

I ne'er begg'd Riches from the Gods before,  
Well pleas'd with what I had and to be poor:  
But, *Want*, now get thee hence, Heav'n grant me }  
*Whence comes this sudden new Desire of Pelf?* (Store  
I'd fain see envious *Zoilus* hang himself.

Ep. 78. *On Varus.*

*Varus*, did lately me to Supper call,  
The Table Sumptuous was, the Supper small;  
Loaden it was with weight of Gold, not Meat ;  
Much to be Seen was serv'd, little to Eat ;  
*Varus*, our Mouths, not Eyes, to feast w'are here ;  
Take hence thy Plate, or fill't with better Cheer.

Ep. 79. *On Afer.*

When thou no less than sixty Years hast told,  
Thy silver Hairs and wan Face spake thee Old :  
Yet thou art seen, through all the Town to run  
Restless, no youthful Offices to shun;

At early Morn thou great Mens Chairs dost meet,  
 And them, with thy *Officious Aves* greet ;  
 A Tribune comes not forth, but thou attend'st ;  
 Thy Service, unto both the Consuls, lend'st.  
 Ten times a Day thou climb'st the Palace Hill,  
 None but\* *Sigerios* and \* *Parthenios* fill      vaunt'st  
 Thy Mouth; those Fav'rite Names, which while thou  
 Thou think'st, that thou thy self no greatness want'st.  
 This Youth may do: But what so wretched Tool,  
 As a decrepid and Ambitious Fool?

\* The Emperors two Favourites.

Ep. 80. *To Matho.*

Thou'ast bought my Farm, where thou wert ever } (more  
 My Guest. Th'art plainly cheated, on the Score }  
 I've sold thee that, which was thine own before. }

Ep. 81. *On Matho.*

Tho in a Feaver, *Matho*, thou dost plead :  
 If this not Madneſs ſeems, the more thou'ſt need  
 Of Hellebore : thou pleadeſt in a Fit,  
 Hadſt thou no other way to ſweat, 'twere Wit.

But

But Great thou think'st it, feav'rish not to cease :  
See'st not, 'tis greater then to hold thy Peace.

Ep. 84. *On Nevolus.*

In prosp'rous State, none's so ill-natur'd found ;  
In Adverse, none in Good does more abound ;  
When thou art safe, Respect, Regard, to none  
Thou pay'st, none worthy of thy self thou'lt own :  
But in Distress, to stoop thou canst endure,  
T' oblige. 'Tis pity thou shouldst be secure.

Ep. 86. *On Ponticus.*

Thy Cup's of China, ours of Glafs. Why so ? }  
That we thy Sordid Usage may not know, }  
One Glafs two Sorts of Wine, would plainly show. }

Ep. 88. *On Bassa.*

*Bassa*, a Little Child has ever near,  
Which she does call her Play-fellow and Dear :  
For such yet cares not, if you'll Credit Fame.  
*How then?* She soists, and the Child bears the blame.

*Ep. 89. On his Country Life.*

When to my Farm retir'd, how I do live  
If any ask; this short account I give.

The Gods at the first Light, I do adore ;  
And place this Care, all other Cares before.

My Grounds I visit then, and Servants call,  
And their just Tasks I do impose on all.

I Study next, rouse my Poetick Vein,  
My Body then anoint, and gently strain  
With some meet Exercise; exult in Mind

At ev'ry Turn, my self both free to find  
From Crimes and Debts. Last, I bath, sup, laugh, drink,  
Jest, sing, rest, and on all that passes, think.

A little Lamp, the while sends, forth a Ray,  
Which to my Nightly Studies makes a Day.

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 L I B. V.
 

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## Ep. 1. To Cæsar.

**W**Hether i' th' *Alban* Mount thy Station be,  
 Where thou the Prospect hast, on one side,  
*Diana's* Grove on th' other ; or before, (Sea,  
 This, if *Caietas* Bay delight thee more,  
 The Hill nam'd from the Daughter of the Sun,  
 Or where the *Anxurs* wholesome Streams do run.

O Health and Safety of the publick State!  
 Whose Evils as our own, we deprecate ;  
 And whom, when prosperous and we happy see,  
 Grateful we then believe the Gods to be.  
 Receive this little Book, I to thee send,  
 Only a gracious Hand vouchsafe t' extend;  
 I'll think thou read'st it, tho' thou cast it by,  
 Pleas'd with a \* Gallick, rude Credulity.

\* As 'tis said in these Days with a Teagish Simplicity.

Ep. 2. *To his Readers.*

To Matrons, Virgins, and unriper Boys,  
I dedicate these Leaves of chaster Toys;  
Those whom obscene, and wanton Verse delight,  
And Wit, not broadly Bawdy, wholly slight;  
My first four Books, for them, I did indite.  
In this my fifth, so with *Rome's* Lord I drole,  
As he may read, and *Pallas* not controle.

Ep. 6. *To the Muses.*

If what I ask, appears to you not great,  
O Muses! your *Parthenius* thus intreat.  
May thy Old Age come late, and happy End:  
*Cesar* be safe, and, to the last, your Friend;  
So above Envy may you ever be,  
Your Son a Scheme of all your Vertues see.  
As you this timorous bashful Book shall grace  
When in the sacred Presence 'tis in place.  
To you the Princes Gracious Moods are known,  
When with serenest Looks, and most his own,

He shines on all, who to his Throne address,  
And measures Bounty out to each Distress.  
Nor apprehend, this trifling gilded Book,  
Aims at High things, does for great Matters look;  
You need not offer't, hold it in your Hand,  
As one designing nothing to demand:  
If the Nine Sisters Patron I do know,  
Himself will you command the Book to show.

Ep. 7. *To Vulcan.*

The Phenix, when a thousand Years expire,  
Renews a glorious Youth again by Fire:  
So *Rome* decay'd through Age, a new does shine,  
And shews a Countenance, like her Lords, Divine  
Digest old Grudges, *Vulcan*, we do pray,  
Tho' *Mars's* Nation, we do also say  
We're *Venus* Off-spring, so may she forget,  
The Shame thou brought'st her by the *Lemnian* Net,  
With beauteous and with patient Arms embrace,  
Thy limping Carcass, and thy sooty Face.



*Ep. 8. On Phafis.*

While *Phafis* in the Theatre of late,  
*Phafis* in Purple shining did dilate  
 On th' Empe'ror's Ediſt, which each Order grac'd,  
 And 'cording to their Dignity them plac'd.  
 Theſe ſwelling Words, big with Conceit, he ſpake.  
*At length we Nobles here our Eaſe may take,*  
*Regard's had of us, and our Seat's ſet out,*  
*W' are neither preſs'd, nor dirty'd, by the Rout.*  
 While, lolling, thus he did the Rout deſpiſe,  
 The *Lictor* bids his Saucy Purple riſe.

*Ep. 9. On Symmachus.*

I droop'd; ſtraight *Symmachus* to me does hie,  
 An hundred Quacks bearing him Company;  
 An hundred frozen Hands my Pulſe did crave,  
 Before I had no Ague, now I have.

*Ep. 10. On the Fame of Poets.*

What ſhall I ſay's the Cauſe, that few do give  
 Honour to thoſe, who in their Days do live.?

From too much Envy this proceeds alone,  
That we Times-past extoll above our own.  
Ingrate Oldmen *Catulus* Temple praise,  
And *Pompey's* simple Porch admire, and raise  
'Bove more stupendious Fabricks of these Days.  
*Ennius* Men read, when *Virgil* did survive ;  
And *Homer* was despis'd, while yet alive ;  
The Stage, *Menander*, seldom Grace did show,  
But one *Corinna*, divine *Naso*, know.

My Books then patient be i' th' Desk to lie,  
There needs no Haste, for Fame, if I must die.

Ep. 11. On *Stella*.

My *Stella* does upon his Fingers wear,  
Em'ralsds and Diamonds, Saphirs, Rubies fair;  
Many bright Gems upon his Hands we see,  
More, and more Radiant, in his Verses be.  
The brillant Fancies in his Lines which stand,  
Seem to proceed from his adorned Hand.

*Ep. 13. On Calistratus.*

I'm poor, *Calistratus*, was ever so,  
But neither yet, in *Fame* or *Title*, low:  
I through the World am read, to all am shown,  
The Praise, few Urns receive, my Life has known,  
But thy Majestick Roofs, which Gold adorn,  
Are by an hundred stately Columns born;  
Thy Chests are cram'd brim-full of unbagg'd Cash,  
The Lot of Slaves that underwent the Lash;  
In *Egypt* rich Possessions thou dost hold,  
And shear'st vast Flocks of the choice *Gallick* Fold.

This is thy State and mine: Wealth is thy share,  
Glory and Poverty my Portions are.  
But what I am, thou ne'er canst rise to be,  
When any of the Rout may equal thee.

*Ep. 14. On Nanneus.*

*Nanneus* us'd in the first Rank to sit,  
While so the sleeping Edict did permit:  
But, that reviv'd, thrice routed, up he truss't  
His Camp, and to the lowest Seat was thrust,

Ev'n behind *Caius*, *Lucius*, straightly pent :  
 Where wrapping up his Head, and there content  
 Illfavour'dly to see, but with one Eye,  
 The Liſtor did the Wretch no ſooner ſpy,  
 But thence he chas'd him to the fartheſt Space,  
 Between the Cells ; were taking up his Place,  
 Half ſtanding, and half leaning ,gainſt the End  
 Of the Knight's Form, which did his Streſs befriend.  
 Free from Exceptions here on ev'ry Hand,  
 To ſome he boasts, to ſit ; to ſome, to ſtand.

*Ep. 15. To Domitian.*

This is the *fiſth Book* of my drolling Muſe,  
 Yet none complain my Verſes them abuſe ;  
 But many given they have a noble Name ;  
 Who by my Pen enjoy immortal Fame.

*What profits this, ſome ſay, tho ſo it be ?*  
 If none it profits, yet it pleaſes me.

*Ep. 16. To his Reader.*

When I could ſerious uſeful things endite,  
 That I do only, what is pleaſant, write,

Thou,

Thou, Reader, art the Cause, who chant'st my Prnise,  
But weigh'st not at what rate I buy thy Bays.  
If to the Law I did my Study bend,  
And sell my Words, the Guilty to defend ;  
Many a Ship would bring me Wares from *Spain*,  
My Lap would sordid be with frequent Gain.  
Whereas my Book and I, trim Guests, are now  
At Feasts, and Glory's all that Men allow.  
Poets of old such Pay did not content,  
When bright *Alexis* was the least was sent.  
*But well*, thou cry'st, *thou'st writ, none can it mend.*  
Think'st this enough, to praise me without end.  
O'erseest my Wants, forbear'st thy Purse to draw.  
Thou'lt praise me out of Poetry, to Law.

Ep. 18. *On* Quinctianus.

Now in *December* that the Napkins fly  
About, Spoons, Candles, Paper, Plums, that I  
Only my Home-born Books a Present make,  
For Rude or Covetous thou may'st me take.  
But, know, I hate the vile insnaring Trade,  
By which a Gift a baited Hook is made ;

Which is not cast, to feed the hungry Fish,  
But for a Prey to fill the Fisher's Dish.  
Then, *Quintianus*, to his wealthy Friend,  
A Poor Man's lib'ral, when he nought does fend.

Ep. 20. To Julius Martialis.

If, my dear *Martial*, 'twere allow'd to me,  
An undisturbed Life to spend with thee;  
Our Quiet, to what lik'd us best, to give,  
And both at leisure were truly to live:  
We'd never know the Pow'rful in the State,  
Within their Courts, as do their Statues, wait;  
At the vexatious Pleading-Bar attend,  
But all our Time, in Books and Converse spend,  
Taking in shady Groves or Fields the Air,  
In Baths, in Feasts, courting some gentle Fair.  
These, our dear Haunts and Business, should be still,  
And both our spare and serious Hours should fill.  
That now we live, alas, we cannot say,  
Only we find the good Suns past away,  
And that, tho' lost, imputed is each Day.  
Can those that know to live, to live delay?

*Ep. 22. On Apollonius.*

Instead of *Decimus* thou didst *Quintus* greet,  
And *Macrus* name, when thou didst *Crassus* meet ;  
What Wonders we to Labour may impute !  
Writing, and Conning, thou canst both salute !

*Ep. 24. On Hermes.*

*Hermes*, the Martial Glory of the Age,  
Skilful in all the Combats of the Stage ;  
*Hermes*, Master of Fence, and Fencer too ;  
The Cock and Terror of the Sword-men's Crew ;  
*Hermes*, whom *Helius* fears, but fears alone,  
*Avolans* yields to, yet to him but one ;  
*Hermes*, that knows to conquer without Blows,  
The Second to himself against all Foes ;  
*Hermes*, the Stages Mint, and endless Gain,  
The Love and Strife of all their Female Train ;  
*Hermes*, that proudly shakes the Warlike Spear,  
And fiercely threat'ning does the Trident bear ;  
*Hermes*, when casked for the blind-fold Fight,  
When mope'd and drooping seems, does then affright ;

*Hermes* engrosses all Men's Gifts in one,  
And *Trismegistus* Name deserves alone.

*Ep. 26. On Cherestratus.*

Wanting a Knight's Estate, you want the Style;  
*The Licor comes: Stand up, void, stay a while.*

Does any the Degraded Knight call back?  
O noble Deed! Is any Friend not slack,  
Out of vast Wealth his Title to restore,  
Not lost by any Vice, but being Poor?  
His Gen'rous Name we will commit to Verse,  
Which all succeeding Ages shall rehearse!  
Who's thus resolv'd his better part to save,  
And not descend Intire into the Grave.

And wer't not nobler so great Wealth bestow,  
Than on a vain, ambitious, publick Show?  
On brass unfeeling Statues it expend,  
Altho' the Artifice the Charge commend?

O rich in vain! O Falsly seeming Wise!  
Who read, approve, and yet true Fame despise.



*Ep. 28. On a counterfeit Knight.*

For Garb, for Parts, all thee wou'd Noble rate,  
 If thou, *Plebean*, were't not in Estate.  
 To fit 'mongst Knights 'tis not a Grace so high,  
 To make thee pale, when e'er the Lictor's nigh.

*Ep. 29. On Mamercus.*

*Mamercus* good Conceit, or Word, to gain,  
 The best Endeavours, *Aulus*, are in vain.  
 Excel the *Curii* in a Pious Fame,  
 'Bove *Nerva*, *Rufus*, get a Courteous Name,  
 In Justice *Macrus*, *Mauricus* out-do;  
 Renowned *Regulus* and *Paulus* too  
 For Mirth and Eloquence: Yet all he bites  
 With canker'd Teeth, and to asperse, delights.  
 You judge, perhaps, that Envy's his Disease.  
 I think, Unhappiness, whom none does please.

*Ep. 32. On Gellia.*

When thou present'st me, *Gellia*, with an Hare,  
*Marcus*, thou say'st, 'twill make the seven Days fair.

If

If Hare be such a beautifying Meat,  
Thou ne'er of one in all thy Life didst eat.

*Ep. 32. On Children Sporting upon the Bulls.*

See how th' advent'rous Boys insult secure,  
While the mild Bulls their Weight and Sport endure:  
One hangs upon a Horn, while others run  
O'er their broad Backs, skirmish, assault, and shun  
Each other's Blows : The Bulls, as frozen, stand ;  
Combat they could not firmer on the Land.  
The Children, strive for th' Palm, without all fear,  
The Bulls, alone, solicitous appear.

*Ep. 33. On Crispus a Glutton.*

*Crispus*, one Doit of's Wealth to none did leave.  
What came of't then ? Who did his Land receive ?  
Alive, to 's Belly, he did all bequeath.

*Ep. 35. On Erotion.*

*Fronto*, \* *Flaccilla*, who the Parents were,  
Of young *Erotion*, to your tender Care

\* Both dead before *Erotion*.

My Darling I commit ; that no grim Ghost,  
Or three-mouth'd Dog, that guards the *Stygian* Coast,  
The gentle Soul affright ; but six Years old,  
And those by six days had not fully told.  
With her old Patron she wou'd sport, and game,  
When scarce her lisping tongue could speak my name.  
Now Earth to her a Light interment give,  
To thee no Burden when she here did live.

*Ep. 36. On Euclid.*

While *Euclid*, clad in Purple, loud did brawl,  
And near together by the Ears did fall  
With *Leæti*us, bidding him his Seat to leave.  
Protesting proudly, that he did receive  
Two thousand yearly Patrimonial Rent,  
And more, which his *Corinthian* Mannor sent ;  
Produc'd an ancient goodly Pedigree,  
Deriv'd from *Leda*, by which, all might see  
He was in truth a Knight, rich, potent, great :  
An huge foul Key, the Badge of Slaves, i'th' Heat  
Unfortunately from his Bosom fell.  
Did y' e'er, of such a spightful Key, hear tell ?

Ep. 38. *On Erotion*.

Than Swans, O sweetest Girl! thou wer't more white  
Than driven Snow, than untouch'd Lillies, bright  
Than a *Galesian* Lamb more soft; more smooth  
Than sea-wash'd Shells, th'Elephants polliſh'd Tooths  
Gems, with thy ſparkling Eyes, might not compare  
The *Betick* Wool rival thy glitt'ring Hair;  
Nor *Germans* yellow Locks in Curls up-roll'd,  
Or radiant Fileings of the burniſh'd Gold;  
Thy Breath, than Roſes, did more fragrant ſmell,  
The Virgin Wax, and Amber chaſ'd, excel;  
The Peacoak, had no Beauty, ſet by thee,  
The Phenix ſelf but vulgar ſeem'd to be.

Such my *Erotion* was at ſix Years old,  
Snatch'd hence by Fates, ſcarce in her Tomb yet cold;  
My Joy ſhe was, my whole Delight and Love:  
Yet *Petus*, that I mourn, does not approve.  
He ſays, unmanly 'tis to tare my Hair,  
My Breaſt to beat, for a young Slave, tho' fair:  
He loſt a Wife rich, and of high Renown,  
No Heroine, like her, in all the Town

So stately great : Yet he holds up his Head,  
His whole Content interrs not with the Dead.  
Of a great Mind, so high a Proof, who gives ?  
*Petus*, by's Loss, has thousands gain'd, yet lives !

Ep. 39. *On Calliodorus.*

*Calliador* has a Knights Estate all know,  
The Mischief is, he has a Brother too,  
Who claims one half, the Fig in twain does split,  
And on one Horse two Knights are fain to sit.  
How can thy Brother's Aim and thine agree ?  
No *Pollux* hadst thou, thou might'st *Castor* be ;  
But being One, as Two, if you take place,  
A Solœcism's plainly in the Case.  
*Leda*'s kind Offspring imitate you may,  
Sit Knights by Turns, not both on the same Day.

Ep. 40. *On Carinus.*

·Bove thirty Wills a Year thou dost subscribe,  
Oftn I fend thee Junkets for a Bribe :  
I am exhaust, *Carinus*, pity me,  
The Bottom of the Chest and Purse I see.

Delude

Delude no more, make thy Will once, and die,  
To shew thy Cough was real, not a Lie.  
Tho I in Wealth, like *Cræsus*, did abound,  
Than *Irus*, I should yet be poorer found,  
Should'st thou, I say not Tarts, daily devour,  
But of vile Beans and Pompions such a Pow'r.

Ep. 41. *To Artemidorus.*

Dost thou admire, when *Pallas* is thy Saint,  
That but a sorry *Venus* thou dost paint ?  
*When rigid Vertue has thy Study been,*  
*For wanton Verse wouldst thou the Laurel win ?*

Ep. 42. *What's given, never perishes.*

A Thief may force thy Chests, and rob thy Gold;  
A Fire thy House may level with the Mold;  
A Debtor, Principle and Use, deny;  
The Corn that's sow'd, without an Harvest, die;  
A crafty Whore, thy Casheer may surprize;  
The Sea o'erwhelm thy precious Merchandize;  
But what thou giv'st, no Chance does undergo;  
That Wealth is always thine, thou dost bestow.

Ep. 45. *On Dento*

What is the Cause? What new thing's fallen out?  
 That *Dento* oft invited, is so stout  
 (Beyond Belief) my Table to refuse?  
 He, who through all the Portico's did use,  
 The Baths, the Theatres, to hunt me out,  
 Flies, when I call, and will not turn about.

The Myst'ry is, h' as found a fatter Treat,  
 Like Dogs, is drawn by strongest Scent of Meat.  
 But soon as known, the Great, he will disgust;  
 Then for my Scraps he'll leap, and for a Crust.

Ep. 48. *On Philo.*

Gold; Thou say'st, thou never Supp'st at Home. Tis right,  
 That is, thou fast'st, when none does thee invite.

Ep. 50. *On Rufus.*

ie; He whose left Arm, loaden with Books, you see,  
 ; And throng'd with busie Clerks to that Degree;  
 o; Whose Face compos'd attentively does hear  
 ow. Causes and Suits pour'd in at either Ear,

Most like a *Cato*, *Tully*, or a *Brute*,  
If put upon the Rack, could not salute  
In Latin, *Ave*, or *χαῖρε* in the Greek :  
And if thou doubt the Truth, let's to him speak.

Ep. 52. *To Labienus.*

I saw thee lately sitting all alone,  
And, that thou hadst been Three, I durst have sworn,  
Thy seeming num'rous Heads so me deceiv'd,  
Thy Pate here lock'd, and there of Hair bereav'd;  
Not with Love-Locks, which beaut'ous Boys do wear,  
But some Parts tufted were, much broader bare.  
Thy various Baldness stood thee late in stead,  
When *Cæsar* dol'd the People Meat and Bread ;  
For thou bor'st Home what did belong to Three :  
The fam'd *Gerion* sure was such as Thee.  
\* *Philippus Portico*, I advise thee flie :  
If *Hercules* spy thee, thou art sure to die.

\* Where was a Statue of Hercules.



Ep. 53. *On Posthumus.*

Thy Gifts I bear in Mind, and ever will.  
*Why don't I speak them then ?* 'Cause thou dost still :  
I can to none relate them, but they say,  
He told us all himself the other Day.  
Some things are ne'er done well by two : If I  
Must celebrate thy Deeds, make Thou no cry.  
Should'st, *Posthumus*, the vastest Gifts bestow,  
Thy after boasting would them all o'erthrow.

Ep. 54. *To Bassus.*

Why dost thou, *Bassus*, of *Thyestes* write ?  
*Niobe's* Tears, or of *Medea's* Flight ?  
A fitter Subject of thy Verse by far,  
*Phaeton's* burning, or the Deluge, were.

Ep. 55. *On Apollonius.*

Extemporist thou'rt now, and of Renown,  
*Calpurnius* canst salute, not writing down.

Ep. 57. *On Cinna.*

Thou *Lord* and *Master* call'd, thy self dost prize,  
Slaves I oft term so, when I them chastise.

Ep. 58. *To Posthumus.*

To Morrow Still, to Morrow, thou dost say,  
That thou wilt live. When will arrive the Day?  
How far's this Morrow off? Or where? Canst tell?  
With *Parthians* or *Armenians* does it dwell?  
Old *Nestor's* Years it has already told;  
Say, May we purchase it for any Gold?  
'Thou'lt live to Morrow: 'Tis too late to day.  
He, *Posthumus*, was wise, liv'd Yesterday.

Ep. 60. *To Stella.*

That I, nor Gold nor Silver, to thee send,  
I this forbear, for thy sake, learned Friend.  
Who gives Great Gifts, expects Great Gifts again,  
My Cheap Ones to return will cause no Pain.

Ep. 61. *On a Detractor.*

Altho' thou bark'st at me yet more and more,  
And such thy Curriſh Snarlings ne'er giv'st o'er,  
Decreed it is, thou never ſhalt acquire  
The Fame, to which thou doſt ſo much aſpire;  
Within my Books, tho ill, but to be read :  
*That once thou wert*, why ſhould it e'er be ſaid ;  
No, Wretch, thy Fate it is, *to Die unknown*.  
And yet, perhaps, there may be found ſome one  
Or two, or more, about the Town, who may  
In thy Dog's Hide faſten their Teeth, and bay.  
But from ſuch baſe Engagements I'll contain ;  
My Nails, to Scratch thy Mange, does much diſdain:

Ep. 62. *On Marianus.*

Who is this *Criſpus*, I ſo often ſee  
Cloſe to thy Wife? *This Criſpus*, who is he?  
He leans his Elbow nicely on her Chair,  
And always wiſpers ſomething in her Ear,  
His ſlender Fingers many Jewels grace,  
Not all his Body for one Hair has place.

Wilt thou not answer me ? Thou say'st, 'tis he  
Does thy Wife's Buſineſs, and ſuch muſt be free.

In ſooth, a ſober Man, of a ſage Mien,  
The grave Solicitor in his Face is ſeen ;  
\* *Chius Auſidius* look'd not more Auſtere.  
To be the ſport of Mimicks, doſt not fear ?  
Deſerve to be the Fable of the Stage ;  
The noted Wit-all of the preſent Age ?  
He thy Wife's Buſineſs do ? That Thing ſo fine ?  
He does not thy Wife's Buſineſs, but does thine.

\* An Infamous Pimp.

*Ep. 63. To Ponticus.*

How I thy Book, *Ponticus*, do approve,  
To ſay, thou anxiously doſt often move.  
Amaz'd, aſtoniſh'd, nought I read ſo rare !  
The beſt of Wits cannot with thee compare !

*Pon.]* Cæſar and Jove propitions to thee be,  
*As thouſt thou think'ſt.* *Mart.]* Or rather unto thee.

*Ep. 64. To his Waiters.*

Pour luſty Wine, *Catiftus*, fill it up ;  
With Summer Snow, *Alcime*, dilute the Cup ;

Let

Let my locks drop, with rich *Amomum* spread,  
And with a Wreath of Roses crown my Head.  
I'm bid to live, by *Cesar's* Tomb that's nigh,  
While it proclaim's, the Gods themselves do die.

*Ep. 67. On Mark Anthony.*

So black, *Mark Anthony*, so foul's thy Name,  
That, ev'n *Photinus* Guilt, thou dar'st not blame:  
In *Tully's* Gore alone more deeply dy'd,  
Than all the Sea of Blood thou shedd'st beside.  
How durst thou, *Mad-man*, sheath thy impious Blade  
In *Rome's* own Throat? In *Tully's* Life invade  
The Commonwealths? A Crime, that put a stand  
To *Cat'lin's* Soul, and damp'd his daring Hand.  
Thou Hir'dst a Villain with accursed Gold,  
To gag the Tongue that did thy Life unfold;  
What boots it thee, to silence, at such Price,  
One divine Tongue? Think'st so to hide thy Vice?  
For Vertue now, and Murder'd *Tully's* fake,  
All Tongues inveigh, and all *Philippicks* make.

Ep. 70. *On Syriacus, a Slave.*

In rambling only through base Booths and Huts,  
Vile Tap-Houses, and Cellars among Sluts,  
*Syriacus* full five hundred Pound made fly,  
(His Lord's vain Gift) i' th' twinckling of an Eye.  
Strange Luxury, to consume all this deal,  
Nor sitting for't the Time allow'd a Meal!

Ep. 73. *To Theodorus.*

That I my Books do not to thee impart,  
Altho thou su'st, and Instant for them art,  
Dost wonder? For good Cause I this decline,  
For fear, lest, *Theodore*, thou give me thine.

Ep. 74. *On Pompey, and his Sons.*

*Europe*, and *Asia*, *Pompey's* Sons intomb;  
*Africk*, himself, if he finds any Room.  
No wonder, thus the World they Quarter, slain,  
What Soil so great a Ruin could contain?

*Ep. 77. On Cinna.*

By th' often Use of Poison he did make,  
The *Pontick* King, unhurt, could Poison take,  
And, *Cinna*, thou, by eating ill, tak'st care,  
Neither to die by scant, or evil, Fare.

*Ep. 79. On Zoilus.*

I th' Meal ten times thou from the Board dost range  
And ev'ry time thou dost thy Vestment change,  
For fear, lest, Sweating, harm thy Body get,  
Between the Air, and Garments that are wet.  
Why sweat not I, who Sup with thee, thou Fool?  
Who has no Change of Clothes, is strangely cool.

*Ep. 81. To Emilianus.*

If thou art Poor, thou shalt be ever so.  
The Rich do only on the Rich bestow.

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 L I B. VI.
 

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Ep. 1. *To Julius Martialis.*

**T**HIS my sixth Book, *Julius, to thee* I send,  
 Dear 'mong the first, and my judicious Friend;  
 If it shall pass approv'd thy learned Ear,  
 When 'tis in *Cæsar's* Hand, I less shall fear.

Ep. 4. *To Domitian.*

Censor of Manners is thy Glory more,  
 Than Prince of Princes which thou had'st before.  
 Tho' for so many Triumphs *Rome* does owe,  
 Which, thy Heroick Valour did bestow,  
 So many Temples new, so many old,  
 So many Shows, and Gods by thee enroll'd,  
 So many Cities won, or else laid Waste;  
 Yet more she owes, that thou hast made her \* Chast.

\* By reviving an old Law against Adultery.



Ep. 5. *To Cecilianus.*

I lately purchas'd have a Piece of Ground.  
*Cecilian*, lend me, pray, a hundred Pound.  
Dost say, I ne'er will pay? And thereon pause?  
To speak the Truth, I borrow for that cause.

Ep. 7. *On Thelesina.*

Since the Law 'gainst Adultery took place,  
And all are forced Chastity t' embrace :  
In less than thirty Days, thou hast been wed  
Ten times, ten Men admitted to thy Bed.  
Who weds so oft, not weds, but plays the Whore :  
And than Adultery offendeth more.

Ep. 8. *To Severus.*

No less than Pretors two, and Tribunes four,  
Seven Advocates, and Poets half a Score,  
Were Sutors lately to a certain Maid ;  
Her Father of them all small Reck'ning made,  
But on a Crier did the Girl bestow.  
Wherein he play'd the Fool, I do not know.

Ep.

## Ep. 10. To Domitian.

I late of *Jove* a Thousand Crowns did crave,  
He'll giv't, says he, *who me a Temple gave.*  
That he, 'tis true, a Temple gave to thee,  
But yet no thousand Crowns bestows on me.  
I backward was *our Jove* this way t' engage :  
But how serene ! How free from cloudy Rage  
He read my Suit ! With such a placid Brow,  
To conquer'd Kings their Crowns he does allow ;  
And from the *Capitol* returns and goes.  
O Virgin ! Who alone our great Lord knows ;  
If with such Looks, he does our Sutes reject,  
Say, with what Mien he does them then accept.  
I pray'd. *Pallas* (her Shield revers'd) reply'd :  
*What is not giv'n yet, thinkst thou Fool, deny'd ?*

## Ep. 11. On Marcus.

Thou wonder'st, Friendship now's no more renown'd,  
That no *Orestes*, *Pylades*, are found !  
*Pylades* ever, *Marcus* drank o' th' same,  
Nor fatter Thrushes to *Orestes* came ;

Each,

Each, better than himself, did th'other treat,  
No difference made in Beverage, or in Meat.

On *Lucrine* Oysters thou dost gormondize,  
While flashy of *Peloris* me suffice :

And yet my Palat's as refin'd as thine,  
As skild in the best Meats, and noblest Wine.

Rich *Tyrian* Wool, to make thy Garment's, sought,  
But mine the coursest which from *Gallia's* brought :

Would'st have me love thee in a Purple Gown,  
While I am clad like some poor rustick Clown ?

If you expect I *Pylades* should be,

*Orestes* you must shew your self to me.

Friendship by Deeds, not Words, must be approv'd,

The Man must *Love*, that seeks to be *Belov'd*.

Ep. 13. *On the Statue of Julia.*

Who would not think this Peice by *Phidias* wrought?

Or to *Perfection* by *Minerva* brought ?

n'd, The Snow white Marble seemeth even to speak,  
Such Life and Grace does from the Count'nance break.

It sporting holds Loves Girdle in its Hand,

And 'bove the God of Love does Love command.

ach,

When

When *Venus* would in *Mars* lost Flames renew,  
Here for the charming *Cestus* she must Sue.

Ep. 14. *On Laberius.*

Thou canst write exc'llent Verse, as thou dost say,  
Why then to write, *Laberius*, dost delay?  
Who can do ought that's excellent, and with-hold,  
Among the greatest Men may be enroll'd.

Ep. 15. *On an Emmet.*

Under a Poplar while an Emmet goes,  
An Amber Drop did the small Beast enclose.  
Thus that which worthless was while it did live.  
It's Funeral now doth a high Value give.

Ep. 17. *On Cinnamus.*

Thou'dst be call'd *Cinna*, *Cinnamus* is thy Name  
Such barb'rous Practice many would defame.  
To be nam'd *Theseus*, say it thee befell,  
And Men should call thee *Thief*, wou'd't take it well.

*Ep. 18. On Solinus.*

*Solinus* sacred Reliques rest in Spain,  
Few Ghosts so noble 'mong the Dead remain.  
'Twere Sin to mourn for him, that's yet alive,  
Whose Body's dead, but Glory does survive.

*Ep. 19. To his Advocate.*

Of Murder, Poison, War, th'ast nought to say,  
But of three Goats, my Neighbour stole away ;  
The Judge requires, I this should make appear ;  
To th' *Pontick* War thou mak'st Excursions here,  
*Canna's* Fight, *Punick* Falshood ; thou, with might  
Of Hand and Voice, dost roaring out recite  
Of *Syllas*, *Marius*, *Mutius*, various Story.  
Speak now to three Goats, lost in so much Glory.

*Ep. 20. To Phœbus.*

Thou saying oft, *Wil't nought of me command ?*  
To borrow a small Sum I did demand.  
But then thou humm'st, demurr'dst, thy self and me  
With long Doubts vext. I nothing ask, th'art free.

Ep.

## Ep. 22. On Proculina.

That *Proculina's* marry'd to her Knave,  
 And will her Gallant, for her Husband, have,  
 Fearing the *Julian* Law : She does not wed,  
 But now proclaims what Life before she led.

## Ep. 24. On Charisianus.

*Charisianus's* vainer far than all the Town.  
 When others Masquerade, he's seen in's Gown:

## Ep. 25. To Marcellinus.

Thou gen'rous Offspring of a Noble Race,  
 Bold *Marcellinus*, who now holds the Place,  
 Where horrid Winter wars, no less than Foes ;  
 Accept the Vows thy Father's Friend bestows.  
 Thy Courage still, be prudent ; Brav'ry, wise ;  
 Who on affected Danger runs, despise :  
 Delight in Wounds, only in Fools take place ;  
 Be thou thy Countrey's Bulwark, and her Grace.

Ep. 28. *An Epitaph on Glaucia.*

Melior's Free-man far renown'd,  
Who dying Rome in Sorrow drown'd,  
The short Delight of's Patron dear,  
Glaucia beneath this Marble here,  
Near the *Flaminian* way's interr'd.  
Tho' from Chast Laws he never err'd,  
A modest Blush his Face o'erspread.  
Quick of Wit, of wonderful Grace,  
Scarce thirteen Years in him took place.  
Who mourn't such sad untimely Loss,  
May't never weep for thine own Cross.

Ep. 29. *On the same.*

None of the abject, prostrate, Crew,  
Which greedy Bauds in Cages mew,  
But fix'd all Vices far above,  
And worthy of an Honest Love.  
When not yet sensible to know,  
What Boon his Patron did bestow,

*Glaucia*

*Glauca* was *Melior*'s Freeman made,  
To his Endowments this was paid.  
For who more charming, who more fair?  
More with *Apollo* might compare?  
The Graces which in him did dwell,  
Did those o' th' youthfull God excel.  
Immod'rate Virtue, 'tis thy Doom,  
But seldom to Old Age to come.  
To prevent Sorrow's sharp Disease,  
Pray nought thou lov'st may too much please.

Ep. 30. *On Petus*.

If when ten Pound you promis'd, you had paid,  
And giv'n it home with me, and not delay'd,  
I had your Debtor for an Hundred been :  
But *Petus*, sending it, so tardy in,  
After seven Months, I guess, or nine Months time,  
I know not which to call't, a Gift, or Crime.  
Shall I what's truer, even than Truth, expound,  
Instead of giving, thou hast lost, ten Pound.



Ep. 31. *On Charidemus.*

Of with thy Wife does the Physician lye,  
 Thou knowing, *Charidem*, and standing by.  
 I see, thou wilt not of a Fever dye.

Ep. 32. *On the Death of Otho.*

When yet the chance of War did doubtful stand,  
 And *Otho* might have had the upper Hand;  
 War he renounc'd, maintain'd by Seas of Blood,  
 And with his own, restrain'd the Publick Flood.  
 Tho *Cato's* Life, than *Cesar's*, greater were;  
*Otho*, in's Death, exceeded *Cato* far.

Ep. 39. *On Cinna.*

Of thy *Marulla's* sevenfold Births, not one,  
*Cinna*, is thine, or yet a free-born Son:  
 For not thy self, thy Neighbour, or thy Friend,  
 To their begetting can at all pretend:  
 But their Dams Stealths are shewn by ev'ry Head,  
 To be the Work o'th' Straw, and Trundle-Bed.

L

He,

He, who, *Moor-like*, with woolly Hair we see,  
 Of the Cook *Santer* does confefs to be.  
 But he with strutting Lips, and a flat Nose,  
 The Image of the Wrestler does disclose,  
*Pannicus*. The third, who's ignorant to be  
 The Baker *Dama's*, who does *Dama* see,  
 And know a bleer Eye? The fourth, fair to fight,  
 Shewing a wanton Brow, thy Catamite  
*Lygdus* begot. He with a Copped Crown,  
 And Ears, like Asses, bangling up and down,  
 Who can deny to *Gyrrah*, the Buffoon?  
 Two Girls, of Fox this, that of Blackbird Hue,  
 Their Sires, the Piper *Crote*, and *Carpus* shew  
 The Hinde. Compleat were now thy Mungrel Race,  
 Could thy two Eunuchs gen'rate, as embrace.

*Ep. 41. On a Hoarse Poet.*

Verse to recite, tho Hoarse, thou do'st not cease:  
 Which shews that thou canst speak, not hold thy Peace.

Ep. 50. *On Thelesinus.*

When *Thelesinus* did Observance pay  
To honest Men, he went in poor Array :  
But when to Pimp he did himself apply,  
Houses and Land, he had wherewith, to buy:  
Wouldst thou be Rich? Be Factor to some Sin:  
Honest Employment brings but little in.

Ep. 55. *On Coracinus.*

Of richest Spices thou do'st ever scent,  
Nor is the Phoenix Nest more redolent.  
Despiseſt us, who don't in Sweets excel:  
Of nought 'tis better, than of Odours smell.

Ep. 59. *On Baccara.*

Thy Chests, such store of Winter-garments, hold,  
Thou griev'st, and oft complain'st, for want of Cold;  
Wishest dark Days and short, sharp Winds, and Snow,  
And hates the Season, if it milder grow.  
Didst thou the worse for my thin Gown e'er fare,  
Borne from my Back by ev'ry puff of Air?

How much more Humane, more Sincere, 'twere done,  
Should'st thou in *August* Winter-Clothes put on?

Ep. 60. *On Pompillus.*

Peop.] Pompillus *Name is up, his Work is done,*  
*His Fame throughout the Universe doth run.*

Mart.] So may our *German* Foes successful be,  
And all, O *Italy*! that love not thee.

Peop.] Pompillus *Lines, for Wit, yet have the Name.*

Mart.] But trust me, that is not enough for Fame.

How many witty, learned, Books do come  
To serve the Kitchen, and to feed the Worm?

'Tis something else Eternity does give,

'Tis not the *Wit*, but \* *Genius*, makes Books live.

\* *i. e.* A Vital Quality, or kind of Immortal Soul in the Compages of it, like that in the Body of a Man.

Ep. 62. *On an Envious Person.*

*Rome* hugs my Verse, and cries it up for Rare,  
My Books each Hand and ev'ry Bosom bear;  
There's one yet lowres, disdains, is ill at Ease:  
I'm glad; my Verses now my self do please.

Ep. 63. *To Marianus.*

You know y<sup>e</sup>re flatter'd, know the greedy Knave,  
You know what 'tis such Flatterers would have :  
And yet you write him Heir in your Last Deed,  
And will, that he, in all you have, succeed.  
What tho he sends great Gifts? 'Tis with an Hook ;  
And do the Fish the Angler ever brook ?  
Will this Man mourn, when thou no more shalt live ?  
Wouldst have him Mourn? Then nothing to him give.

Ep. 64. *On a Detractor.*

When sprung of *Fabius* Race you no way are,  
Nor *Curius*, who himself to's Plow-men bare  
Their Dinner; whose rough Wife her Child-bed made,  
Under the Covert of an Oak's thick shade :  
But of a Father born, trimm'd by a Glass,  
A Mother, for a Courtesan, does pass ;  
And so effeminate you your self withall,  
Your Wife, tho nice she be, you Wife may call.  
For you to dare my much-sam'd Verse detract!  
The *Momus*, on my approv'd Toys, to act !

My *Toys*, I say, all *Rome* attentive hear,  
To which both Learn'd and Noble lend an Ear ;  
Which deathless *Silius* with Regard does treat ;  
And *Regulus* fluent Tongue deigns to repeat ;  
Which to revolve, *Cæsar* a time does spare,  
Amidst the weight of all the Publick Care.

But you know more, your wise discerning Heart  
*Pallas* has fram'd by the *Athenian* Art.

May I not live, if th'Heart and Paunch we meet  
The Garbage, Guts, and the great dangling Feet,  
Which loaded Butchers carry through the Street,  
With no small Terror unto ev'ry Nose,  
Do not a sharper Wit than thine disclose.  
Yet, with the waste of Paper, against me  
Verses you write, such as none read, or see :  
But if my chafed Choler thee shall brand,  
The Work will live, be read in ev'ry Land ;  
'Tis not thy Barber's Soap can cleanse the Stain.  
Take heed the Outrage be not thine own Bane,  
To urge a *living Bear*, cease to presume,  
Until his Rage forth at his Nostrils fume.

Tho

Tho calm, he'll lick the Hand, and Strokings bear ;  
Rous'd and provok'd, you'll find him still a *Bear*.  
Thy Teeth then fasten in some empty Hide,  
Or Beast that's dead, and will the Wrong abide.

*Ep. 66. On a Cryer and a Wench.*

Gellian, the Cryer, fought a Wench to sell,  
Of their Repute, who in \* *Saburra* dwell. \* The Courtesans liv'd there.  
And when he saw his Chapmen offer low  
Her Modesty to praise, and better show,  
He near him pull'd the struggling Wench and nice,  
And forceably did Kifs her twice or thrice.  
D' ye ask, what such his Kisses did avail?  
They cut off half was offer'd for her Sale.

Ep. 70. *On Cotta.*

Cotta has pass'd his threescore Years and two,  
And ne'er remembers that he had to do  
With Sicknefs, or yet once laid down his Head ;  
For a Distemper felt a tedious Bed :  
But at Physicians he durst point with Scorn,  
At \* *Dafus* and \* *Alcontus* make a Horn. \* Two Physicians.

If, like wise Men, we do our Years compute,  
 Raze or substra&ct the Days, that did not suit  
 With happy Life, such as in Pain are spent,  
 Gouts, Feavers sharp, and the Mind's Discontent.  
 We should but Children be, that Aged seem,  
 And hugely they're impos'd upon, who do deem,  
*Priam* and *Nestor* many Years have told:  
 Not who live long, but happily, are Old.

Ep. 72. *On Telethusa.*

When *Telethusa* had been taught t' express  
 To th' Timbrel each lascivious Address;  
 The high *Levalto*, brisk *Morisco* dance,  
 Whatever Wanton *B&etis* does advance;  
 Able Old *Pelias*, to Loves Sports to draw,  
 His Strength renew, and frozen Palsie thaw;  
 To make sad *Priam* know a loose Desire,  
 Even while he wep't at *H&ector's* Fun'ral Fire.

Her Lord, who sold her lately for a Slave,  
 By these her Charms befotted so does rave,  
 That all he'll give, his Mistress, her to have.



*Ep. 77. On Afrus.*

When poorer yet than *Irus* thou art deem'd,  
Than *Parthenopæus* younger much esteem'd,  
Stronger than Wrestlers in their Prime and Might,  
Why to be borne by Six dost thou delight?  
'Twere a less Jest, shouldst thou in Publick go  
Naked, a-foot, than with this Pageant Show.  
The State thou tak'st does more absurd appear,  
Than if six Slaves, a seventh, in Pomp should bear;  
A *Moor* upon an Elephant of like hue,  
Would move less Laughter 'mong the Vulgar Crew;  
So on a Mule as little as himself,  
Mounted, we see, some Pigmy little Elf.  
Wouldst know what Scorn thy Pride to thee has bred?  
Men grudge that six should bear thee, wert thou dead.

*Ep. 78. On Phrix.*

*Phrix*, a stout Drinker, who no Goblet fear'd,  
Tho one Eye he had lost, and t'other bleer'd:  
Who (when Physicians bid of Wine beware,  
And threaten'd Blindness, if he had not Care,)

Deriding, said, *Farewel my other Eye* ;  
 And ten large Cups bid fill him by and by, (Prank?  
 And more than once. Wouldst know the end o'th'  
*Phrix* soak'd good Wine, but his Eye Poison drank.

Ep. 79. *To Lupus.*

Th'art Rich and Sad; take heed lest *Fortune* see,  
 And, as Ungrateful, do proceed with thee.

Ep. 80. *On Winter Roses.*

*Egypt* did proudly Winter *Roses* boast,  
 As the sole Product of her fertile Coast :  
 But now at *Rome* her Merchants are surpriz'd,  
 To see such Store, the *Memphian* are despis'd :  
 Where'er they look, where e'er they take their way  
 Hedges of blushing *Roses* do display.  
 So does this Glory of the Spring excel,  
 Not *Pestian* *Rosaries* more fragrant smell  
 Even Goddess *Flora* seems in *Rome* to dwell.

Let not thy Winters, *Nile*, then vie with ours,  
 Go plow, and send us Corn, we'll send thee Flow'rs.

Ep. 82. *To Rufus.*

One, very strictly, me of late did eye,  
As those that Slaves or Fencers use to buy :  
And when he had survey'd me o'er and o'er  
With Eye and Finger too, behind, before.  
*Art thou, art thou, (says then astonish'd he)*  
*The famous Merry Martial, that I see ?*  
*Whose Wit not only duller Climes admire,*  
*But those, who to the noblest Arts aspire ?*  
I, blushing, smil'd ; and, with a light Assent,  
Did not deny, I was the Man he meant.  
*How com'st thou then, says he, so meanly Clad ?*  
I did reply, Because my Verse are Bad.  
Left, *Rufus*, oft I'm drove to say the same,  
Send Garments, suit not with my State, but Fame.

Ep. 84. *On Philippus.*

*Philip*, in Health, eight Men to bear him had.  
Who thinks him in good Health, himself is Mad.

*Ep. 93. On Thais.*

*Thais* stinks worse than a stale Fuller's Vat  
New broken in the way; than a dead Rat;  
A Lion's Mouth; a Rutting Goat's less Rank,  
A Carr'on Dog cast upon *Tiber's* Bank;  
A putrid Chick that's addl'd in the Egg,  
Stale pickled Fish corrupted in the Kegg.  
But then the Drab (her Hautgout to disguise,  
When to the Bath she goes,) deals in this wise;  
Her self she husks under thick Pastes, and guards  
With Oyls, thrice and four times repeated Fards.  
But when she, by these Arts, hopes all is well,  
Predominant *Thais* does of *Thais* smell.

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L I B. VII.

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## Ep. 1. To Domitian.

CÆsar thy dread *Palladian* Breast-plate wear,  
Which even the *Gorgon* seems it self to fear:  
When on thee buckled, all the *Ægis* know;  
But when unarm'd, it doth plain Armour show.

## Ep. 4. To Cæsar.

If with thee, *Cæsar*, the Desires take place  
Of People, Senate, all the *Roman* Race:  
Thy Presence graciously to them afford,  
At their impatient Suit, return their Lord.  
*Rome* her Foes envies, that they Thee detain,  
Tho many Laurels she thereby doth gain;  
That barb'rous Nations see her Prince so near,  
Enjoy that Face, which they do so much fear.

Ep.

Ep. 8. *On Cascelius.*

If thou at Sixty but Ingenious be,  
When shall we thee, *Cascelius*, Learned see?

Ep. 11. *To Faustinus.*

May *Cæsar* still with the same gracious Ear,  
And serene Brow, my Sportive Verses hear,  
As they wrong none, not those I justly hate;  
As Fame I love not at the odious rate  
Of others Blushes. But what does 't avail?  
If in Blood-fetching Lines others do rail,  
And vomit Vip'rous Poison in my Name;  
Such as the Sun, themselves, to own, do shame?  
Who know me, know, my Verses harmless are:  
And by the Muses sacred Quire I swear,  
By th' *Genius* of my prevailing Fame,  
By thy *Ears*, candid *Reader*, and thy *Name*,  
Which hold the place of *Deities* to me,  
From all Malignant Envy I am free.

Ep. 18. *On a Fragment of the Ship Argus.*

This piece thou see'st of rotten useleſs Wood,  
Was the firſt Ship that ever plow'd the Flood :  
Which not the Billows of *Cyanean* Seas  
Of old could wreck, or *Scythian* worſe than theſe.  
Age conquer'd it ; but in Time's Gulf thus drown'd,  
One Plank's more Sacred, than the Veſſel found.

Ep. 24. *On a ſoft Poet.*

When all the Epigrams are ſweet, you write,  
More candid, than a Face that's painted white ;  
No grain of Salt throughout them all is ſeen,  
Or drop of Gall ? Fool, to be read, doſt mean ?  
The choiceſt Meat wo'nt down without all Sauce,  
Nor finds the Face, that has no Mole, applauſe.  
To Children give Fruits, that are luſcious ſweet,  
For Men, what's quick and poinant's only meet.

Ep. 26. *To Dexter, on a Wild Boar he ſent him.*

A huge unweildy Boar with much Maſt fed,  
That had laid waſte the Fields where he was bred,

A Monster, like to that *Meleager* slew,  
In's Blood, bold *Dexter* did his Spear embrew.  
Th' Invidious Prey before my Fire doth lye,  
And with its chearful Steam, my *Lares* by  
Bedews: While of much kindled Wood the Light  
My Kitchen makes all Festival and bright.  
The ranting Cook demands a pow'r of Spice,  
Choice Wines for Pickle, of the highest Price.

Back to thy Lord return, thou blust'ring Boar,  
My Range, to entertain thee, is too poor.  
Dreadful alive, Destructive even when slain,  
No less the Treaters, than the Huntsman's, Bain.  
Mean Food, and scant, I rather choose to bear,  
Than such Confounding, tho' Voluptuous, Fare.

*Ep. 30. To Regulus.*

The *Chian* Figs, the Eggs, and Laying Hens,  
The hoarse-voic'd Fowl, fat Prisoners of the Pens,  
The shaggy Kid, the Dam lamented, lost,  
Olives preserv'd from Injury of Frost;  
The hoary Herbs bearing the Morning Dew,  
In my own Farm, thou think'st, all bred, or grew.



A pompous Error ; there is no such store,  
But a starv'd Owner nought it ever bore.  
Whate'er thy *Umbrian* Hinde to thee does bring,  
Or in thy *Tusculan* or *Tuscan* Spring,  
Markets afford, all I on Friends bestow,  
*Suburra*'s the rich Soil in which they grow.

Ep. 32. *On Cinna.*

When in a fordid Gown thou lov'st to go,  
But shews as white, as the new fallen Snow ;  
Why 'bout thy Feet, thy Gown to wear, dost use ?  
Fool, tuck it up, or it will foul thy Shooes.

Ep. 33. *To Stella.*

(sustain,  
When my craz'd House Heav'n's Show'rs cou'd not  
But floated with vast Deluges of Rain ;  
Thou shingles, *Stella*, seasonably didst send,  
Which from th' impetuous Storms did me defend :  
Now fierce loud sounding *Boreas*, Rocks does cleave,  
Dost clothe the Farm, and Farmer naked leave ?

Ep. 38. *On Cælius.*

*Cælius*, impatient longer to abide  
 The Morning *Aves*, and the Great Mens Pride,  
 From vagrant Jants, and dirty toilsom Pain,  
 To free himself, began the Gout to feign ;  
 Which while too much he sought, shou'd true appear,  
 And swath'd his Feet, and did with Oyntments smear,  
 Walk'd as in Pain, the more his Grief to shew,  
 See what great Art and Industry can do !  
 He feigns not now the Gout, his Gout is true.

Ep. 41. *To Castricus.*

If any in Rich Gifts with thee dare vie,  
 His Skill with thee, in verse too, let him try :  
 I, poor in both, prepared am to yield,  
 And find much Ease, by quitting of the Field.  
 Why then Ill Verses do I thee present ?  
 Dost think, none e'er *Alcinous* Apples sent ?

Ep.

Ep. 42. *To Cinna.*

The best, when thou art ask'd, is to say, ay :  
 The next is, *Cinna*, quickly to deny.  
 I love him Gives; him, that Denies, not hate ;  
 But thou both givest and deny'st too late.

Ep. 43. *To Q. Ovidius, on the Statue of Cefonius.*

See thy *Cefonius* lively figur'd here,  
 Who unto thee, *Ovidius*, was so dear ;  
 Whom *Nero* did condemn, but thou didst dare  
*Nero* condemn, while thou his Fate durst share,  
 Despising of thine own, and went'st along  
 Through Seas, through Rocks, *Great Partner* of his  
 An Exile, him to follow, thou didst chuse, (Wrong.  
 Tho' this, when Consul, thou didst him refuse.

If Names shall live, commended by my Verse,  
 This Fact to future Ages they'll rehearse,  
 That the like Faith from thee *Cefonius* found,  
 For which to *Seneca*, himself was so renown'd.

Ep. 45. *To Priscus.*

While Verses thou wilt have thy Gift attend,  
Which thou desir'st, like *Homer's*, may be penn'd,  
Thy self and me thou vexest day and night,  
And, to my Grief, thy Muse takes her Delight.  
Lofty and chiming Verse to th' Rich present,  
Course useful Gifts best to the Poor are sent.

Ep. 46. *To Licinius Sura.*

Thou most Illustrious of our Learned Men,  
Whose Style the Ancients does retrieve again;  
How great a Gift did Fates on us bestow,  
When, ready now to taste the Waves below,  
They sent thee back; when all gave way to Tears,  
And had deposed both their Hopes and Fears.  
Hells Regent could not so much Envy bear,  
But did himself thy Thread of Life repair.  
Thou seest what Grief, wer't Dead, would all annoy;  
And may'st, thy After-life, in Life, enjoy. (Flow'r,  
Live like one snatch'd from Death, crop Joy's brief  
Who from the Grave's return'd, should lose no hour.

Ep.

Ep. 50. *To Urbicus.*

If you desire my Sportive Books to know,  
Yet care not for them Money to bestow;  
*Pompeius Auctus* (unknown) from me greet,  
In *Mars Revenger's* Temple him you'll meet;  
Skill'd in all Law and Courts: On him I look,  
Not as my Reader, but my very Book.  
By heart he has so perfect ev'ry Line,  
That not a Title can be lost that's mine.  
So that the Author he might claim to be,  
Did he not favour both my Fame and Me.

You may your self to him (at ten) invite,  
From Business he is never free till night.  
His little Supper will admit of two,  
He'll Read; to Eat, is all you have to do:  
And when you say, Enough; he'll still go on;  
Nay, tho' you're tir'd, he will not yet have done.

Ep. 51. *To Auctus.*

Reading my Books to *Celer*, pleases me,  
If what thou read'st, to him, as pleasing be.

O'er *Spain*, my Native Soyle, he does preside,  
 Such Justice in that World did ne'er reside.  
 So Great a Man my Rev'rence does excite,  
 Not to a Reader, but a Judge, I write.

Ep. 52. *On Umber.*

All the *Saturnal* five days to thee sent,  
 In one vast Gift, thou didst to me present ;  
 Twelve Table-books, seven Tooth-picks, and a Cup,  
 Olives and Beans in Bull-rush Frails made up;  
 Even pace with these a Spoon and Napkin bore,  
 A Flaggon stain'd with Wine, as black as Gore;  
 Dry'd Plums, Prunello's of the oldest date,  
 A Jarr of *Libyan* Figs, of massy weight.  
 The Price of all did of four Shillings lack,  
 Which eight strong Slaves yet bore upon their Back.

How easie, more commodious had it been,  
 By a little Boy t'have sent four Guinea's in?

Ep. 53. *To Nasidienus.*

There's not a Morn, that me thou dost not vex  
 With idle Dreams, that may my Thoughts perplex :  
 Which,

Which, while to expiate, thou dost pretend,  
The Wine of two years Vintage to an end  
Is brought; Salt, Meal, whole heaps of Gums are spent;  
And from my dwindling Flocks my Lambs are sent:  
A Pig, an Hen, an Egg, I cannot keep,  
Watch, with a Pox, or, at thine own Charge, sleep.

Ep. 55. *On Rabirius, Domitian's Principal Architect.*

When with such Art, *Rabirius* did design  
Th' Imperial Palace, Models all Divine  
His Soul conceiv'd, his foreing Thoughts did fly  
Up to the starry Pole, and arched Sky.

*Pbidias* his *Jove* were *Pisa* now t'inshrine,  
No Structure they'd approve, but what were thine.

Ep. 58. *On Cecilianus.*

*Cecilian*, without Boar, did never eat.  
How well the Eater's suited, and his Meat.

Ep. 59. *To Jove.*

Great *Rome*, dread *Jove*, and Heav'n, obey thy Nod,  
And all believe, when *Cæsar's* safe, a God.

While others, for themselves, do thee adore,  
Whate'er a Deity can give, implore ;  
That I alone do nought of thee desire,  
As Pride in me, let it not move thine Ire,  
That thou to *Cæsar* would'st propitious be,  
I only pray, and *Cæsar* unto me.

Ep. 60. *To Domitian.*

Presumptuous Traders did all *Rome* possess,  
No bounds did set to such their mad Excess :  
*Cæsar* the pester'd Streets did open lay,  
Where only was a Path, he made a Way ;  
Ground for their Huts, or Vessels none might hire,  
To cause the *Prætor* tread o'er Shoes i' th' Mire :  
And Rogues encourag'd secret Arms to bear ;  
Cooks, Barbers, Vict'allers, all restrained are :  
Thy Edict, *Cæsar*, their Encroachments stop ;  
*Rome's Rome* again, 'twas lately one great Shop.

Ep. 63. *On a Barber.*

When but a Barber thou wert known to be,  
Thy wanton Dame rais'd thee to Knights degree :

But



But for thy Crimes obnoxious to the Law,  
To *Sicily* thou thought'st fit to withdraw.  
In thy now useless Age what Art wilt court,  
Thy wretched Life how, sav'd by flight, support?  
Rhet'rick or Grammar Skill thou dost not own;  
Philosophy is more to thee unknown;  
T'a forreign Stage thy self thou canst not hire;  
Sir Knight, to Barb again, thou must retire.

Ep. 64. *To Gargilianus.*

Ten Winters, *Gargilianus*, twice o'er told,  
Thy single Law-Suit in three Courts did hold.  
Ah, Wretch and Mad-man! Twenty Years to brawl,  
When in thy Pow'r it was, to give up all.

Ep. 65. *On Labienus.*

*Fabius* sole Heir did *Labienus* leave;  
He yet complains, he did his Hopes deceive.

Ep. 67. *To Rufus.*

My Book, to shew thy Father, Friend, forbear ;  
Perhaps he only likes those Serious are ;  
My wanton Verse, if they with him succeed,  
I dare to *Curius* and *Fabricius* read.

Ep. 68. *On Theophila.*

This is *Theophila*, that Learned She,  
The Gods, my *Canius*, have reserv'd for thee.  
Whom, his Disciple, *Plato*'s proud to name,  
The *Stoa* doth as emulously claim.  
The Works will live, that pass her Learned Test,  
So Wise, so above Woman, is her Breast.  
Not fair *Pantenis* can to her aspire,  
Tho' so Illustrious in the *Muses* Quire.  
Amorous *Sappho* may admire her Verse,  
Greater in Virtue, not in Po'sie less.

Ep. 72. *To Maximus.*

Houses in *Dian's* Mount, in *Esquilin*,  
More i' th' *Patrician* Street of thine are seen ;

Hence

Hence *Cybel's* Fane, from thence thou may'st behold  
*Vesta's*; here *Jove's* new Temple, there his old.  
 Where may we find thee? Say, in what place? Tell.  
 Who ev'ry where resides, does no where dwell.

Ep. 75. *To Philomusus.*

Our Great ones strive, who first shall catch thee up,  
 Who carry thee to Plays, to Walk, to Sup;  
 Take high Delight, as often as they may,  
 To bathe with thee, to have thee on the way.  
 Do not for this, thy self too much admire,  
 They do not love thee, but to Laugh, desire.

Ep. 80. *To Lausus.*

Thou thirty Epigrams dost note for bad;  
 Call my Book Good, if thirty Good it had.

Ep. 82. *On Eutrapelus.*

*Eutrapelus*, the Barber, works so slow,  
 That while he shaves, the Beard a-new does grow.

Ep.

Ep. 83. *To his Book.*

While my *Cecilius* to the World would leave  
My Picture; and the rare Piece seems to breath;  
My Book to *Peuce*, and still *Ister* go,  
Held by *Secundus* from the conquer'd Foe.  
To him a small, but pleasing, Gift thou'lt be,  
And in my Verse, my perfect Face he'll see:  
Which neither Chance, nor pow'r of Time, can raise,  
Ev'n when *Apelles* Works they shall deface.

Ep. 84. *To Sabellus.*

That thou *Tetrastichs* writes, not without Wit,  
And *Distichs* also prettily dost hit,  
I praise, but not admire: 'Tis no hard Task  
Verses to write; a Book more Skill does ask.

Ep. 85. *On Sextus.*

When but a Stranger, to thy Birth-day Feast,  
I ever, *Sextus*, was a constant Guest.  
What's fallen out? What did thy Anger move,  
After so many Years and Proofs of Love,

That

That I, thy ancient Friend, am pass'd by?  
But I my self can tell the Reason why.  
I sent no Plate, no Gift to thee I made;  
For thou call'st that a Treat, in truth's a Trade;  
Profit thou seek'st, thou seek'st not, *Sextus*, Friends.  
*My Man* forgot, thou say'st, *his Stripes shall make amends*.

Ep. 86. *On Himself.*

If *Flaccus* in an horned Owl delight,  
And *Caninus* in an *Ethiope*, black as Night;  
If *Publius* much a little Bitch does love,  
And *Cronius* does an Ape no less approve;  
If *Marius* a vile Indian Mouse affects,  
If, *Lausus*, thou a prating Pye respect'st;  
*Glacilla* wreaths about her Neck a Snake,  
Another for her Bird a Tomb does make;  
Why may not I admire a lovely Face,  
When Monsters, like to these, the others grace?

Ep. 89. *To Creticus.*

*Matho* objects, my Books unequal are,  
If he says true, he praises e'er aware,

*Calvin* and *Umber* write an equal Strain,  
Naught is the Book that's free from heights, and plain.

Ep. 91. *On Baccara.*

*If need thou hast, thou need'st not me intreat,*  
*Baccar*, these Words thou often dost repeat.  
My Creditor's Rage thou in his Look dost read,  
Thou seest, but know'st not, *Baccar*, what I need.  
My Rent, thou by, is call'd for in with speed,  
Thou hear'st, but know'st not, *Baccar*, what I need.  
I shiver in a tatter'd thread-bare Weed,  
Thou seest, yet know'st not, *Baccar*, what I need.  
I need, that thou wert Planet-struck with speed,  
No more that thou may'st say, *What dost thou need?*

Ep. 94. *On Linus.*

'Tis Winter, and *December's* horrid Cold,  
Makes all things stark; yet, *Linus*, thou lay'st hold  
On all thou meet'st, none can thy Clutches miss,  
But with thy frozen Mouth all *Rome* dost kiss.  
What could'st more spiteful do, or more severe,  
Had'st thou a Blow o'th' Face, or Box o'th' Ear?

My Wife, this time, to kiss me does forbear,  
My Daughter too, however debonaire.  
But thou more Trim and Sweeter art. No doubt,  
Th' Icicles, hanging at thy Dog-like Snout,  
The congeal'd Snivle dangling on thy Beard,  
Ranker than th' oldest Goat of all the Herd.  
The nasty'st Mouth i'th' Town I'd rather greet,  
Than with thy flowing frozen Nostrils meet.  
If therefore thou hast either Shame or Sense,  
Till *April* comes no Kisses more dispense.

Ep. 95. *An Epitaph on Urbicus.*

I Infant *Urbicus* here bury'd lye,  
My Name and Birth Great *Rome* did dignifie.  
Three Years I had not full attain'd unto,  
When rigid Fates my Thread did cut in two.  
What serv'd my Childhood, Beauty, early Speech?  
To drop a Tear, is all they can beseech.  
Which if thou dost, may like Chance from thee fly,  
And all thou lov'st, as ag'd as *Nestor* dye.

Ep.

Ep. 96. *To his Book.*

If Book, *Cesius Sabinus*, (the Renown  
Of hilly *Umbria*, and of the Town  
Of my Friend *Aulus Pudens*) thou dost know,  
Howe'er employ'd, yet boldly to him go;  
Tho' many urgent Cares oppress his Mind,  
A vacant Time to read thee, he will find.  
For me he loves; and deigns my Verse the Grace,  
Next *Turnus* Noble Works to hold the Place.  
O, what great Trophies are for thee prepar'd!  
What num'rous Friends! what Glories to be shar'd!  
There's not a Mart, in which thou'lt not be found,  
A Feast, a Street, but will with thee resound,  
The Baths, the Portico's, ev'n ev'ry Stall,  
To *One* thou'rt sent, but wilt be read by *All*.

Ep. 97. *On Castor.*

While all things thou didst buy, it thee besel,  
That all things, *Castor*, thou dost likewise sell.



Ep. 98. *To Crispus.*

May'st thou the Prince still Gracious to thee find,  
 And *Rome*, no less than *Egypt*, ever kind :  
 If, when in Court, my Verses thou dost hear,  
 (For sometimes *Cæsar* deigns to them an Ear)  
 Thou me afford'st this free and candid Praise,  
 This Man's a Glory, *Cæsar*, to thy days,  
 Yields not to *Marsus*, *Pedo*, or the best.  
 This is enough ; to *Cæsar* leave the rest.

Ep. 101. *On Milo.*

While *Milo* Travels, Fallow lyes his Field,  
 His Wife, howe'er, a yearly Crop doth yield.  
 How comes she Fruitful, and that Barren? Say.  
 His Wife was plow'd, his Land neglected lay.

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 L I B. VIII.
 

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Ep. 1. *To his Book.*

(go,  
**T**O th' Princes laurell'd Court, seeing thou'rt to  
 Learn, Book, a chaste and modest Speech to  
 No place is left for wanton *Venus* there, (know.  
*Pallas, Cæsarian Pallas*, rule does bear.

Ep. 2. *To Janus.*

When *Janus*, Lord of Times, beheld of late  
 Th' Imperial Victor in triumphant State,  
 Tho' Faces he had two, he thought them few,  
 And wish'd that yet more Eyes he had to view.  
 With both his Tongues he said unto our Lord,  
*Nestor's four Ages I'll to thee afford.*

O Father *Janus*! thine own also give,  
 That he not long, but may for ever live.

Ep. 3. *To his Muses.*

Five had suffic'd, six Books or seven do cloy,  
Why dost as yet delight, *my Muse*, to toy?  
Give o'er for shame: Fame has not more to grace  
My Verse, the Business made in ev'ry place.  
And when proud Tombs, in which for Fame Mentrust,  
O'erthrown and broken lye reduc'd to Dust,  
I shall be read, Strangers will make't their care,  
Unto their sev'ral Soils my Works to bear.

She of the *Sacred Nine*, (when I had spoke)  
Whose Locks with Odours drop, thus Silence broke.

*And wilt thou then thy pleasant Verse forsake?  
What better Choice, Ungrateful, canst thou make?  
Exchange thy Mirthful for a Tragick Vein;  
Thunder harsh Wars in an Heroick Strain;  
Which strutting Pedants, till they're hoarse, may rant,  
While the Ripe Youth detest to hear the Cant:  
Let the o'er-sowre and dull that way delight,  
Whose Lamps at Midnight see the Wretches write.  
But season thou thy Lines with sharpest Wit,  
That all may read their Vices smartly hit.*

*Altho' thou seem'st to play but on a Reed,  
Thy slender Pipe the Trumpet does exceed.*

Ep. 6. *On Euctus.*

Than *Euctus* antick Plate, nothing can be  
More hateful ; Earthen Pots I wish to see,  
When he their raving Ped'grees to relate,  
Deadens the Wine with his old rusty Prate.  
*This Cup, Laomedon's own Table grac'd ;  
This was Apollo's, when Troy's Walls he plac'd ;  
This, 'gainst the Lapithes, did Rhecus throw,  
See how 'tis craz'd, and batter'd with the blow!  
This, of odd Make, was Nestor's high Delight,  
Nestor's own Thumb did wear this Dove so bright.  
Achilles, in this Scyff, large Draughts did pour  
To's Friends, having carous'd it off before.  
This Bowl to Bitias Dido quaff'd, that Night  
She entertain'd her lov'd Dardanian Knight !  
While thus he boasts Goblets of Priam's Age,  
Wines of \* *Astyanax* our Thirsts assuage.  
We'd rather of thy Wine thou'd'st crack the Odds,  
Give us the Liquor, not the Plate, o'th' Gods.*

\* That is, Infant Wine, new, and naught.

Ep. 7. *On Cinna*.

Is this to plead, the Learned Lawyer play,  
In ten Hours, *Cinna*, but nine Words to say?  
Yet thou this Time, four Glasses didst increase.  
'Tis a vast while that thou canst hold thy Peace.

Ep. 10. *On Bassus*.

*Bassus* a Gown of richest Purple Die,  
But lately, for an hundred Crowns did buy.  
*O mighty Bargain!* Why? So Cheap d'you say?  
*Yes, unto him, who never means to pay.*

Ep. 11. *To Domitian*.

That *Cæsar's* come to *Rome*, the *Rhine* does know,  
So far, so fast, the Peoples Voices go;  
Their iterated Shouts the *Scythians* fright,  
All Nations, whom their Joy does not delight.  
While in the Cirque their *Salve's* welcom thee,  
The Races they regard not, tho' they see.  
No Prince, Thy self, was e'er so lov'd before,  
*Rome* if she would, she could not love thee more.

Ep. 12. *On Priscus.*

Dost ask, Why a Rich Wife I would not wed?  
Because I would be Lord i'th' Marri'ge Bed.  
*Priscus*, the Wife, should the Inferior be :  
But Wealth on her part, makes a Parity.

Ep. 13. *On a Fool.*

I bought a Fool, I thought, for twenty Pound,  
Restore my Coyn, the Fool his Wit has found.

Ep. 14. *On his Cruel Friend.*

Least Winter Blasts shou'd thy choice Fruit annoy,  
And keener Air thy tender Plants destroy,  
Fences enclose them of transparent Stone,  
Which, without cold, admit the Sun alone.  
But unto me thou giv'st an open Cell,  
Where *Boreas* even himself wou'd fear to dwell.

With Friendship, Cruel, how does this agree?  
Than be thy Friend, 'twere better be thy Tree.

Ep. 18. *To Cirinius.*

Such Epigrams, *Cirinius*, thou dost frame,  
As with, or before, mine, might get a Name :  
But such Regard to thy old Friend thou'ast shown,  
That my Fame's dearer to thee, than thine own.  
Thus Odes, for *Horace* sake, *Virgil* forbore,  
Altho' he *Pindar* could have gone before.  
To *Varus* left the proud Cothurnal Vein,  
Tho' himself mightier was i'th' Tragick Strain.  
Many will give their Goods, their Gold, their Ground.  
But, that give place in Wit, there's few are found.

Ep. 19. *On Cinna.*

To pretend Want, like Rich Men, thou art vain,  
Poorer in Truth, than thou thy self canst feign.

Ep. 20. *On Varus.*

Thou heaps of Verses daily dost devise,  
Yet none recite ; both Fool thou art, and Wife.

Ep. 21. *On the coming of Cæsar.*

*Phosphor*, bring Light; why dost our Joys delay?  
*Cæsar*'s to come; *Phosphor*, bring on the Day.  
*Rome* begs it. Art drawn in *Bootes* Teem,  
'Thou mov'st so slowly with a lazy Beam?  
*Castor* will not refuse that thou should'st mount  
His swift foot *Gillaron* on this account.  
Impatient *Titan* why dost thou detain?  
*Xanthus* and *Ethon* both desire the Rein;  
*Aurora* waits: Yet ling'ring Stars there be,  
As if the *Moon* th' *Ausonian* King would see!  
Come, *Cæsar*, tho' in Night, let Stars delay:  
When thou art here, we shall not want a Day.

Ep. 24. *To Domitian.*

If in this little Book of modest Brow,  
I ought do beg, and not too Great, allow:  
Or if thou grant'st not, *Cæsar*, let me sue;  
Incense and Pray'rs ne'er *Jove*'s Displeasure drew.  
Not he that carves the Form, in Stone and Oar,  
Does make a God, but he that does Adore.



Ep. 29.

Who Disticks writes, to Brevity does look:  
But where's the Brevity, if't fills a Book?

Ep. 30. *On the Story of M. Scævola acted.*

In *Brutus* time, what was *Rome's* highest Praise  
Is as a Pastime shew'd, in *Cæsar's* days:  
The Presentation, the true Story shames,  
His Valiant Hand so bravely grasps the Flames,  
Enjoys its Torment, and derides their Ire,  
Frolicks and Reigns in the astonish'd Fire!  
His own Spectator he appears to stand,  
T' Applaud, not Feel, the Fun'ral of his Hand!  
The Altars gluts, and if not torn away,  
Flesh'd only, and unwilling to obey,  
His other Hand h'ad thrust into the Flame,  
Fresh, when that fainted; Fierce, when that was Tame!  
After so brave a Deed, invidious 'twere,  
To search his Life, or Stock, or to impair  
His Fame, by urging what he was before.  
What he has done's enough, I need no more.

Ep.

Ep. 31. *On Dento.*

Thou know'st not, *Dento*, what thou dost give leave  
To Men, pleasantly of thee to conceive :  
Who begg'st that \* Grace, as soon as thou art wed,  
Which should be giv'n thee from the Marri'ge Bed.  
But with Requests, to tire the Prince, forbear,  
And to thy long-left Wife and Home repair ;  
Who, while at *Rome* thou'rt suing on the Score  
Of having Three Sons, will have brought thee Four.

\* The Benefit given to such as had Three Children, which the Emperor sometimes in favour gave to those that had none.

Ep. 33. *On a Cup presented to him.*

A Leaf of gilded Bays your Gift does seem,  
But nam'd a Cup, to gain it more Esteem.  
Sure it was Lacker, Pageants does adorn,  
Whereon the Images of Gods are borne,  
Or else some Bed-post, this rich Plate, did yield,  
Which, by thy Knavish Boy, from thence was peel'd.  
So light it is, the Wind, that ev'ry Fly  
Makes with its Wings, o'er-turn'd it passing by ;

The Vapor of a Candle bore it up,  
 One drop of Wine abolish'd quite the Cup.  
 March-pains are spatter'd with such Massy Gold,  
 When they for Childrens New-years-Gifts are sold;  
 Sun-beams, that make blown Lillies bow the head,  
 More solid are; the Gossomer that's spread  
 Upon the Grass; Paint on a Ladies Face,  
 Which thine'st laid, is held the greater Grace.

To Jars and Goblets, why dost thou pretend,  
 When but a Spoon or Bodkin thou might'st send?  
 A Spoon or Bodkin? I too much do say;  
 When to give *Nothing*, in thy pow'r it lay.

Ep. 35. *On an Evil Couple.*

When you so well agree in course of Life,  
 The vilest Husband, and the vilest Wife,  
 'Tis strange, that ever you should live in Strife.

Ep. 37. *To Domitian.*

Smile, *Cæsar*, at the Pyramids loud Fame;  
*Memphis* no more thy barb'rous Wonders name;

Th' *Egyptian* Works reach not the smallest part,  
Of the *Parrhasian* Courts Majestick Art :  
No such Illustrious Piece the day does show ;  
Nor *Sol* in's Universal Travels know.

Seven vast Pavilions, like seven Mountains, rise,  
*Pelion* on *Ossa* scal'd not so the Skies ;  
Thunder and Clouds beneath, th' aspiring Top  
Enters the Heavens, and 'gainst the Stars does knock  
The Sun salutes it with his early 'st Ray,  
On highest Hills 'tis Night, when here 'tis Day.  
Thy Palace, 'bove th' *Olympian*, tho' renoun'd,  
Unto its Lord is not yet equal found.

Ep. 39. *To Domitian*.

For those that eat the Courts Ambrosian Fare,  
Spacious enough the Rooms not lately were.  
The Structure now adds to the Wine a Grace,  
Which *Ganymedes* pour forth in ev'ry place.  
*Rome* does implore, *Jove's* Guest thou late wou'd'st be  
Or if Impatient, that he'd Sup with thee.

Ep. 40. *To Priapus.*

*Priapus*, (not my Vines or Fruit to save,  
But a thin Wood) thy Patronage I crave;  
From whence thou cam'st, and may'st a new be made.  
Let me advise thee, spoil the Stealers Trade,  
And for the Owners Fire reserve the Stock;  
If that shall fail, thy self art but a Block.

Ep. 43. *On Fabius and Chrestilla.*

*Fabius* all Wives, *Chrestilla* Husbands sped,  
Torches triumphant shook, when they were dead.  
Their Fortune, *Venus*, let these Victors try,  
And on one Bier doubtless they both will lye.

Ep. 44. *To Titullus.*

Tho' late, enjoy thy Life, thy short time rate;  
Hadst thou begun a Boy, it had been late:  
But, Wretch, even Old, thou know'st not yet to live,  
T attend the Great, dost thy last Periods give;  
Through all the Law-Courts thou dost sweating run,  
No kind of Duty, Hardship, Slav'ry shun.

Scrape,

Scrape, heap, possess, thou all behind must leave;  
 Thee, of thy present Cash, Death will bereave,  
 Of all in Bank, or Bond, that's to thee due;  
 Nor will thy flatt'ring Heir to thee be true:  
 But when he has consum'd thy mighty Store,  
 Swear, after all, that thou didst die but Poor:  
 Nor will his Leudness that short time forbare,  
 He does the Fun'ral Bites for thee prepare;  
 But, in's false Tears, will with thy Relick lie,  
 The very day in which he saw thee die.

Ep. 46. *On a Chast Boy.*

How great's thy Virtue, and thy Form how rare!  
*Theseus* Chast Son cannot with thee compare.  
 For all the Glory of her Virgin Name,  
 To bathe with thee, *Diana* would not shame.  
 And whom, might *Cybele* alone enjoy,  
 She would prefer before her *Phrygian* Boy.  
*Ganymede's* Place didst thou to *Jove* supply,  
*Juno* thou would'st redeem from Jealousie.  
 Happy's the Maid, shall thy soft Breast enflame,  
 And give thee first a Man's and Husband's Name.

Ep. 48. *On Crispinus's Robe.*

When at the Bath *Crispinus* did undress,  
 To whom he gave his Robe, he cannot guess.  
*Restore the Spoil, whoever has it, pray.*  
 Not this *Crispinus*, but the Robe does say.  
 A Scarlet Gown is not for all Mens wear,  
 Who are not Noble, this rich Die forbear.  
 If Theft delights thee, a dishonest Prize,  
 Avoid what will betray thee, if thou art Wise.

Ep. 50. *To Domitian.*

As was that Ovant Feast, Night swell'd with Joy,  
 After that *Jove* the Giants did destroy;  
 And vulgar Gods, together with the Great,  
 Benignly at his Heavenly Table treat;  
 And Fauns and Satyrs were allow'd to call  
 Freely for Nectar i'th' *Olympian* Hall.

Such was that Genial Feast, triumphant State,  
 When *Cæsar* did his Laurel consecrate,  
 And Gods, as well as Men, exhilarate.

Patricians,

Patricians, People, Knights, all *Rome* did eat  
With their Great Lord of his *Ambrosian* Meat,  
Great things thou promis'd, greater didst bestow,  
Not for a Dole, but Royal Feast we owe.

Ep. 55. *To Domitian.*

Like the amazing Terrors which resound  
In *Libyan* Pastures, and adjoining Ground,  
When Herds of Lions rage in Forrests nigh,  
And make the fiercest Bulls and Shepherds fly  
Home to their Holds, ready through Fear to die:  
Such was the Roaring late i'th' place of Game,  
A Troop of Lions seem'd to make the same;  
It was but One, but One all else did dread,  
And paid Subjection to his Crowned Head.  
O, what a horrid Grace his Neck did show!  
Down to his Feet his curled Main did flow:  
His large spread Breast, for largest Spears did call;  
Great was the Fear, and Triumph, at his Fall.  
Like Glory *Libyan* Coasts ne'er sent before,  
Nor *Ida* ever saw in all her Store:



Was't not the same t<sup>h</sup> *Alcides* gave Renown,  
And by thy Father from the \* Stars sent down?

\* The Constellation *Leo*.

Ep. 56. *To Flaccus*.

When former Ages Glory stoops to ours,  
And *Rome* is greater with her Emperors,  
That *Maro's* Sacred Vein is no where found,  
And none so deep the Trump of War does found,  
Thou wonder'st, *Flaccus*: Whereas do but grant  
*Mecenas's*, and thou'lt not *Maro's* want:  
Nay, if thy Farm alone thou wilt bestow,  
The World shall to thee for a *Virgil* owe.

The Lands which near to sack'd *Cremona* lay,  
The Soldier shar'd, and drove the Flocks away:  
\* *Tityrus*, alas, involved in the Wrong, \* *Virgil*.  
Wept forth his Losses in a feeble Song.  
The \* *Tuscan* Knight smil'd, when his Fortune frown'd,  
And all the Poets Care in Plenty drown'd.  
*Malignant Want*, Parent of Mean Conceit.  
(He, God-like, cry'd) *Make hence thy swift Retreat*,

\* *Mecenas*,

Q

And

*And take thou Wealth, and best of Poets be,  
 'Bove what the World e'er saw, or e'er shall see.  
 My fair Alexis too, (you understand)  
 Without a Rival is at your Command.*

The lovely Boy, at his new Master's Board,  
 With snowy Hands the black \* *Falernum* pour'd ;  
 So bright a Fountain, and so rich a Stream,  
 Was never Poet's Love, or Poet's Theme!  
 Then with his Rosie Lips he took the Say,  
 Had *Jove* look'd on, h'ad snatch'd the Boy away.

Straight from th' astonish'd Poet's ravish'd Heart,  
 All former Thoughts of his low Rural Art  
 Quite vanish'd, each course, Rude-spun *Idea*,  
 His Sun-burnt *Thestylis* and *Galatea* ;  
 And in his lofty high inspir'd Mind,  
 Bright Schemes of War, Heroes, and Nations, shin'd :  
 Who, late a *Gnat*, could scarcely well inhearse,  
 In the weak Numbers of his Ill-wrought Verse.  
 He drank Heroick Fancy with his Wine,  
 Riches and Love turn'd all his Thoughts Divine.

What boots it me, to count the enrich'd Store  
 Of Noble Poets? *Marsus*, *Varus*, more?

\* *A rich Wine.*

Whose

Whose Names, a Burden 'twere, but to repeat.

Thou askest then, If Me thou also treat

*Mecenas* way, should'st thou a *Virgil* see?

If not a *Virgil*, I'll a \* *Marsus* be.

\* That is, Equal the best Epigrammatist.

Ep. 58. To *Cæsar*.

Tho' thou great Gifts hast giv'n, and wilt give more;

Victor of Kings, and thine own Deeds before;

Thou art not lov'd, 'cause thy Rewards are free;

But thy Rewards are lov'd, *Cæsar*, for thee.

Ep. 59. On a One-ey'd Thief.

Seest him, who shifts so well with his one Eye,

Under whose bold and brazen Brow does lye

The others gaping Socket? Th' Man forbear

To scorn, there no where lives a *Snap* so rare.

*Autolycus's* Fingers never were

Such Lime-twigs, nor might they with his compare.

If he's your Guest, cautious you'd need to be,

For then he lays about him, and does see

With both his Eyes: And let the Waiters watch

With ne'er such Circumspection, yet he'll catch

A Cup, a Spoon, e'er they're aware entrap  
 The vagrant Napkins, hoarding all in's Lap:  
 If from the Back a Cloak a little stray,  
 'Tis his, and double Cloak'd he goes away.  
 The Lacquies Flamboes, tho' on a light flame,  
 He dares attempt, nor does he fear the Shame.  
 And if he lights upon no other Prey,  
 He'll chouse his Boy, steal his own Shooes away.

Ep. 61. *On Carinus.*

Vipers ne'er cease to gnaw *Carinus* Breast,  
 Anguish and Grief his Quiet to molest;  
 His Envy rages to that high degree,  
 To hang himself he only wants a Tree.  
 Not 'cause my Book's now richly gilt and bound,  
 My self and Verse through all the World renown'd:  
 But I've a House near *Rome*, and on the Score,  
 I'm drawn with Mules, not hir'd, as heretofore.

What shall I wish, th' Envious to repay?  
 I wish, on him that Fortune also may  
 A Farm bestow near Town, and Men may tell,  
 That Mules he drives, and Roots and Herbs does sell.

## Ep. 64. On Clytus.

That many Presents Friends to thee may send,  
 Eight Birth-days in one Year thou dost pretend.  
 Tho' fresher were thy Looks and brighter shin'd,  
 Than the smooth Stones upon Sea-shores we find;  
 Thy Hair yet blacker than the blackest Jet,  
 And all that Youth proclaims, in thee were met;  
 Older than *Priam*, *Nestor*, thee I'd hold,  
 For they so many Birth-days never told:  
 For shame thy Rapines then at length forbear,  
 And let one Day suffice thee in a Year;  
 Least Men deny to thee a Humane Birth,  
 Believe thee some vile Product of the Earth.

## Ep. 65. To Domitian.

Were this refulgent Temple we behold,  
 \* *Fortune Return'd*, her Altar stood of old.  
 Great *Cæsar* made a stand first in this Place,  
 Shewing, through Dust of War, Majestick Grace,  
 And darting Beams of Glory from his Face.

\* The Name of the Temple.

Here *Rome*, with Laurels crown'd, with Hand and  
 Honour'd their Prince, and highly did rejoyce. (Voice  
 The Place an Ovant Arch does also show,  
 And that, the *Dacians* double Overthrow :  
 Two Char'ots, drawn by Elephants, there stands  
 Upon the Top, his Hand their Reins command ;  
 His Figure, carv'd in Gold, 's seen both to ride,  
 Able, alone, two such vast Teams to guide.

*Cæsar*, this Arch comports with *Rome's* Renown,  
 The Entrance should be such to *Mars's* Town.

Ep. 67. On *Cecilianus*.

When the fifth hour not yet is told by thee,  
 Thou com'st, *Cecilian*, to Sup with me ;  
 The Courts of Law yet sit, the Play's not done.  
*Calistus*, ho, to *Grillus* bathes streight run,  
 Altho' unwash'd, my Servant's bid return,  
 And lay the Cloth. *Cecilianus*, sit ;  
 Call'st for warm Water ? Cold's not brought in yet,  
 The Kitchen-door is lock'd, the Fire not li't.  
 Why didst thou stay so long, as five, to Sup ?  
 I'th' Morning cam'st not, when thou first wer't up ?

Or

Or why not at an hour, that was too late?  
Come when thou wilt, it must be out of date.

Ep. 68. *To Entellus.*

Those who so high *Alcinous* Orchards raise,  
With greater reason may thy *Villa* praise.  
That Winter's rage may not thy Fruit lay waste,  
No chilling Cold *Bacchus* rich Clusters blast;  
Transparent Stone thy rarer Plants enclose,  
Guard from the Frost, and to the Eye expose:  
So Virgins Limbs their silken Vestments show,  
And Chrystal Streams, the Stones, o'er which they flow.  
Nature, by help of Art, will nought refuse,  
Autumn, in depth of Winter, she'll produce.

Ep. 69. *On Vacerra.*

*Vacerra* does the Ancients only praise,  
Thinks Poets dead alone deserve the Bays.  
Forgive me, wife *Vacerra*, if that I  
To have thy Praise, do make no haste to dye.

Ep. 76. *On Gallicus.*

*Speak the Truth, Martial; of all Love, be bold;  
There's nothing I so gladly would be told.  
So, Gallicus, thou urgently dost say,  
When thou recit'st thy Books, and on the day  
Thou publickly hast pleaded at the Bar.  
'Tis hard to hide, what thou dost press so far.  
Then, Gallicus, if thou the Truth wou'd'st hear,  
There's nothing, like the Truth, that thou dost fear.*

Ep. 79. *On Fabulla.*

*All thy Companions aged Beldams are,  
Or more deform'd, than Age makes any, far:  
These Cattel at thy heels thou trail'st always  
To publick Walks, to Suppers, and to Plays.  
'Cause when with such alone we thee compare,  
Thou canst be said, Fabulla, Young or Fair.*

Ep. 80. *To Cæsar.*

*Our Fathers Deeds, Cæsar, thou dost revive,  
Preserve the grayest Ages still alive;*



The antiquated *Latian* Games renew,  
 The Fight with simple Fists, thy Sands do shew;  
 Temples, tho' old, their Honour thou maintain'st,  
 The mean, for th' sake of richer, not disdain'st.  
 Thus while thou new dost build, the old restore,  
 We owe thee for thy own, and all before.

Ep. 81. *On Gellia*.

In *Gellia's* Vows no God or Goddess share,  
 She by their Names, nor Sacred Rites, does swear,  
 But by her Pearls, which do so rarely pair.  
 These she does hug and kiss, and often call  
 Her Brothers and her Sisters, ev'n *her All*;  
 Her dearest Children rates them far above,  
 And to them shews a far more ardent Love:  
 And shou'd the *Wretch* by any Chance these lose,  
 To live a Minute longer she'd refuse.

Oh, for a dext'rous Cheat what would I give?  
 To 'reave a Life, so ill deserves to live.

## LIB. IX.

Ep. 1. *To Avitus.*

T
(known,  
 Ho' thy learn'd Breast, Great Poet, 's to me  
 And that thy Verse will raise me 'bove mine  
(own;  
 Yet this short Title on my Statue place,  
 Which 'mong no common Authors thou dost grace.

*I'm He, in Sportive Verse, none is above,  
 Who none astonish, yet all Readers love;  
 In vaster Works \* vast uncouth things are said,  
 My Glory is, that I am often read.*

\* i. e. The old monstrous Poetick Fable of Gorgons, Centaurs, &c.

Ep. 2. *To Domitian, on the Temple built in Honour of the Flavian Family.*

While Summers, Autumns, Winters shall abide,  
 Imperial Names shall o'er the Months preside;  
 While great *December's* bright and glorious day,  
 Shall boast *Domitian* made the *Rhene* obey;

While

While the *Tarpejan* Rock shall fix'd remain,  
And *Jove* within the Capitol shall reign;  
While *Roman* Matrons *Julia* shall adore,  
With Frankincense the Goddess mild implore;  
The lofty Temple of the *Flavian* Race,  
Shall flourish with Divine Immortal Grace;  
Like Sun and Moon, even like *Rome's* Empire, stand,  
A Heaven is built by a Victorious Hand.

Ep. 6. *On Paulla*.

That, *Paulla*, thou would'st *Priscus* wed, thou'rt wise;  
And he's no Fool, that he does thee despise.

Ep. 8. *On Afer*.

Thee home return'd, from *Africk*, I heard say,  
And five days *Aves* did design to pay:  
But twice and thrice attending, it was said,  
Thou wert employ'd, or else, thou wert in Bed.  
Enough; thou lik'st not, that I wish thee well,  
'Tis easier too for me to say, Farewell.

Ep.

Ep. 9. *To Bithinicus.*

*Fabius*, (to whom thy Presents yearly brought,  
Six thousand) as I hear, has left thee nought.  
Complain not; he has bequeath'd more to none:  
Six thousand's left thee yearly of thine own.

Ep. 11. *On Cantharus.*

When, *Cantharus*, thou'rt a Slave to others Meats  
Men with Reproofs and Railings dost thou treat?  
Forbear the Sharpness of a Mind that's Free;  
Cynick and Glutton both thou canst not be.

Ep. 14. *On Earinus.*

Thy Name the sweetest Season in does bring,  
(Joy of the plund'ring Bees) the flow'ry Spring;  
Which to decypher *Venus* may delight,  
Or *Cupid*, with a Plume from 's own Wing, write;  
Which those, that Amber chafe, shou'd only note,  
Or be upon, or with a Jewel wrote;  
A Name the Cranes do figure as they fly,  
And boast to *Jove*, as they approach the Sky:

A Name that does with no place else comport,  
But where 'tis fix'd, only in *Cæsar's* Court.

Ep. 15. *On a Parasite.*

He on thy Cheer and Table does attend,  
Can'st thou believe to be a Faithful Friend?  
The Boar, the Mullet, Souce he loves, not thee;  
If I as richly far'd, my Friend he'd be.

Ep. 16. *On Cloe.*

*Cloe* this Tomb, upon seven Husbands dead,  
Caus'd to be rais'd, What can be truer said?

Ep. 20. *On Sabellus.*

*Ponticus* Baths, who frankly thee did treat,  
Thou praised'st in three hundred Verse compleat:  
Thy business was not here to Bathe, but Eat.

Ep. 23. *To Pastor.*

*Pastor*, thou may'st suppose I Wealth require,  
On like Accounts the Vulgar it desire:

That

That in my *Setin* or rich *Tuscan* ground,  
 The Chains of many working Slaves may found;  
 That *Libyan* Teeth my Tables may adorn,  
 In-laid with Iv'ry, and with Iv'ry borne;  
 My Beds may creek with Plates of purest Gold,  
*Falernian* Wine my large bright Christsals hold;  
 M' attendant Maids may be of such a frame,  
 As may the Hearts of all my Guests enflame,  
 With *Hebes* self contest a beaut'ous Name;  
 That Slaves in Purple me a loft may bear,  
 While num'rous Clients throng about my Chair.  
 None of all these (the Gods I do attest)  
 Have the least place within my temp'rate Breast.  
 Dost ask, Why Riches I do wish for then?  
 To build, not Houses, but deserving Men.

Ep. 25. *To Carus, on the Emperor's Statue.*

What Noble Artist has such Glory won?  
 In taking *Cesar's* Face, *Phidias* out-done?  
 Whose polish'd Iv'ry is no way so fair,  
 As with the *Latian* Marble to compare.

Such with delight, we see Heav'ns Face, and wonder,  
 When, without Clouds serene, we hear it thunder.  
*Pallas* not only gave thee th' Olive Wreath,  
 But her own Work, this Statue, did bequeath.

Ep. 26. *On Afer.*

If we thy Maid, presenting Wine, behold,  
 Thy muddy Looks thy Jealousie unfold.  
 What is the Crime on a fair Face to look,  
 When this the Stars, the Sun, the Gods do brook?  
 Must we avert our Eyes, if Beauty shine,  
 As if a *Gorgon* skink'd to us the Wine?  
 Stern was *Alcides*, yet he did permit  
*Hylas* to open View: No Jealous Fit  
 Possesses *Jove*, or does his Peace annoy,  
 When *Mercury* with *Ganymede* does toy.  
 If thou wouldst, none thy Beauteous Maid should see,  
 Thy Guests must \**Oedipus* and *Phineas* be.      \*Blind Men.

Ep. 27. *To Nerva.*

Who Verses dares to inspir'd *Nerva* send,  
 To *Cosmus* too may some vile Drug commend;

Violets,

Violets, where Roses in their Glory be,  
 Course *Corfick* Honey to the *Hyblan* Bee:  
 Yet in my flighter Verse some Grace is found,  
 As Olives please, where choicest Cates abound.  
 Nor wonder that my conscious Muse does fear  
 My Weakness, and thy Judgment does revere;  
 When *Nero*, of no mean Poetick strain,  
 In 's youthful Flights, dreaded thy stronger Vein.

Ep. 29. *An Epitaph on Latinus.*

The charming Grace, the Glory of the Stage,  
 Th' Applause, the Darling, Pastime of the Age;  
*Latin* lies here, who *Cato* would have made  
 His fix'd Spectator, founness have allay'd  
 In rough *Fabritius*. His strict Life ne'er drew  
 The Stages Vice, its Arts he only knew.  
 Dear to his Lord he must, by Vertue, be,  
 His Lord, whose Eyes, the inward Mind, do see.  
 Him, \* *Phæbus Parasite*, cease, *Rome*, to name,  
 To be thy *Joves Domestick*, he did claim.

\* Stage-Players were so called.



Ep. 30. *An Epitaph on Philenis.*

When *Nestor's* years thou could'st but barely tell,  
 Poor Hagg, so early, wert thou snatch'd to Hell?

*Sibylla's* Age, all out, thou didst not see, (three.  
 Her years thou sum'd'st, but Months thou wantedst

Oh, what a Voice is still'd! a hundred Scolds,  
 When all a Right pretend, when all their Holds  
 Fasten at once, and yell, make not that Din;  
 A Pack of Hounds, when all their Throats set in,  
 Together with the Huntsmen, and their Horn;  
 A School of Boys, conning at early Morn.

Who now shall charm the Moon down from her  
 So sagely who, th'Adulterers Letters bear? (Sphere?  
 Oh sad Mischance! Oh heavy fatal Cross!  
 Mischievous was ne'er before at such a Loss.

Lye lightly on her, Earth, no weighty Stones,  
 That, with more ease, Dogs may scrape up her Bones.

Ep. 31. *On Nigrina.*

*Antistus* fell in *Asia's* cruel Clime,  
 Which Land does bear the Odium of this Crime.

His Bones *Nigrina* in her Bosom brought,  
And the dear Burden made the way seem short.  
Which when within the Envy'd Tomb she laid,  
Twice she appear'd to be a Widow made.

Ep. 35. *On the Flavian Temple.*

When *Jove* the *Flavian Temple* did behold,  
Like Heaven refulgent, darting Beams of Gold,  
He scorn'd his Tomb in *Ida* feign'd of old :  
And drench'd with Nectar, (which is plenteous found  
At his free Board, where Goblets oft go round)  
He reach'd a Bowl to *Mars*, but with his Eye  
Regarding *Phebus* and his Sister by,  
Together with *Alcides*, and the Son of *May*,  
And to's immortal Off-spring thus did say.  
My Tomb you rais'd in *Crest* ; but see the odds,  
Of *Cæsars*, and of being Father of the Gods.

Ep. 36. *On Philomusus.*

By these your Arts you many a Supper gain,  
Telling such things for Truths, you meerly feign :

You know the Counsels of the *Parthian* Court,  
And can the Forces on the *Rhine* report ;  
With th' *Dacian* General pretend to hold  
Intelligence ; nay, before-hand, are bold  
To tell the Chance of War, who'll Victor be,  
When 't Rains in *Egypt*, at this distance see ;  
The Fleet that *Carthage* will this year equip,  
You can relate, the Rate of ev'ry Ship ;  
Upon whose Head th' Emperor will bestow  
The Olive Wreath ; all this, and more you know.  
Your Arts, this night, within your Breast lock up,  
On which Condition, you with me shall Sup ;  
For my good Chear my Ears do not abuse,  
With grossest Lies, in other Terms, your News.

Ep. 40. *On Cæsonia's Birth-day.*

This was our Earthly *Jove's* first happy Morn,  
*Rhea* oft wish'd her *Jove* upon it born,  
Which day first light did to *Cæsonia* show,  
No Daughter e'er t'a Mother more did owe ;  
Two mighty Joys the day in *Rufus* moves,  
Which for his Prince, and for his Wife, he loves.

Ep. 43. *To Apollo.*

So may thy Temples, *Phæbus*, honour'd be,  
Prophetick Swans held Sacred unto thee;  
The Muses glory to make up thy Train,  
The *Delphick* Oracles prove never vain,  
The Palace Divine Worship to thee pay  
As *Cæsar* (thou inspiring him) shall say,  
*The Grace thou ask'st, to Stella I will show,*  
*Consular Ensigns upon him bestow.*

Thy happy Debtor then, a steer I'll bring,  
With gilded Horns for my glad Offering;  
This Vow upon my rural Altar pay;  
The Victim's ready, *Phæbus*, why dost stay?

Ep. 44. *On the Statue of Hercules.*

He, with the Lion's Skin beneath him spread  
On the hard Stone, to make a softer Bed;  
Whose left Hand holds a Club, whose right a Cup,  
Supine the Posture, Face to Heav'n cast up,  
To Heav'n himself once bore; is, tho' you see  
In Figure small, a Mighty Deity!

No modern Master glories in this Piece,  
It boasts *Lyfippus* hand, and Art of *Greece*.  
First, *Alexander's* Beard the God did shew,  
By whom, while Young, the World he did subdue;  
Upon his Altar too, while yet a Boy,  
The \* *Carthaginian* vow'd *Rome* to destroy; \**Hannibal*.  
*Sylla*, at his Command, the Empire eas'd  
Of his own bloody Reign. At length displeas'd  
With th' Pride of various Courts, he chose to be  
A private Man's domestick Deity:  
And as he once was Guest to th' *Nemean* Swain,  
Learn'd *Vindex* God hereafter to remain.

Ep. 46. To *Marcellinus*.

Now thou bear'st Arms under the Northern Pole,  
Near which the Constellations slowly roll;  
With thy approaching Eyes thou may'st behold  
*Prometheus* Rock, the fabulous Scene of old,  
Where th' Aged Hero fill'd both Earth and Skies  
With hideous Exclamations and loud Cries,  
The Tortures proving, which he there sustain'd,  
The Rock less hard, to which his Limbs were chain'd.

Who can Mens Hardships or Hard Hearts admire,  
When they the Off-spring are of such a Sire?

Ep. 48. *On Pannicus.*

Thy words the deep recondite Lore resound  
Of *Plato*, *Zeno*, what's severest found;  
'Mong those whose horrid Images affect  
To doom all Vice, by their austere Aspect;  
Speak thee *Pythag'ras* Successor and Heir,  
Nor 'bates thou him in Bash of Beard an Hair.  
Thou'ast yet, what's shameful, and shou'd ne'er be said  
A wanton Groin to this thy awful Head.  
Say thou, who th' Axioms of all Sects dost know,  
Whose *Dogma* 'tis, the Scars of Lust to show.

Ep. 49. *On Gallicus.*

By what's most Sacred, and your Head you Sware,  
Of part of your Estate you'd make me Heir;  
Which I believ'd, (for who's that Foolish He,  
To his own Wishes will a hind'rance be.)  
These Hopes to Cherish, I did send you store  
Of noble Gifts, among the rest, a Boar,  
So vast, so fat, might be preferr'd before

That

That fam'd of *Calydon*. You did decree  
Forth-with to treat Numbers of each Degree,  
People, Patricians, Knights, the Rich, the Poor,  
Through ev'ry Ward *Rome* belches yet my Boar.  
But (strange!) thou to make me a Guest didst fail,  
Affordedst not a Rib, not ev'n the Tail.

In hope to be thy *Heir* wou'd'st have me live,  
Who not a *Legacy* of mine own Boar didst give?

Ep. 50. *On the Gown given him by Parthenius.*

This is the Gown so honour'd in my Verse,  
Which Readers often with delight rehearse;  
*Parthenius* Gift, a noble and a bright,  
Which set me forth a most Illustrious Knight;  
When it first new and glossy to me came,  
It worthy was to bear the Donors Name:  
But now 'tis old and foil'd, worn to the thread,  
No more can White, but Cold as Snow, be said.  
What, with much Use and Age, will not decline?  
Twas the *Parthenian Gown*, but now Poor Mine.

Ep. 51. *On Gaurus.*

Thou prov'st my Wit, *Gaurus*, but small to be,  
 Because my Pieces please through Brevity.  
 But thou, who can'st the *Trojan* War enlarge  
 With various Fights, till twenty Books thou charge,  
 Art a great Man. My Poem's smart and curt,  
 Thine is a Giant, but 'tis one of Dirt.

Ep. 54. *To Q. Ovidius.*

A Gift I did design for your Birth-day;  
 But you forbid it, and I must obey.  
 You are a most Imperious Man, I see,  
 What I'd have done to you, do you to me.

Ep. 56. *To Flaccus.*

I th' Feast, in which Friends do their Friends present,  
 While I to *Stella*, and thee, *Flaccus*, meant,  
 My Gifts to send; a num'rous throng of Friends,  
 And each of which to the first place pretends,  
 Beset me. Two t'oblige I did design,  
 But dang'rous 'tis, so many to decline,  
 And more, by cosily Gifts, to keep them mine.

No



No way to free my self, but this, I see,  
To *Stella* nought to send, nor, *Flaccus*, yet to thee.

Ep. 57. *On the Emperor's Page.*

To *Africk*, *Hylas*, our Lord's Shield does bear,  
*Cupid*, do thou the Lad fit Arms prepare,  
Such as with which thou softest Breasts dost wound.  
Yet in his Hand let a light Spear be found ;  
But Shield and Helm far from him see thou throw,  
Into the Fight he'll safer Naked go.  
No Sword or Dart *Parthenopeus* harm'd,  
While the fair Boy did range the Field unarm'd.  
Whoever's struck by thee, shall dye with Love,  
And happy's he, that such a Fate may prove.  
Return while young, and while thy Beauty's bright;  
And grow a Man in *Rome's*, not *Lybia's*, fight.

Ep. 60. *On Mamurra.*

*Mamurra* many Hours does Vagrant tell  
I'th' Shops, where *Rome* her richest Ware does sell.  
Beholds fair Boys, devours them with his Eyes,  
Not those of common Note, one first espies;

But

But which in inner Rooms they closely mew,  
Remov'd from mine, and from the Peoples view.  
Glutted with these, choice Tables he uncases,  
Others of Ivory, set high, displaces.  
Rich Tortois Beds he measures four times o'er,  
Sighs, they fit not, and leaves them on that score.  
Consults the Statues of *Corinthian* Brass  
By the Scent; and not without blame lets pass  
Thy Pieces, *Polyclet*. He next complains  
Of Chrystals mix'd with Glass, and them disdains.  
Marks Porce'lan Cups, sets ten of them apart :  
Weights Antick Plate (of *Mentor's* noble Art,  
If any be) counts, i'th' Enamell'd Gold,  
The Gems that stand. Rich Pendants does behold :  
For the Sardonix makes a search most nice,  
And of the biggest Jaspers beats the Price.  
Tir'd now at last, after eleven Hours stay,  
Two Farthing Pots he bought, and himself bore away

Ep. 69. *On a School-master.*

Despiteful Pedant, why dost me pursue,  
Thou hated Head by all the younger Crew?

Before the Cock proclaims the day is near,  
Thy direful Threats and Lashes stun mine Ear ;  
The Anvil rings not out a shriller sound,  
When massy Hammers the hot Irons pound ;  
Statues of Brass with lesser Din are made,  
Than thou dost carry on the Grammar Trade ;  
Shouts in the Race and Theatre are less,  
When Factions, for their Parties, Zeal express.  
Whole Nights, I ask not, in Repose to keep,  
To Wake's not grievous, but 'tis, ne'er to sleep.  
Wilt leave thy School, thy bawling Lectures cease?  
Thy Gain shall greater be, to hold thy Peace.

Ep. 71. *On Cecilianus.*

*O Times ! O Manners ! Tully* did declame,  
When *Cat'line* put the State into a flame :  
When Son and Father furious Arms did take,  
And the whole World one Scene of Blood did make.  
Why now, *O Times ! O Manners !* dost thou cry?  
What is't, *Severe One*, that thou dost descry ?  
No Wars we hear, no Treasons hateful Sound,  
But Joy and Peace circle the Empire round.

'Tis not our Vices makes thee loath the Times,  
But, *Cecilianus*, thine own Secret Crimes.

Ep. 74. *On a Cobler.*

A Cobler wont the putrid Soles to retch  
Of dirty Shooes, and with his Teeth to stretch :  
Now of his Patron's Lordship is possess'd,  
Where had he but a Stall, one would detest.  
Drunk, he bright Chrystals, with rich Wine, o'erturns  
With his Lord's Paramour in Dalliance burns.  
My Simple Parents taught to me the while  
Bawbling Letters, to know a Verse, and Style.  
Gag thy Pen, *Muse*, and thy Books tare them all,  
When such a *Fortune*'s purchas'd by the *Awl*.

Ep. 78. *On Priscus.*

*Priscus* with Art in many Leaves disputes,  
What Requisites a Sumptuous Feast best suits ;  
Many sublime and witty Things he brings,  
All from a Learn'd and Noble Art which springs.  
What makes a Feast, shall I in one Line say ?  
Absence of Scurrilous Jests, and Fiddlers Play.

Ep. 82. *To Avitus.*

Reader and Hearer both my Books delight:  
But there's a Poet says, They are not right.  
I weigh it not: No more than they make Feasts,  
Study to please the Cook's Taste, but the Guests.

Ep. 83. *On Munna.*

That thou should'st *Perish Early*, 'twas foretold.  
And the Prediction, methinks, well does hold:  
For while thou mad'st much haste to spend thy State,  
That nothing might remain after thy Fate,  
But in one Year, five Thousand threw'st away.  
Didst thou not *Perish Early, Munna*? Say.

Ep. 84. *To Cæsar.*

Among the many Wonders of the Stage,  
With which thou hast adorn'd the present Age  
Above former Princes, *Cæsar*: As we owe  
Much for the Cost and Gallantry of Show,  
Nothing does yet advance thy Glory more,  
Than that the Nobles now, however Poor,  
Spectators sit, that Players were before.

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Ep.

Ep. 89. *To Rufus.*

You first to gain me, many Gifts did send,  
 But when once gain'd, all Gifts you did suspend.  
 To hold the Prey, you must still Baits supply.  
 The ill-bred Boar from th' empty Trough will fly.

Ep. 93. *On a Slave and his Lord.*

Thou thy Lord's Evils, nor own Good, dost know  
 Who so bewail'st thy State, because 'tis low.  
 On thy torn Mattress thou sound Sleeps dost take,  
 While *Caius* upon Down whole Nights doth wake;  
*Caius* to many Lords performs e'er day  
 Duties, which to thy One thou dost not pay;  
*Caius*, discharge thy Debt, in Court appear,  
 Says *Phæbus*: Thou no such harsh words dost hear;  
 Thou feel'st the Lash, Him less the Gout does spare,  
 And to change Grievs, a thousand Stripes would bear  
 Foul Vices *Caius* brand, and hourly tempt,  
 From which thy low Condition is exempt.  
 Better it is thy self a Slave to see,  
 Than many rich, lewd *Caius*'s to be.

Ep. 95. *On a Physician.*

My Doctor for a Wormwood Draught (O strange!)  
Demands of me *Frontinac* in exchange.

*Glaucus* I never took for such an Ass,  
Who truck'd away his Golden Arms for Brass.  
Did any Sweet for Bitter ask before?

Well, take 't; so thou'lt mix with it \* Hellebore.

\* Confess, thou art Mad.

Ep. 97. *On a Quack.*

A Quack attempting late to steal away  
His Patient's Cup, and taken in the Play.  
*Why 'gainst my Orders dost thou drink?* Did say.

Ep. 102. *On Bassus.*

For Drachma's three thou offerd'st to expend,  
Thou requir'st gown'd, I early thee attend,  
Make up thy Train, and trot before thy Chair,  
When thou Old Ladies court'st to be their Heir.  
My Gown is Thread-bare, mean, I not deny,  
Yet such I cannot for three Drachma's buy.

Ep.

Ep. 104. *To Phœbus.*

My Bond made to thee for an hundred Pound,  
Thou'lt give me up; for Thanks my Debt compound.  
Kinder thou'lt be, to lend me fifty more,  
To shew thy Bounty to me on this Score.  
And elsewhere place the other Gift of thine;  
What I can never Pay, 's already mine.

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## LIB. X.

Ep. 1. *The Book to the Reader.*

**I**F I too large, *Reader*, appear to thee,  
But little read, and I shall little be:  
Oft in each Page I end: Then, for thy ease,  
Make me as long, or short, as thou dost please.

Ep. 2. *To the Reader.*

This my *Tenth Book* gone forth, I did remand,  
Having too hastily escap'd my hand:  
Some things thou'lt find, *Reader*, that were before,  
But more correct, with much that's added more;  
Favour both Pains. *Reader*, my Wealth thou art,  
And *Rome* could nought, like thee, so Rich impart.  
By Praise, said she, thou shalt be kept alive,  
And after Death, thy *Nobler Part* survive.  
Wild Shrubs *Messala* Marbles pierce and cleave,  
And Rusticks mock th' Half-Images they leave.

Books fear not Age, nor at Times Mercy lye,  
These Monuments, alone, do never dye.

Ep. 4. *To Mamurra.*

Who Tales of *Colchos*, *Scylla*, *Tereus*, read,  
What do they, but their Minds with Monsters feed ?  
For what are *Atys*, *Hylas* Rapes to thee ?  
*Endymion*'s Sleep, from *Cynthia*'s Charms, ne'er free ?  
The Boy that in himself took such delight ?  
*Icarus*'s lofty unadvised Flight ?  
What is there, in these wretched Lyes, to please ?  
Read that may shew thee, what's thy Minds Disease :  
No *Gorgons*, *Centaur*s, *Harpies*, stuff my Pen,  
My Pages relish of the Acts of Men.  
*Mamurra*, if thy self thou fear'st to know,  
On *Callimachus*'s Dreams thy time bestow.

Ep. 5. *On a railing Poet.*

Who wounds, of either Sex, the Noble Name,  
Those he should Honour, with his Verse defame,  
May he, a Vagrant, on the Bridges come,  
Descent of Hills, and know no other Home ;

I'th' lowest Rank of Beggars, may he crave  
Scraps fit for Dogs, and those but hardly have;  
And such his Mis'ry more yet to increase,  
Long be his Winters Rains that seldom cease;  
Stretch'd on cold Earth, and Fireless may he lye,  
Proclaim those Happy, who do early dye:  
And when his own Last Hour approaches near,  
Dogs, for his Bones that quarrel, may he fear;  
And with a feeble Arm his patch'd Coat wave,  
His Carcase from the Birds of Prey to save:  
Nor let his Suff'rings with his Breath expire,  
But let him prove th' Infernal Judges Ire;  
Roll with false *Sisyphus* the mount'nous Stone,  
His Thirst, in Waves, with *Tantalus*, bemoan;  
Tire all the Fables which the Poets feign,  
The Furies Lashes, and their Snakes, sustain;  
Conscience, and ceaseless Torments, urging still,  
Till he does own the Venom of his Quill.

Ep. 8. *On Paula.*

*Paula* me oft to marry her does pray;  
But she's so old, I cannot her obey;  
Yet were she older, I'd not say her nay.

Ep. 9. *On Himself.*

Why dost thou envy *Martial's* being known  
For his smart Verse, abusive yet to none?  
That *Rome*, the Provinces, extol his Name?  
*Celer*, the Race-Horse, has a louder Fame.

Ep. 10. *To Paulus.*

When thou of Consular Rank think'st it no scorn  
An hundred to salute by early Morn;  
What Office, *Paulus*, leav'st thou unto me,  
And to *Rome's* num'rous Throng of low Degree?  
Who stoops himself, shall I call Lord and King?  
Crutch to one as the sawning Underling?  
Shall I attend his Chair, who does not shun  
Others to bear, through thick and thin to run?

To

To praise Mens Verse, what boots it oft to rise,  
 When thou, to shew Applause, dost not despise  
 Always to stand, with hands stretch'd to the Skies.  
 What shall mean Men do, Clients when no more?  
 If those are Great share Duties with the Poor?

Ep. 11. *On Calliodorus.*

Of *Theseus* and *Perithous* thou dost prate,  
 And dar'st thy self, with *Pylades*, to mate.  
 May I not live, if *Pylade's* Hogs to keep  
 Thou dost deserve, or *Theseus* Stable sweep.  
*Tet a round Sum*, thou say'st, (*to name no more,*)  
*And sev'ral Gowns I've given to Friends were Poor.*  
*Mart.*] But nought did *Pylades* to *Orestes* give,  
 For both, in Common, did in all things live.  
 Know that, thy narrow Soul ne'er knew before,  
 Who gives, tho' much, does yet deny much more.

Ep. 13. *On Tucca.*

When none, like thee, in Riches does o'erflow,  
 So much for Use, so much for Pride, can show,

Such stately Houses, built for more Delight  
On the adjoining Sea; which thou mak'st white,  
When in the Waves, to bathe, thou dost descend,  
And Floods of Odours, in the Floods, dost spend,  
When *Venus* sleeps not on a softer Bed,  
Nor choicer Wines do sleep God *Bacchus* head,  
Than crown thy Cup, and sparkle in thy Glass:  
Yet thou, forlorn, whole Days and Nights dost pass  
At a proud Strumpets Gate, know'st Sighs and Fears  
More than the Wretched, and dost weep more Tears,  
Why 'tis so Ill with thee, would'st have me tell?  
Because, fond *Tucca*, all things are so well,

Ep. 14. On Crispus.

Thou sayst, 'mong all my Friends, there's not thy Peer.  
But how, that this is so, does it appear?  
When I desir'd to borrow fifty Pound,  
Thou didst refuse, tho' Gold did so abound,  
Thy Chests could not contain it. When didst send  
A Present from thy Farm? Or yet pretend  
T'impart a piece of Plate? Or to bestow  
A Gown, to guard me from the Frost and Snow?

I cannot see in what my Friend thou art,  
But that, before me, thou dost freely F----

Ep. 16. *To Caius*.

If Promises, for Gifts, thou dost account,  
See, *Caius*, how in Gifts I thee surmount.  
Take all the Gold delv'd in *Asturian* Fields,  
The Wealthy Sand the Strand of *Tagus* yields,  
What e'er the *Indians* find of Yellow Oar,  
The Spices which the Phenix Nest do store.  
*Tyre's* richest Purple, All that All Men have,  
I give you, *Caius*, just as you me gave.

Ep. 18. *On Marius*.

*Marius* not Treats, nor yet does Presents send;  
Surety will be for none, to none will lend:  
Crowds yet of Clients court this worthless Lord;  
O *Rome*, what Fools do thy long Gowns afford!

Ep. 19. *To Pliny*.

My Book not learn'd enough, enough severe,  
But yet not Rude, to fluent *Pliny* bear,

Sportive *Thalia*. The *Saburran* way  
 Pass'd, with short labour the next Hill you may  
 Ascend : From whence, thou (*Orpheus* set on high,  
 Dash'd by the Theatre) plainly shalt descry  
 The wond'ring Beasts, the King of Birds and Air,  
 Which the young *Phrygian* to the Thunder bears :  
 There thy Friend *Pedo's* House stands also by,  
 Shewing a lesser Eagle carv'd on high.

But to learn'd *Pliny*, make not thy Address  
 Wanton, but when Time suits for thy Access,  
 He in severer Studies spends the Day,  
 How he the *Hundred Judges* best may sway :  
 Studies, which ours, nor no Age, will forbear,  
 With *Tully's* noblest Labours to compare.  
 Thou'lt safeli'st go, when it is Candle-light,  
 This is the Hour, when *Bacchus* mads the Night ;  
 When Odours reign, when Roses crown the Head,  
 By rigid *Cato* then thou may'st be read.

Ep. 20. To *Marius*.

That in my Native Soil I long to be,  
 The golden Sands of *Spanish Salo* see ;

Thou,



Thou, to whom Love from tender Years I bore,  
Honour'd, while yet thou the *Prætextæ* wore,  
Art the chief cause: And yet a sweeter Air  
No Country yields, or may with *Spain* compare.  
But, wer't with thee, I *Scythia* could enjoy,  
Nor would the Sands of *Africk* me annoy.  
If mutual Love thou bear'st, and a like Mind,  
*Rome* we shall both in ev'ry Climate find.

Ep. 21. *To Sextus.*

To write so darkly, what delight dost take,  
That the most Learned nought of it can make?  
Thy Book \* *Clarus*, nor \* *Modestus*, can      \* Two great  
Expound, it needs *Apollo*, not a Man.      Criticks.  
But, thou being Judge, *Cinna's* obscurer Strain  
Excels the Sun-shine found in *Maro's* Vein.  
May'ft so be prais'd; whilst I am read with Ease,  
And both the Criticks, and no Criticks, please.

Ep. 23. *On Antonius Primus.*

*Antonius*, happy in a Calm Old Age,  
Of threescore Years compleat, has pass'd the Rage.

## Ponders

Ponders the Times h'as liv'd, his secur'd Years;  
 And Death, that's marching on, he no way fears.  
 There's no Day grieves, or shames, him, that is gon;  
 None which with Gladness he reflects not on.  
 A good Man's Age is doubled, Time twice o'er,  
 He lives, who thus Enjoys his Life before.

Ep. 25. *On Scævola, acted by a Criminal.*

Who *Mutius* acted on the Stages Sand,  
 So promptly thrust into the Flame his Hand;  
 If brave and bold, for this thou him dost deem,  
 Thy self, of some dull Clime, I must esteem:  
 To save his Life by this means, was his case,  
 'Twas braver far, to have refus'd the Grace.

Ep. 27. *On Diodorus.*

The Senate did thy Birth-day celebrate,  
 Many Knights also at thy Table fate:  
 Largest thou gav'st; yet still thou'rt all Mens Scorn  
 None will believe, that ever thou wert \* born.

\* A base upstart Person of an unknown Descent, was call'd, *A Son of the Earth.*

Ep. 30. *To Apollinaris*.

O Bay of *Formia*, temperate and fair !  
Which, when *Apollinaris* tir'd with Care,  
Flies from the toilsom Business of the Town,  
Than pleasant *Tybur* holds in more Renown,  
His chaste Wife's Soil : Prefers to th' sweet Recess  
Of *Tusculane*, *Praneste*, *Lucrine* ; less  
Esteems *Cajeta*, or what Men more admire,  
Rais'd by their Fancy, or by Fiction, higher.

A gentle Air here glides o'er *Thetis* Face,  
Such as the Fans of Virgins make, to chase  
Summers ungrateful Heat. The Sea is smooth,  
Not torpid dead, but a soft Gale does sooth  
The active Calm ; and painted Gallies move.  
For Fish you need not lanch into the Deep,  
These you may take, and yet your Chamber keep,  
Out at your Window cast your Line and Lead,  
And draw the dangling Prey up to your Bed.  
And when the Waves by Winter Winds arise,  
From your safe Board you may the Storm despise.

Gardens no less, and fresh Springs *Formia* grace,  
 Fountains are seen to flow in ev'ry place;  
 Fish-ponds the Stranger Trout and Mullet feed, (spe  
 The home-bred Pike, which call'd, does come wi  
 Fat Carps here know their Names, and to you mak  
 And all a Pastime is, no pains, to take.

But to the Owners when does *Rome* give leave,  
 But a few days these Pleasures to receive?  
 Fruition's lost, while they to Business cleave.  
 These Sweets, (O Hinds and Gardners, happy Cru  
 Were for your Lords prepar'd, but are enjoy'd by yo

Ep. 31. *On Calliodorus.*

Thy Servant thou for a great Sum didst sell,  
 That but once, *Callidore*, thou might'st Fare well.  
 Nor far'd'st thou well: A Mullet of four Pound  
 Was the head Dish, which the whole Table crown'd  
 May we not, *Wretch*, exclaim 'gainst this thy Treat  
 Say, 'Twas a Man, not Fish, that thou didst eat.

Ep. 33. *To Munatius Gallus.*

*Munatius Gallus* more sincere by far  
 Than *Socrates*, or ancient *Sabins* were :  
 May thy Wife's chaste Love inflame thy Heart,  
 And from her Noble Stock may't ne'er depart;  
 When Black Rhimes defame the Age, or Men,  
 And Malice would ascribe them to my Pen,  
 Thou me acquit, and stoutly dost contend,  
 That way none write, who Wit and Fame befriend.  
 Ever in my Book have had the Care,  
 No' Vice I tax, the Persons still to spare.

Ep. 35. *On Sulpicia.*

All Virgins chaste *Sulpicia* read,  
 Who but in one Love wish to speed;  
 All Husbands chaste *Sulpicia* read,  
 Who hold one Wife the happi'st Meed.  
*Medea's* Rage she does not write,  
 Her horrid Feast recite ;  
 Of *Scylla*, or of *Biblis*, tell,  
 That Transformations them beset :

Such

Such Tales she seeks not to retrieve,  
Nor did she ever them believe.

Her Verse of Pious Love does treat,  
Fraught with quick Wit, and choice Conceit.  
Who rightly of her Poems deem,  
Nothing more Sportive to them seem,  
Or which more Holy they esteem!  
Such were the Joys, Divine and Sweet,  
When *Numa* did *Egeria* meet,  
And him the Goddess did inspire,  
To institute the *Vestal* Fire.  
Her School had she been trained in,  
*Sappho* more Chaste and Learn'd had been.  
*Phaon*, who Woman-kind did fly,  
Could not *Sulpicia* Love deny;  
Her Graces known, he must be ta'en,  
And love her, tho' he lov'd in vain.  
For were she from *Calenus* free,  
*Calenus* the Beloved He,  
*Apollo's* Wife, nor *Jove's*, she'd be.

Ep. 39. *On Lesbia.*

Old *Lesbia* swears, and to be borne, would fain  
Be thought, in *Brutus* Days, or *Numa's* Reign;  
But lies in both: Her *Æra* we must fetch  
From Elder Times, unto *Prometheus* stretch.  
Who sees her foul cadav'rous Face, will say,  
*Lo, the first Mortal that was made of Clay!*

Ep. 43. *On Philo.*

Thy Seventh Wife, *Philo*, 's bury'd in thy Field.  
No Land, than thine, a Richer Crop doth yield.

Ep. 44. *To Q. Ovidius.*

*Quinctus Ovidius* now resolv'd to see  
The Northern *Britains*, and the Ocean Sea,  
Charming *Nomentum* cannot him with-hold,  
His House and sweet Repose, altho' he's Old.  
All do thy Faith deservedly commend,  
Which, in contempt of Life, thou shew'st thy Friend,  
While on his exil'd Steps thou dost attend.

But

But tho' the Joys of Life thou thus delay,  
Thy Thread of Life the *Parcæ* will not stay,  
But rig'rouſly impute to thee each day.  
Return at length, and at thy Home remain ;  
Nor 'mong thy Friends, to count thy ſelf, diſdain.

Ep. 45. *On his Malignant Reader.*

If in my Books ought ſweet and gentle ſound,  
Ought celebrating famous Acts is found,  
Witleſs thou deem'ſt, a dry Bone valu'ſt more,  
Than ſuch choice Morſels of the nobleſt Boar.  
If Ranc'rous Spleen be thy belov'd Diſeaſe,  
My Candid Vein ſhall ne'er thy Malice pleaſe.

Ep. 47. *To Julius Martialis.*

What our Lives render moſt at eaſe,  
My deareſt *Martial*, they are theſe :  
*A' State that's left, not got with Toil ;*  
*A conſtant Fire, a fruitful Soil ;*  
*A quiet Life, from Law-Suits free ;*  
*But ſeldom that the Gown doth ſee ;*



*Ingenuous Strength, a Body sound ;  
 Prudent Plainness, Friends equal found ;  
 An artless Board, with easie Fare ;  
 A Night not Drunk, yet void of Care ;  
 A Bed not sowre, and yet that's Chaste ;  
 Sound Sleep, that makes Night seem to haste ;  
 Nought else, but what thou art, to wish to be,  
 The last Hour not to fear, or haste to see.*

Ep. 49. On Cotta.

When rich *Opimian* Wine thy self dost quaff,  
 Turn th' *Amethystin* Glasses often off,  
 Thou vile *Sabinum* offer'it unto me,  
 And say'it, *Wilt drink in Gold?* To shew thou'rt free.  
 Who cares (thy *Sordid* Nature to unfold,)  
 For *Leaden* Wine, tho' in a Cup of Gold?

Ep. 51. To Faustinus.

Now that the *Vernal* Constellations chase  
 The *Winters* Rage, and *Earth* renews her Face;  
 Now the *Fields* smile, and *Trees* fresh *Verdures* take,  
 And *Philomel* her charming 'Plaints does make;

R

What.

What Days, what Joys, does *Rome* from thee with-hold?  
 What Ease from City Toyl, not to be told?  
 O Woods! O Founts! O *Anxur*'s pleasant Strand!  
 Where rowling Waves wash o'er the glitt'ring Sand;  
 Where ev'n from Bed you divers Waters see,  
 Here Boats on Rivers glide, there on the Sea.

But some will urge, You do not here behold  
 The Capitol, the Temples rich with Gold  
 Embellish'd, which in Gorgeousness draw nigh,  
 The Heav'ns they represent, and with them vye;  
*Rome*'s august Bathes, nor Theatres, are here,  
 Her Grandure does not in the least appear.

Before you, both Advantages, I lay,  
 And now, I fancy, I do hear you say,  
 As Men, when with Ill Wives they can't agree,  
*Rome*, \* *Take what's thine, render what's mine to me.*

\* These were the form of Words used in Divorces.

Ep. 53. *An Epitaph on Scorpis.*

I am that *Scorpis*, Glory of the Race,  
*Rome*'s admir'd Joy, but Joy for a short space.

ld?

Among the Dead, *Fates* early me enroll'd,  
Numb'ring my Conquests, they did think me old.

and;

Ep. 56. *On Gallus*.

*Gallus*, thou'd'st have me thee attend alway,  
To pass th' *Aventine* three, four times a day.  
*Cascellius* Remedies to th' Teeth applies,  
*Heginus* to all Evils of the Eyes,  
*Fannius* Defluctions of all sorts can stay,  
*Eros* the Scars of Branding clear away;  
*Hermes* inveterate Ruptures will insure,  
Hast thou the Skill a broken State to cure?

Ep. 57. *To Sextus*.

You'd wont to send a Pound of Plate each Year,  
But half a Pound does now from you appear,  
And that of Spice. I buy not Spice so dear.

Ep. 58. *To Frontinianus*.

When I with thee near *Baia* was retir'd,  
Where all was easie, all to be admir'd;

Among

And nothing did the sweet Recess annoy,  
O, how the Muses we did both enjoy !  
Imperious *Rome* does my whole Life consume,  
'To say a Day is mine, I can't presume.  
I'th' City, as in a rough Sea, I'm toss'd,  
In fruitless Duties all my Time is lost.  
My barren Fields near *Rome* should give me Bread,  
Themselves in greater need are to be fed.

But not alone those Love, who never spare,  
Both day and night, the Great ones Gates to wear  
(A Toil unworthy of a Poets care)

By Sacred Muses, and the Gods above,  
When least Officious, I do truly Love.

Ep. 59. *On his Lazy and Nice Reader.*

If one sole Epigram takes up a Page,  
You turn it o'er, and will not there engage ;  
Consulting not its Worth, but your dear Ease ;  
And not what's Good, but what is Short, does please.  
I serve a Feast with all the richest Fare  
The Market yields, for Tarts you only care.

My Books not fram'd such liq'rish Guests to treat,  
But such as relish Bread, and solid Meat.

Ep. 61. *An Epitaph on Erotion.*

*Erotion's* early Ghost reposeth here,  
By Crime of *Fates* extinct in her sixth Year.  
Who after me is Owner of this Field,  
Grudge not the Dead th' annual Rites to yield:  
On all thou hast, so may good Fortune shine,  
And nought, beside this Stone, be sad that's thine.

Ep. 62. *To School-masters.*

Masters of Schools, your tender Scholars spare,  
So may you many Noble have and Fair;  
And the choice Crew, that crowns your Table round,  
In Numbers and in Love to you abound;  
That no Professors, whosoe'er they be,  
A Circle, like to yours, may round them see.

While burning Suns, the lengthen'd days, engage,  
The flaming Lion and the Dog-Star rage,  
Your Scepters fierce, the Ferula and Rod,  
(Fear'd more by Children, than the rival'd God

By \* *Marsyas* was) till Autumn comes, lay by;  
 The Season's Scourge enough, let all else dye.  
 Children, in Summer Months, when fierce Heats reign,  
 If Health they keep, Learning enough obtain.

\* *Marsyas* was so scourg'd by *Apollo*, that he was fabled to be flay'd alive

Ep. 65. To *Carmenion*.

When thou dost boast thy self of *Corinth* free,  
 And none can this Pretence deny to thee;  
*Carmenion*, unriddle by what Claim  
 Thou call'st me *Brother*, that was born in *Spain*.  
 So much do we resemble one the other,  
 That 'tis for Likeness thou may'st call me *Brother*?  
 Thou always comb'd and curl'd dost trimly go,  
 My harsh unruly Hair no Laws will know;  
 Thy Skin with Oyntment's ever soft and sleek,  
 Mine is o'ergrown with Bristles rough and thick;  
 In Lispering Speech thou greatly dost rejoyce,  
 My Daughter speaks with a more Manly Voice;  
 A Dove more like an Eagle does appear,  
 Than thou to me; a Lion to a Deer.

The name of *Brother*, prithee, then let fall,  
Unless thou would'st, I should thee *Sister* call.

Ep. 66. *On Theopompus*.

Who could so Cruel, who so Brutish be,  
For a Cook, *Theopomp*, to destine thee?  
Could any Soil that Face so sweetly Fair?  
Condemn to Soot and Grease that lovely Hair?  
None worthier with the Chrystal Glasse to stand,  
And praise the Wine with his more Chrystal Hand.  
For such a Fate, if beauteous Boys must look,  
Next News we hear; *Jove* doats upon a Cook.

Ep. 70. *To Potitus*.

That scarce one Book I publish in a Year,  
*Potitus*, slothful I to thee appear:  
But more, that One I write, thou may'st admire,  
Considering how much Time does, lost, expire.

At early Morn I give, the Great, Good day;  
Next, to my own Affairs, some time I pay;

To *Dian's* Temple oft I'm made to speed,  
To witness to a Will, or sign a Deed ;  
Then in the Courts of Law I'm forc'd t' attend ;  
I'th' Worship of the Gods some Time to spend ;  
And when a Poet does his Works recite,  
To give a day, is held a thing but light ;  
Nor can I this deny to those that Plead,  
To those on Rhetorick, and on Grammar read ;  
Congratulate I must each Friend's Success,  
Tho' I, on like account, ne'er knew Address ;  
Now harras'd out, at Even, 'tis time to think  
Of my \* *Days Hire*, to purchase Meat and Drink,  
To tend my self, towards the Bathes to look.  
What Time is here, *Potitus*, for a Book?

\* Sportulæ.

Ep. 72. *On the Emperor Trajan.*

With worn-out Lips, in vain thou importun'st me,  
Miserable and discarded *Flattery* ;  
The Style of *Lord and God* none dare abuse,  
Among the *Romans* now no more in use.  
To *Parthian* Kings, from whence you came, repair,  
Where Kissings of the Feet exacted are.

An



An Emperor we have, no God nor Lord ;  
 A Senator, whose Justice, all accord  
 None equals ; who plain *Truth* from Death has rais'd,  
 And for her Rustick Drefs and Mein is prais'd.  
*Rome*, if thou'rt wise, under this Prince forbare  
 Words, which in former Reigns so grateful were.

Ep. 74. *To Rome.*

Spare a tir'd Client, now at length, proud *Rome* :  
 How long must I submit unto the Doom,  
 To trot among the Daggled-Ushering-Train  
 Of poorer Gown-men, Leaden Coin to gain ?  
 While \* *Scorpus*, in one Hour alone o'th' day ?  
 Whole Bags of radiant Gold can bear away ?  
 I do not ask the Merit of my Book,  
 For Flocks in rich *Apulian* Pastures look ;  
 For *Glebes* of *Nile*, or *Hybla's* Honey Fields,  
 Or yet the Gen'rous Wines *Setinus* yields.  
 What is't, dost then require, which me would please ?  
 To sleep my fill, and pass my days in Ease.

\* A Chariot-driver.

Ep. 75. *On Galla.*

*Galla*, times past, ask'd me an hundred Pound :  
 And 'twas not much, where such a Form was found.  
 After one Year, Fifty was her Demand :  
 Methought, she now was at a dearer hand.  
 Some time laps'd : Says she, Twenty you'll bestow ?  
 Ten I shall gladly : But she answer'd, No.  
 Two or three Months, I know not which, pass'd more :  
 Then she ask'd Nobles, and of them, but four,  
 And I refus'd. Well, send a hundred Pence :  
 But this seem'd then too much, and I went thence,  
 She next, my poor dry *Sportula* did crave.  
 Good truth, said I, that to my Boy I gave.  
*Was't possible, that she should lower go ?*  
 Yes : *Gratis* she offer'd, and I said, No.

Ep. 76. *On Mevius.*

Does this thing, *Fortune*, equal seem to thee,  
 'That one not from a *Syrian* late set free,  
 Or from a Slave, hoist to a Knight's Degree,

But

But of *Rome* born, of *Romulus* own Race,  
 Just, Friendly, Good, in Wit to none gives place,  
 Learn'd in both Tongues, whose Crime is only this,  
 (But 'tis a great One) *He a Poet is*;  
 Should shiver in a Garment poor and old,  
 While a vile Jocky branches it in Gold?

Ep. 79. On *Torquatus* and *Otacilius*.

*Torquatus* goodly Mansion strikes the Eye  
 Four Miles from *Rome*; just to the Town as nigh,  
 A petty Farm did *Otacilius* buy.

A Bath, of various Marbles, rarely wrought,  
*Torquatus* built; straight *Otacilius* bought,  
 For like employ, a Tub and Kettle. When  
*Torquatus* Ranks of Laurels set: Thou then  
 A hundred Nuts didst *Otacilius* sow,  
 Supposing like Magnificence to show.  
*Torquatus* Consul; Beadle of his Ward,  
 The other thought himself as great a Lord.  
 What Fables of the Ox and Frog relate,  
 At last will prove poor *Otacilius* Fate.

Ep. 80. *On Eros.*

*Eros* drops Tears, when-e'er he does behold,  
Fair Jewels, Pictures, Antick Works of Gold;  
Sighs from his Heart, that home he cannot bear,  
What e'er the Shops expose of glorious Ware.  
How many do the same, but make no show?  
Laugh at such Tears, and yet the same Grief know.

Ep. 82. *To Gallus.*

If my Vexation cou'd thy State amend,  
Morning, nay Mid-night, gown'd, I'd thee attend;  
The shrill and piercing North Winds blasts I'd bear,  
Break through deep Snows, no stormy Season fear:  
But when these Toiles make thee not one Doit more  
Happy, which to th' Ingenious are so fore;  
To a tir'd Friend remit such Labours vain,  
Which thee no Profit bring, but me much Pain.

Ep. 89. *On the Statue of Juno.*

Thy *Juno*, *Polyclet*, (most matchless Piece!)  
May well contest the proudest Hand of Greece.

Had but the Goddess shone with such a Grace  
In *Ida*, both her Rivals had given place.  
Tho' his own *Juno*, *Jove* did ne'er approve,  
Before his brightest Strumpets thine he'd love.

Ep. 96. *To Avitus*.

That I so often talk of Remote Lands,  
My native *Salo* Thirst, and *Tagus* Sands;  
The Plenty of a homely Farm desire,  
And yet grow Old in *Rome*, thou dost admire.

That Place, *Avitus*, most does please, in which  
A little Wealth both Riots, and makes Rich.  
The barren Field must here be ever fed,  
Which there, Untill'd, will give the Owner Bread.  
The Niggard Fire scarce warms the Chimny here,  
The bounteous Blaze there the whole House does cheer.  
Here Hunger's dear, the Shambles all confound,  
Thy Table's loaden there from thine own Ground.  
Four Gowns a Year are here consum'd, and more,  
There one will serve, to rub out the whole four.  
Go then, the Great adore : What they deny,  
Thy Field alone, *Avitus*, will supply.

Ep. 100. *To the Stealer of his Verses.*

Why dost thou mix my Verses, Fool, with thine;  
What has thy jarring Strain to do with mine?  
Why dost thou yoke the Lion, and the Afs?  
Seek to make Owls, for noble Eagles, pass?  
Had'st thou, *fond Sot*, swift *Ladas* Foot, for one,  
The other Wood, in vain it were to run.

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 L I B. XI.
 

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Ep. 4. *To his Book.*

**N**OT only those at Ease my Verses love,  
 And the more Civiliz'd my Muse approve :  
 But the rough Soldier does my Leaves o'erlook,  
 'Mongst Snows and Martial Ensigns reads my Book.  
 The *Britains* too are said, my Verse to sing.  
 But what does this unto my Coffers bring?  
 What living Numbers from my Quill would flow !  
 What Blasts would my *Pierian* Trumpet blow !  
 If as *Augustus* now again does reign.  
 I also a *Mecenas* could obtain.

Ep. 5. *To Nerva.*

The *Phrygian* Gods and Sacred Rites to save,  
 Up to the Flames the *Trojan* Hero gave  
 Troy's Wealth; *Jove*, *Juno*, whom we now behold,  
 With *Pallas*, first engrav'd in purest Gold,

And

And *Janus*, who records the happy day  
Of *Numa's* Reign. To all I Pious pray,  
The Senate may be safe, the Princes Throne,  
By his Example all may live, he by his own.

Ep. 6. *In praise of Nerva.*

Thy love of Right and Justice, *Cæsar*, 's more  
Than *Numa's* was, and *Numa* yet was poor.  
'Tis rare, when Riches cannot taint the Mind,  
In *Cræsus* Wealth, a *Numa's* Soul to find.  
If our old *Romans* of Renowned Name,  
(Dispens'd with in *Elizium*) hither came,  
*Camillus*, thee t' obey, would think it free;  
*Fabricius* would take Gold, if giv'n by thee;  
In such a King, *Brutus* would take delight;  
*Sylla*, to thee, resign th' Imperial Right;  
*Cæsar* and *Pompey*, private Men would live;  
And *Crassus* his lov'd Treasure to thee give;  
*Cato* himself, if *Fates* would set him free,  
Return'd to Earth, would a *Cæsarean* be.



Ep. 7. *To Rome.*

While *Saturn's* Feast and jovial days remain,  
 In which good Chear, Mirth, and Dice only reign ;  
 To sport in looser Verse, I do presume  
 Thou dost permit, Sacred Indulgent *Rome*.  
 The Goddess smil'd, which spoke her free Consent.

Be far remov'd from hence pale Discontent,  
 My Muse produce Verse of a sprightly Air,  
 Which flow without Solicitude and Care ;  
 Crown both my Head and Cups Attendant Boy,  
 As *Nero's* were, when he'd himself enjoy :  
 But fill them oft'ner, fill them to the Brim,  
 I can do nought, unless in Wine I swim :  
 The Wit of many will in me be found,  
 If I with their Enjoyments do abound.  
*Rome*, if *Catullus* Plenty thou'lt bestow,  
 I'll frame a Verse his *Sparrow* shall out-go.

Ep. 14. *An Epitaph on Paris the Player.*

Who passes the *Flaminian* way,  
 At this Innobled Marble stay.

The City's Darling, *Egypt's* Wit,  
Who Art and Grace the best did hit,  
And Mirth unto all Humours fit.  
The Grief, the Glory, of *Rome's* Stage,  
The Love, the Beauty, of the Age,  
Do here entomb'd with *Paris* lye,  
And did with him together dye.

Ep. 18. *To Sabinus.*

Not all my Verse for Nights loose Hours are writ,  
Many you'll find the sober Morning fit.

Ep. 19. *To Lupus.*

A Farm thou gav'st me joyning to the Town,  
My Window holds one of much more renown.  
This a Farm call you? Is't a Farm d'you say?  
A Tuft of Rue, *Diana's* Grove you may  
As well suppose. For what you will't may pass;  
Spice it affords, as much as Herbs or Grasse.  
A Pismire in one day would eat it bare,  
An Earwig starve out-right for want of Fare :

In it a Violet cannot blow and spread,  
Much less a Mushrome raise his spacious head ;  
A Cucumber lye straight upon the ground,  
A Snake conceal it self from being found.  
A single Mole both digs and plows the Soil,  
A wretched Mouse does all lay waste and spoil;  
And by my Hinde 'tis apprehended more,  
Than *Calydonia* fear'd th' enraged Boar.  
All that the yearly Harveſt does afford,  
A Swallow in her little Neſt may hoard,  
Bear the whole Income in her Claw or Bill,  
Nor will my Vintage a pitch'd Nut-shell fill.  
Miſtaken words thy deed of Gift do frame,  
What's but a Mole-hill, Mounts and Meadows name.

## Ep. 25. To Labullus.

While I attend thy ſteps early and late,  
Afford an Ear unto thy idle Prate,  
Applaud what-e'er by thee is done, or ſaid,  
How many Exc'lent Verſes might be made ?  
This thou account'ſt no Loſs ; altho' that *Rome*  
Reads them with Joy, far Nations bear them home ;

Knights and Patricians make them their Delight,  
Lawyers admire, and Poets also spight.  
And can I this digest? That for thy sake,  
Only thy Train more Numerous to make,  
My Books shou'd fewer be? So to engage,  
That scarce in thirty days I write one Page?  
But thus it is, for Cheer, when Poets come,  
And will not be content to Sup at home.

Ep. 28. *To Flaccus*.

Thou'rt Iron, *Flaccus*, if to such a Dame,  
Who begs vile Gifts, thou can'st keep up a Flame;  
Cow-heels does ask, Tripes, Sprats, and Scraps of Fish,  
And a whole Pompion, holds too much, to wish:  
To whom her Maid, joyful t' have got, does pour  
Cheap Pulse, which greedily she does devour:  
And when she's bold, and will all shame depose,  
Begg Yarn enough to knit a pair of Hose.

My Wench Perfumes exacts, both Rich and Rare,  
Rubies and Pearls, and those must also Pair;  
Choice Naples Silk, with her, will only pass,  
An hundred Crowns in Gold, she begs, like Brass.

Give And

Give I such Gifts, dost say, a Miss to please?

No: But I'd have her Merit such as these.

Ep. 30. *On an old wanton Lady.*

When with Caresses thou would'st me excite,

All Virile Pow'r thou dost extinguish quite:

For when thou call'st me *Love*, thy *Life*, and *Dear*,

The Surfeit I digest not in a Year.

These were due Arts, when thou wert Young and Fair,

Thou dost not know what aged Toys are.

*I give thee Martial, say, Ten thousand Pound,*

*My Mannor House, with all the Fertile Ground;*

*I give thee Jewels, Plate, whole Caves of Wine.*

These, without Love tricks, do to Love incline.

Ep. 33. *On Nestor.*

When not a Pan of Coals, a rotten Bed,  
A Mat thou hast, whereon to lay thy Head,

A Coat, a Boy, a Child, a bare-bon'd Jade,

A Dog, a Dish, towards the Beggars Trade:

Yet *Nestor* thou affect'st, *Poor to be said,*

And 'mong the People tax'd, and have a Head.

Th' aspir'ft in vain unto fuch high Esteem.  
Who *Nothing* has, a *Rogue*, not *Poor*, we deem.

Ep. 35. *On Aper.*

(dwell,

Ith' Houfe thou'ft bought, none but an Owl will  
So dark, fo freight, fo ruinous, the Cell.  
But *Maro's* splendid *Villa* is hard by,  
Here trimly thou wilt eat, tho' fordid lye.

Ep. 36. *On Fabullus.*

When thou invit'ft a Crowd, and Strangers all,  
Wonder'ft I come not alfo at thy Call?  
A Crowd to me, and Solitude, are one,  
And I, *Fabullus*, never Sup alone.

Ep. 38. *On Zoilus.*

Why *Zoilus* doft thou bury, not enfold,  
A Di'mond fpark in a whole pound of Gold?  
When late a Slave, this Ring thy Leg might wear,  
But fuch a weight thy Finger cannot bear.

Ep. 40. *On Charidemus.*

Thou rock'd'st my Cradle, when I was a Child,  
My Tutor were't in my young Years and wild :  
But now my Beard the Barbers Cloth does stain,  
And all I Kifs of my rough Beard complain,  
To thee alone I yet a Boy appear,  
Whose foudreness my whole Family do fear ;  
To Love, or Game, are not allow'd to me,  
Ty'd up in all, but all to thee are free ;  
Thou chid'st, thou griev'st, thou fiercely dost complain,  
From using of a Rod can'st scarce refrain,  
If I anoint my Head, in Purple go,  
But cry'st aloud, *His Father ne'er did so* ;  
Frowning thou counts my Cups, as if the Wine  
Came not from my own Sellar, but from thine.  
Thus to be Slave, and *Cato* too, forbare,  
That I write Man, thy Daughter can declare.

Ep. 45. *On one Old and Childless.*

Now thou art Childless, Rich, 'bove measure Old,  
The Love profess'd to thee, sincere dost hold?

*True Love I have found.* Yes, when Young and Poor;  
Who love thee now, do love thy Death much more.

Ep. 53. To Julius.

Trimly to Sup, *Julius*, I thee invite :  
If better be not offer'd, come to Night,  
We'll bathe together, at six a Clock be here,  
*Nero's* Baths, to my House, you know, are near.

Melons and Figs, for Antc-past, I'll serve,  
Other Regalio's, which are deem'd to have  
The grateful Properties Health to preserve,  
And quicken Appetite. If you ask, What more?  
I'll lye, to make you come. Oysters, Wild Boar,  
Choice fatted Fowl ta'en from the Coop or Pens,  
Those nobler yet, that range the Woods and Fens :  
Such as ev'n *Stells* rarely does afford,  
Tho' altogether Princely is his Board.

I'll promise more, no Verses I'll recite,  
To hear yours read, I'll dedicate the Night,  
Your *Giants War*, your *Art of Tilling Fields*,  
Which not in Worth t' immortal *Virgil's* yields.



## Ep. 54. On Claudia Rufina.

*Claudia Rufina's* Birth while *Britain* claims,  
Her frame of Mind excels the *Latian* Dames;  
So Graceful Fair, her, *Roman* Matrons deem,  
Their *Lucrece*; *Greeks*, their *Helen*, her esteem.  
And such a fruitful Off-spring she has brought,  
When marry'd, will a Colony be thought.  
His Faith may *Pudens* to no other plight,  
And in his Children she alone delight.

## Ep. 56. To Urbicus.

*Lupus*, to be a Father, counsels thee;  
Believe him not, there's nought he less wou'd see.  
One Art of Cheating's to perswade Men to  
What they detest of all things they shou'd do.  
To say she's big, but with thy Wife prevail,  
*Lupus*, like one that breeds, will look more pale.  
Take my advice, if me a Friend you deem;  
Die so to him, you may a \* Father seem.

\* That is, Give him nothing.

Ep. 57. *On Cheremon.*

That Death thou so immod'rately dost praise,  
 Thou hop'st in all Astonishment to raise.  
 This Courage a crack'd Pitcher does inspire,  
 A Chimny cold, without a spark of Fire;  
 A Couch, with Straw and Vermin, only dight,  
 A curtal thread-bare Coat, for Day and Night.  
 How *Great a Man* art thou, can'st bid farewell  
 To Brown-bread Crufts, Wine Lees, a nasty Cell?

Go to: Let now thy Bed be strutting full  
 Of softest Down, thy Blankets Scarlet Wool;  
 Let her lye by thee, Graces so the Feasts,  
 And more than all the Wine, inflames the Guests.  
 Oh, how thou'dst wish, thou mightst live *Nestor's* years!  
 How ev'ry Minute lost, thou'dst count with Tears!

In a Poor State, their Lives, Men eas'ly give;  
 He's held the Bravest then, that dares to live.

Ep. 58. *To Severus.*

That I invite, and Verses to thee send,  
 Wonder'st, *Severus*, Rich and Learned Friend?

*Jove*, sated with *Ambrosia* still doth live;  
 Yet Wine and Frankincense to *Jove* we give.  
 If, with Abundance full, thou dost reject,  
 Such as thou hast, there's nought thou can'st accept.

Ep. 60. *On Charinus*.

*Charinus* Fingers with Rings loaden are,  
 Which in the very Bath he still does wear,  
 Nor puts them off at night : D'ye wonder why?  
 They're borrow'd, and he dares not lay them by.

Ep. 66. *On Justinus*.

*Justin*, upon thy Solemn Birth-day Feast,  
 No fewer than six hundred were thy Guest :  
 Among the which, times past, I had the Grace,  
 To hold, unenvy'd, no inferior place:  
 But now, to th' Reliques of the second day,  
 If so I like, to be thy Guest I may.  
 Unto six hundred born, to day, then be,  
 To morrow first thou shalt be born to me.

That is, Never either to present, or own thee.

Ep. 67. *On Vacerra.*

Thou art a Slanderer and Delator,  
 False Dealer, Pimp, and Fornicator :  
 Where such rare Parts and Trades are Found,  
 I wonder much, thy Purse does not abound.

Ep. 68. *On Maro.*

Thou nought on me, while living, wilt bestow,  
 But All, when thou descend'st to Shades below.  
 Thou dot'st, if, what I wish, thou dost not know.

Ep. 69. *To Matho.*

From greatest Men thou dost small things require,  
 Who yet comply not with thy Low Desire.  
 The less to blush, to greater things aspire.

Ep. 70. *On the Bitch Lydia.*

I trained was, by Masters of the Game, (tame ;  
 I'th' Field no Hound more fierce, i'th' House more  
 Lydia my Name, my Owner's right Hand held,  
 Erigones Dog, not me, in Faith excell'd,

Nor *Lelaps* yet, for whose great Truth 'tis told,  
By *Jove*, among the Stars, he was enroll'd.  
Like \* *Argus* a long Life I did not spend    *Ulysses* Dog.  
In Sloth, by useleſs Age brought to my End :  
But the fierce Tusks of an enraged Boar,  
Like that of *Calydon*, my Entrails tore.  
Nor of my early Death do I complain,  
A nobler Fate I could no way ſuſtain.

Ep. 72. *On Leda*.

To her old Husband *Leda* made her moan,  
That her Hyſterick Fits were helpleſs grown :  
And that her Life, no hope there was, to ſave,  
Unleſs her Honour, for her Life, ſhe gave.  
But Sighing then, and drown'd in Tears, ſhe ſaid,  
Than that way cur'd, 'twere better to be dead.

The old Man begg'd, that ſhe her Life would ſpare,  
And of her youthful Years have tender Care :  
Said, He'd give leave that others might ſupply,  
What Age in him did to her help deny.  
Straight young and able Doctors *Leda* knew,  
Were ſent for ; and the Women all withdrew.

They

An horrid Cancer seiz'd her lovely Face,  
Devour'd and poyson'd all her youthful Grace;  
Spar'd not her rosie Mouth, Love's Seat of Bliss,  
But eat the Lips, that ravish'd with each Kiss.  
This dire Disease we justly curse and blame,  
That left but half her Face to th' Fun'ral Flame.

If with such winged speed Fate needs must come,  
Why yet so barb'rous and severe the Doom?  
Her charming Speech Death hasted to suspend,  
Lest rigid Gods, mov'd by her Words, should bend.

Ep. 93. *On Zoilus.*

*Zoilus*, he ly'd, who said, Thou Vicious wert:  
When not Vicious, but Vice it self, thou art.

Ep. 94. *On Theodore, an ill Poet.*

Flames, *Theodore's* Pierian Roofs, did seize.  
Can this *Apollo*, this the *Muses*, please?  
O over-sight of Gods! O dire Disaster!  
To burn the harmless House, and spare the Master.

Ep. 99. *To Bassus*:

Those *Kiss*s in *Rome*, no means there is to shun,  
They meet you, stop you, after you they run,  
Press you before, behind, to each side cleave,  
No Place, no Time, no Men, exempted leave;  
A dropping Nose, salv'd Lips, can none relieve,  
Gangrenes, foul running Sores, any relieve;  
They Kiss those Sweat, and those that shake with Cold,  
Lovers, their Mistress last Kiss, cannot hold;  
A Chair is no defence, with Curtains guarded,  
With Door and Windows shut, and closely warded,  
The *Kissers*, through a Chink, will find a way,  
Presume the Tribune, Consul's self to stay;  
Nor can the awful Rods, or Lictor's Mace,  
His stounding Voice away these *Kissers* chace,  
But they'll ascend the *Rostra*, Curule Chair,  
The Judges kiss, while they give Sentence there.  
Those Laugh they kiss, and those that Sigh and Weep;  
Those that do Yawn, and those that are asleep;  
Those who do bathe, and recreate at the Pool,  
Who are withdrawn, to ease themselves at Stool.

Against this Plague, I know no Fence, but this,  
Make him thy Friend, whom thou abhorr'st to kiss.

Ep. 101. *To Flaccus.*

Her, I by no means fancy, who does bring  
A Body, to b'encompass'd with my Ring; (Spear;  
Who, when she's naked, grates; whose Rump's a  
Hippo, Saws; whose Knees, as Gaul-traps, I may fear.  
Corpulence, as much the other way, annoys:  
Flesh I approve, but Fat my Stomach cloy.

Ep. 103. *On Lydia.*

He ly'd not, *Lydia*, who pronounc'd thee Fair,  
For Flesh and Blood, none may with thee compare.  
This is most true, while thou dost Silent stand,  
Like some Rare Piece of a great Master's Hand.  
But when thou speak'st, ev'n such thy Beauty's gon,  
And their own Tongue none ever so did wrong.  
Let not the *Ædile* hear thee Silence break:  
It is a Portent, if an Image speak.



Ep. 109. *To his Reader.*

With my long Book, thou well may'st glutted be,  
Yet thou more Epigrams exact'st of me:  
But *Lupus* calls for Use, Servants for Pay,  
Discharge them Reader. Now thou'st nought to say,  
Dissemblest, as my words thou cou'd'st not spell.  
No Riddle thou'rt to me, Reader, Farewell.

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Ep. 4. *To Priscus.*

**W**HAT unto *Flaccus*, and to *Maro* thee  
*Mecenas* was of Royal Pedigree;  
 Most Noble *Priscus*, That thou art to me.  
 Which loudest Fame, and my long-living Verse,  
 Unto all Times and Nations shall rehearse:  
 For th' Name I have, and Wit, I owe thee both,  
 Whose Bounty does maintain my *Learned Sloth*.

Ep. 6. *On Nerva.*

Now God's mild *Nerva* to the Empire give,  
 Unto the *Muses* we may wholly live.  
 Clemency, wary Pow'r, and Faith upright,  
 Possess the Throne, and put all Fear to flight;  
 Thus pray the Nations, *Rome*, and Pious Throng,  
*Their Prince may still be such, and this Prince long.*

Enlarge

Enlarge those Virtues we so rare do see,  
Which *Numa's*, or else *Cato's* pleas'd might be.  
Bestow, enrich, the poor Man's Stock extend,  
What Gods scarce give, let thy free Bounty send.  
'Tis lawful now, and safe; but then thou durst,  
Ev'n in a wicked Reign and Age, be Just.

Ep. 8. *In praise of Trajan.*

Queen of the Nations, *Rome*, that has no Peer,  
(Whom none does equal, none approaches near)  
Lately with Joy computing *Trajan's* Years,  
The Ages she shou'd pass, and know no Fears;  
As she so fam'd a Captain did behold,  
And yet a Soldier Stout, Young, Martial, Bold,  
Proud of her Prince, thus vauntingly she spoke,  
Parthians, Britains, *submit unto my* Toke;  
Thracians, Scythians, *I've a Cæsar now*,  
*Come pay your Tribute, to my Eagles bow.*

Ep. 9. *On the same.*

Now Gracious *Cæsar*, *Palma* rules our *Spain*,  
Peace, long a Stranger, has restor'd again :

We Thanks return thee for so great a Grace,  
That thine own Vertues thou 'mongst us dost place.

Ep. 10. *On Affricanus*.

*Affrican* Millions has, and yet does groan,  
*Fortune* can give too much, enough to none.

Ep. 11. *To Parthenius*.

All Health to my and thy *Parthenius* bring,  
My Muse; for who in the *Aonian* Spring  
E'er deeper drank? From the *Pimplean* Cave,  
Whose Harp a sweeter nobler Sound e'er gave?  
Who of th' inspired and immortal Quire,  
Does *Phæbus* self more love or more admire?  
Request when he the Prince does vacant know,  
(which hardly can be hop'd) my Book to show,  
With these few words my humble Verse to speed,  
This Man, dread *Cæsar*, all thy *Rome* does read.

Ep. 13. *To Auctus*.

To make a Gain of Anger, rich Men know.  
'Tis cheaper to be Angry, than bestow.

Ep. 14. *To Priscus.*

To ride so rashly, I advise, forbare,  
In pursuit, *Priscus*, of a paultry Hare;  
'The Hunter by his Game has oft been slain,  
Cast from his Horse, his Back cou'd ne'er re-gain;  
The Fields are treach'rous, tho' no Hedge or Stone,  
No Ditch appear, plain Ground destroys alone.  
Examples want not of the thing I say,  
Less Causes have produc'd a fatal Day.  
If gen'rous Dangers only thee delight,  
'Twere nobler to engage the Boar in fight.  
With running speed thou lov'st to venture wreck,  
Likelier than catch the Hare, to break thy Horse's neck.

Ep. 15. *To Trajan the Emperor.*

What-e'er the Palace late did splendid shew,  
Now to the Gods is given, and publick view.  
*Jove*, in his Temple, does the Cups admire,  
Whose Gold and Jewels flash like Flames of Fire:  
Astonish'd, former Princes Pride, to see,  
Such their stupendious matchless Luxury !

To *Jove* alone belong Vessels so rare,  
The *Phrygian* Boy, such radiant Cups to bear.

With Gods we now do all in Wealth abound,  
Poverty scarce, among the Mean, is found:  
I shame, I shame to say, how heretofore,  
Together with the Gods, we all were Poor,

Ep. 17. *On Lentinus*.

*Lentinus*, that thy Feaver does remain  
So many days, thou sadly dost complain.  
It bathes with thee, 'tis carry'd in thy Chair,  
Eats Oysters with thee, Mushrooms, Ven'son, Hare;  
And drunk with noblest Wines 'tis often made,  
Nor do these please, if not with Snow allay'd;  
With Roses crown'd, it sumptuously does feast,  
And in a purple downy Bed takes rest.  
While it with thee does fare so rich and well,  
Think'st thou, with poor starv'd *Dama* it will dwell?

Ep. 18. *To Juvenal*.

While restless thou *Saburras* noisy Street  
Dost tread, or passing oft with weary Feet,

Mak'st

Mak'st even a Path up to *Diana's* Hill,  
A Clients toilsome Duties to fulfil;  
Or Sweating in thy waving Gown, the less  
And greater *Calius* puts thee to distress;  
My native *Biblis*, rich in Steel and Gold,  
A Rustick of her Town has me enroll'd :  
Here with sweet Labour, causes no annoy,  
I *Platea* and *Boterdus* both enjoy.

These are the coarse rude names of Towns in *Spain*,  
Where after thirty Winters spent in pain,  
And waking Morns in *Rome*, I rest regain.  
Such stintless and profound Repose I take,  
That the ninth hour can hardly me awake.

A Gown is here unknown; some tatter'd Weed,  
On my demand, is given me in its stead.

A blazing Fire receives me, when I rise,  
Which neighbouring Woods abundantly supplies;  
The which my Country Maid with Pots besets,  
Against my Huntsman comes with loaded Nets;  
To trim a Youth, and 'bove the common strain,  
As may seduce *Diana's* Virgin Train.

My

My Bayliff begs the Boys may cut their Hair,  
 That in some useful Labour they may share,  
 Their pains, as under growth, not still deny.  
 Thus I delight to live, and thus to die.

Ep. 21. *On Marcella.*

Who can, *Marcella*, thee suppose to be  
 Of *Spanish* Birth, and our rough *Salo* free?  
 So choice, so sweetly grac'd, that at first sight,  
 The *Palace* challenge may in thee a Right.  
 Not one in the *Suburra* can compare  
 With thee, or who boasts yet a courtlier Air.  
 Were other Beauties from the Nations sought,  
 None would a *Latian* Dame, like thee, be thought.  
 Thou mak'st the City's loss easie to be:  
 For thou alone art *Rome*, and more to me.

Ep. 25. *On Thelesinus.*

Money thou'st none, without Pawn; but at hand,  
 If for Security I'll gage my Land.  
 What thou'lt not trust to me, thy ancient Friend,  
 To Trees and Mole-hills thou'rt content to lend.



Lo, the Delator, Wretch, impeaches thee,  
 Call now unto thy Patronage a Tree :  
 Exil'd, thou want'st a Friend with thee to go,  
 Can'st make a Field Companion of thy Woe?

Ep. 26. *On an Unjust Friend.*

'Cause thou, at early Morn, the Great dost see,  
 And tread their Courts, thy self of Lords Degree,  
 but a Knight, seem slothful unto thee,  
 That, at first day, abroad I do not roam,  
 To bring, when tir'd, a thousand Kisses home.  
 What thou dost do, 's a Consulship to gain,  
 Or else some wealthy Province to obtain.  
 Whom, to break my Sleep, thou dost require,  
 And patiently to brook the Mornings Mire,  
 What get I, when my Toes break out a Door  
 Thro' my torn Shooe, and Clouds fierce Show'rs down  
 And not a Servant have, dry Clothes to bring, (pour,  
 But while benum'd and drown'd you may me wring,  
 Letorius sends to call me to a Treat?  
 Let ne'er so Rich, 'twere better never eat.

A Province is thy Lot, a Meal is mine,  
My Toyl's the same, but not my Gain, with thine.

Ep. 30. *On Aper.*

*Aper's* a Sober Man. What's this to me?  
A Slave I so commend, a Friend that's free.

Ep. 32. *On Vacerra.*

O Jest and Shame of such as Households move,  
When *July* comes, and do new Dwellings prove!  
I saw thy Stuff, *Vacer*, thy Stuff I saw,  
Which, for thy Rent, not seized on by Law,  
Thy Landlord rather glad, such Trash to spare,  
Thy red-fac'd Wife, with sev'n red Hairs, did bear,  
Help'd by thy Giant Sister, and thy Mother;  
Men thought the Furies there were got together;  
For such their Number was, and such their Faces,  
That *Pluto* seem'd t' have lent thee his *three Graces*.  
The *Irus* of thy Age, thou these didst follow,  
Thy Skin, like season'd Box, distain'd and yellow;  
With Cold and Hunger, also dry'd and parch'd:  
All Beggars-Bush, the People thought, had march'd.

A two-legg'd Table, and a three-legg'd Bed  
 There went; a Pan with Fire, on thine own Head.  
 A Sconce and Goblet all of massy Horn,  
 A Jordan, it self Pissing, as 'twas bor'n;  
 Stale Sprats and Pilchards could not be conceal'd,  
 Their obscene Scent, their Presence there reveal'd.  
 Nor did there want to go in State with these,  
 A Cantle of unsav'ry *Tholose* Cheese;  
 A Wisp of Penyroial, four Years old;  
 A Rope, which Onions had, but pick'd, and bald;  
 A Pot of Turpentine, thy Mother's Care,  
 The Brothel Dames with such, fetch off their Hair.

Why mock'st thou Landlords, and dost Houses see,  
 When *Gratis, Vacer*, may thy Dwelling be?  
 Such Pomp of Goods, such Household-Stuff pertains  
 To High-ways, Hedges, Bridges, and to Lanes.

Ep. 34. *To Julius Martialis.*

Thirty four Years, I take it, thou and I,  
*Julius*, have kept each other company,  
 In which some Jars, with much content, did meet;  
 But yet the greatest part was ever sweet;

And

And should I mark the days with black and white  
Stones, most would be the Number of the bright.

If in thy Life much Anguish thou'dst avoid,  
With griping Pangs not have thy Heart annoy'd,  
Wed thy self too much to the love of none,  
Less thou wilt Joy, but less thou'lt also Groan.

Ep. 35. *On Callistratus.*

That thou may'st seem more freely to converse,  
Some past Venereal Crimes thou dost confess:  
But yet in this thou dost not clearly deal,  
Who tells such Faults, yet fouler does conceal.

Ep. 36. *On Labullus.*

That none, but thou, does in these days extend  
A pinching Gift, unto a needy Friend,  
Think not for this, thou'rt Noble. *No? How then?*  
Only the Best, among the Worst of Men.  
In bounteous Acts the Seneca's restore,  
The Piso's; but then, those of heretofore;  
Else 'mong the Good, thou'lt hold the Lowest Place.  
Would'st thou contend in swiftness of the Race?

\* *Passerin*, and fleet \* *Tiger*, then o'erpass,  
It is no Glory to out-run an Ass.

\* Two Famous Race-Horses.

Ep. 40. *On Pontilianus.*

Ill Verses dost thou make? I them admire.  
Dost drink? I the Debauch do carry higher.  
Dost lye? Assent I give. Dost Fart? I'm mum.  
Gam'st thou? I am content to be o'ercome.  
One thing thou dost alone, I must confess,  
Which not to name, my Kindness does express,  
Will't nought for all return? Thou answer'st, Ay,  
In my last Will. I ask no more, but dye.

Ep. 44. *To Marcus Ubicus.*

We both in Name and Blood allyed are,  
And to like Studies, like Affection bear:  
Thy Brothers Verse when, thine, thou set'st before,  
Thy Art's not less, but Piety is more:  
When thee *Corinna*, *Lesbia* wou'd admire,  
Equal to those they did themselves inspire:  
When, if thou'd'st spread thy Wings, a brisker Air,  
And loftier Numbers none e'er higher bear:

Thou

Thou flag'st thy Plumes, restrain'st thy soaring Vein,  
And shew'st thy self a Brother here again.

Ep. 46. *To Classicus.*

*Zoilus* and *Gallus* for their Poems had  
Great Sums. Who says, That Poets now are Mad?

Ep. 48. *To a Sumptuous Treater.*

If Thrush and Boar you serve, as common Meat,  
Not as my Highest Wish, I take your Treat :  
But if you think me Bless'd, would have me write  
You down my Heir, for Oysters; then good Night.  
Treat.] *The Supper yet is rare. Mart.*] No doubt most rare,  
But what, to morrow, will be this day's Fare?  
Nay, within one hour? The unhappy Broom  
And Mop can best declare, whose wretched Doom  
It is to know; or else some Jakes or Sink,  
Or hungry Dog, that ridd away the Stink.  
And then, with your high Meats w'are sure to meet  
A Jaundice Colour, and Gout-torturing Feet.  
*Minerva's* Feast I weigh not at that rate,  
Nor *Jove's* set out with greater Pomp and State.

Should

Should Gods impute their Nectar unto me,  
Vile, as the Lees of Vinegar, 'twould be.  
For your Choice Meats some other Guest then find,  
Who suits a proud Board with a servile Mind:  
T' extemp'ry Meals let a Friend me invite,  
That Treat does like me best, I can requite.

Ep. 50. *On one that had a Gay Horse.*

Th'ast Groves of Choicest Trees, Bathes more than  
But, for more State, which serve to thee alone; (one,  
Thy Portico's, on Columns high, do soar,  
The trampled Onyx glisters on thy Floor;  
The winged Chariots praise thy sandy Race;  
The murm'ring Founts run waste in ev'ry place;  
Large are thy Courts, and Spacious is thy Hall;  
But Place, to eat or sleep, th'ast none at all,  
Of useful Rooms I can no Story tell.  
How rarely, we may say, thou dost not Dwell!

Ep. 51. *On Fabullus.*

Wonder'st, *Fabullus* oft deceiv'd, to see?  
A Good Man will, a Novice, ever be.

Ep. 53. *To Sparfus.*

Why to the Country I so oft retire,  
A rude and barren Farm, if you enquire?  
The Town, no place for Rest, or Thoughts, does leave  
The Mean; School-boys i'th' Morn our Sleeps bereave,  
The Bakers Mills at Night, and the whole Day  
The Braziers and the Coyners Hammers play;  
Hemp beaters their dull Thumpings never cease,  
Nor *Mars's* raving Priests e'er hold their peace;  
Pity to move, the Wreck'd, forc'd Voices use,  
As, by their Mothers taught, do begging *Jews*;  
The loud Vociferations not to tell,  
Of those that Brooms and Brimstone-matches sell;  
The clam'rous Factors of such viler Ware,  
Care to be heard, but not whose Ears they tare.  
When that the Moon's eclips'd, you may as well  
The Tinklings of the Pans and Kettles tell,  
The Tintamars, when Witches her molest,  
As count the various Dins the Town infest.

*Sparfus*, you know not this, nor can it know,  
So much you to your Princely Mannor owe,

Which



Which seated on a sweet and pleasant Plain,  
Ev'n Solitude of Mountains does disdain ;  
Where you the Country, in the Town, enjoy,  
Vinerons in the depth of *Rome*, employ ;  
Nor in *Campania* does the noblest Hill  
Yield richer Wines, than those your Vessels fill.  
What is there Useful or Delightful found,  
But in your Lordly Precinct does abound ?  
Your profound Sleeps, troubles from nought, receive,  
The Day is not admitted, without leave.

But wretched we, those thro the Streets that walk,  
Awake, while they but only Laugh or Talk.  
All *Rome* is by our Couch : When Rest I'd take,  
To Bed I go not, but a Journy make.

Ep. 54. *On* Zoilus.

Thy Eyes squint, Foot's short, Beard's black, and  
(Hair's red,  
'Tis strange, if also Good, *Zoilus*, thou can'st be said.

Ep. 56. *On* Polycarmus.

Th'art ten times sick, or oft'ner, in a Year,  
Which makes thy Friends, not thee, of a sad Cheer ;

Who, for thy new Health, still new Gifts must send.  
Sicken, for shame at last, and make an end.

Ep. 61. *On Sabellus*.

Upon thy Birth-day pale and sad thou art,  
For fear the Cooks should fail to play their Part ;  
Or that the Ladies want Snow for their Wine,  
Or rightly in the Glas it should not shine ;  
Th'art mostly from the Board, the Guests to cheer,  
Or whisper fond Excuses in their Ear ;  
And find'st not, thou art Starv'd, (which is the Jest)  
At thine own Splendid and Voluptuous Feast.  
What Frenzy's this, of thine own Choice to do,  
What ev'n a Slave would not submit unto ?  
All else, but thee, partake the Day's Delight ;  
But thou dost need, th' Invited thee invite.  
Sit down, indulge thy Soul, the Guests all pray.  
Is this thy Birth, or Execution, Day ?

Ep. 62. *On Ligurra*.

Least my ne'er Dying Verse 'gainst thee I bend,  
Thou much, *Ligurra*, seem'st to apprehend ;

And

And worthy of this Danger would'st appear :  
In vain thou actest this Vain-glorious Fear.  
*Lybian* Lions with fierce Bulls engage,  
Spend not on Butterflies their Nobler Rage.  
If thou'dst be *Talk'd of*, which to thee is Fame,  
From some Red-lattice Poet seek a Name.  
Such who on Walls with Chalk and Charcoal write,  
Fit Verses to be read, by those that Sh-----  
Thy Forehead is too base for me to brand,  
I'll Stigmatize, by holding of my Hand.

Ep. 64. *To Corduba*.

*Corduba*, for rare Oyl, so much renown'd,  
Thy Jarrs, 'bove the *Venusfrian* may be crown'd ;  
Whose Wool, the soft *Galesian* does excel,  
And of it, greater Glories we can tell :  
By Nature, of a glitt'ring Red, 'tis dy'd,  
It's shining Tincture's not by Art bely'd.

A Poet too thou hast (as all things Rare)  
Whose Impudence with any may compare,  
To steal my Verse, bid him, for shame, forbare.



Unless himself did boast a Nobler Vein,  
And I, by stealing too, might Glory gain.  
A barren Poet, that does nought bring forth,  
Or what's the same, that which is Nothing worth :  
Like him, puts out your Eye, whose own are blind,  
Requital ne'er can make you in like kind.  
A needy Thief, to rob all bare, is sure.  
A bad Poet, from being rob'd, 's secure.

Ep. 66. *On Phyllis.*

When I with love of lovely *Phyllis* burn'd,  
And she with mutual flames, my flames return'd ;  
To make the Fair a Present I resolv'd,  
Odours, and Jewels, in my thoughts revolv'd ;  
She me prevented with an amorous Kiss,  
Such as soft Doves, when mated, make their Bliss,  
And said, my Dear, Much for my Love you owe,  
A Cask of richest Wine on me bestow.

Ep. 69. *To his Clients.*

For thy sake, *early Client*, I did fly  
The City ; th' Ambitious with Visits ply :

I am no Advocate, nor made for Strife,  
But, old and flow, love a Poetick Life;  
Seek Sleep and Leasure, which great Towns deny,  
And here not found, back unto *Rome* I'll hie.

Ep. 70. *On Paullus*.

Thy Friends, *Paullus*, just unto thee relate,  
Like to some famous Works in Paint or Plate:  
Thy Honour 'tis, such Pieces to retain,  
But in Return they receive nought again.

Ep. 71. *On Aper*.

*Aper* yet Poor, serv'd by a Stump-foot Slave,  
A One-Ey'd Trot, who fate his Clothes to save  
While in the Bath he stay'd; anointed by  
A bursten Wretch, with cheap Oyl, sparingly;  
'Gainst those debauch'd i'th' Bath, none was heard  
So loud in their Reproofs, and so severe. (there  
The Cups, he said, o'th' Rich that went about,  
Ought to be broke, and their choice Wine pour'd out.)

But after greater Wealth to him did flow,  
He from the Bath did never Sober go.

O, how boss'd Cups, and Plenty can avail !

*Aper*, who n'er did thirst, now n'er to thirst does fail.

Ep. 73. *On a Lawyer turn'd Farmer.*

Some Acres, and a House ready to fall,  
You purchas'd have, joyning the Tombs o'th' *Gaul*;  
Deserted your rich Fields, the Courts of Law,  
The certain Gains a tatter'd Gown did draw;  
While yet a Pleader, Corn and Pulse you sold,  
But buy all these, since you a Farm did hold.

Ep. 78. *On Ethon.*

While *Ethon*, in's Fane, *Bacchus* did salute  
Erect on tip-toe, his Tail was not mute  
Amidst his Orisons : which, tho the rest  
There present, laugh'd at, *Bacchus* made no Jest :  
But his irrev'rent Votary did doom,  
Three Nights, without Reprieve, to Sup at home.  
After this Mulct, poor *Ethon* did not dare,  
To th' Temple, for Devotion, to repair ;  
But first to *Cloacinas* Shrine he went,  
To give his statulent Bowels frequent Vent.

Which

Which Caution tho he ever did retain,  
With Buttocks hard comprest, he enter'd still the Fane.

Ep. 81. *To his Maid.*

I've given you many things, on your desire,  
Much more than I agreed for in your Hire :  
And yet you never cease to ask me more :  
Should I grant all, you would bethought my Whore.

Ep. 82. *On Callistratus.*

Thou praifest All, to make thy Candor known :  
But who All praises, truly praises None.

Ep. 84. *On Menogenes.*

In and about the Bath, shift-off none can  
*Menogenes*, by any Art of Man.  
Both with the right and left Hand he can take  
The swetted Trigon, and resemblance make,  
As caught by you ; take up, when it does fall,  
(Tho' bath'd and dress'd) the dusty Batoon-ball.  
Your Towels, he'll with driven Snow compare,  
Tho' fordider than Infants Clouts they are :

And

And when a Comb does your few Hairs compose,  
*Achilles*, swear, his Locks did so dispose.  
 Himself will wipe the Sweat from off your Face,  
 Esteem no Servile Office a disgrace :  
 All things admire or praise, till overcome  
 With Flatteries, you say, *To Supper come*.

Ep. 89. *On Cotta.*

Twice to have lost thy Shoes, thou dost complain,  
 While that a negligent Slave thou didst retain,  
 And he thy whole Retinue, and thy Train.  
 Wise on thy Loss, and Crafty thou didst grow,  
 And to avoid being often choused so,  
 Thou after bare-foot didst to Supper go.

Ep. 92. *On Maro.*

*Maro*, for's aged Friend, sorely oppress'd  
 With Sickness, thus in's hearing did protest.  
*If the Sick Man escapes the Shades below,*  
*On Jove a thankful Off'ring I'll bestow.*  
 Good hopes, from thence, the Doctors 'gan to have,  
*Maro* new Vows now makes, his first to save.



Ep. 94. *To Priscus*.

What Man I'd be, thou often dost demand,  
 Were I made Rich and Potent out of hand?  
 Think'st thou Men know their Minds in ev'ry State?  
 What Lion then, wert one, would'st be? Relate.

 Ep. 96. *On Tuca*.

Heroicks, tho begun, I did decline,  
 Unwilling that my Verse shou'd clash with thine;  
 But did my Muse i'th' Tragick-strain engage,  
 Here, buskin'd strait, thou met'st me on the Stage;  
 Next place, I tun'd the Strings upon the Lyre,  
 Then to *Pindaric*-Odes thou didst aspire;  
 In this, I Satyrs did betake me to,  
 Thou labour'dst then *Lucilius* to out-do;  
 Sweet flowing Elegies, I prov'd to write,  
 But these, 'bove all the rest, were thy Delight;  
 Lower to stoop, I Epigrams did frame,  
 Nor stuck'st thou here to emulate my Fame.  
 ve, Pitch on some Way, with One to me dispence,  
 To grasp at All, 's not Wit, but Impudence.

Ep. 100. *He wishes* Jnst. Rufus *an Happy*  
*Government.*

*Betis*, with Olive Garlands deck thy Hair,  
Who makes the Flocks all Golden Fleeces bear;  
To *Bacchus*, *Pallas*, and to *Neptune* dear,  
For Wine, for Oyl, for Traffick without Peer.  
May *Rufus*, in his Charge, successful be,  
His Year, like that is pass'd, be lov'd by thee.  
That *Macer* he succeeds, he's well aware,  
Who knows his Burden, best the Weight can bear.

Ep. 102. *To* Mattus.

Who, when thou knock'st, denies at Home to be  
Says this, *I am not now at Home to thee.*

Ep. 103. *To* Milo.

*Milo*, thou various Goods dost set to Sale,  
Which those that buy, to bear away, ne'er fail;  
Thy Wife is better Ware, who often fold,  
Stays with the Seller, and is still good Gold.

## LIB. IV. Epigr. 91.

*To his Book.*

O H, 'tis enough, it is enough, my Book,  
Upon the utmost Page thou now dost look;  
Would'st thou swell further yet? Yet larger be?  
Not leave thy Paragraphs and Margins free?  
If to some known Period thou didst tend,  
Then ev'ry Epigram may be thy End.  
Reader and Printer tir'd, no more can brook,  
At this time thy Self pronounce the Last Line strook,  
'tis Enough, Oh, 'tis Enough, my Book.

---

Dido's

*Dido's Speech on the Funeral Pile, after Virg*

**T**He Queen on dire Resolves now furious be  
 Rowling her Blood-shot Eyes, her Tresses re  
 Gassly, and wan her Face, from Death fore-seen,  
 Rush'd forth into the Court with Frantick Mien,  
 Mounted the Pile, *Æneas* Fauchion drew,  
 (Not left, alas, for that which did ensue)  
 Survey'd the *Illian* Robes, the well-known Bed.  
 O'erwhelmed then with Tears, she couch'd her Head  
 And labouring Thoughts; rose, and these last words  
 \* *Sweet Pledge, while Jove and Destinies gave leave,* (said  
*At once of Life me and of Love bereave.*  
*I've liv'd; absolv'd the Course Gods did assign,*  
*Th' Illustrious Figure, I here made, resign.*  
*This goodly Town, from the first Stone, I laid;*  
*Punish'd the Traytor that my Lord betray'd;*  
*My Justice, Prudence, have to all approv'd,*  
*Fear'd by my Neighbours, by my Subjects lov'd.*  
*Oh happy! and thrice happy had I been,*  
*Had the Dardanian Prince my Coasts ne'er seen!*

\* Taking up the Sword.

Here stop'd again with Grief a little space,  
 Upon the Bed she grovell'd on her Face,  
 Then big with high Disdain, she thus did cry,  
*Must I then scorn'd and unrevenged dye?*  
*Yes, dye I must, she said, even so, even so,*  
*Submit unto the Shades beneath to go :*  
*And let the Fun'ral Flames of me thus slain,*  
*Glut the false Trojans Eyes upon the Main ;*  
*Pursue his Ships, and a Sad Omen be,*  
*Where-e'er he sails, of a worse Destiny.*

Having thus spoke, those that attended stood,  
 Beheld her Fall, and all o'erflow'd with Blood.  
 A sudden shriek they sent up to the Sky,  
 Straight, to th'appaled Town, the News did fly,  
 Outcries and Wailings there did all confound,  
 The Air, the Earth, the dismal Notes resound ;  
 As *Carthage* had been Sack'd, or ancient *Tyre*,  
 The Houses, Temples, Walls, involv'd in Fire.

Hor.

Hor. l. 1. Ode 19. *Paraphrased.*

**B**eauty, Wine, and Leasure,  
 Sway my Heart to Pleasure ;  
 And Loves laid aside,  
 Are by these again reviv'd.  
*Glycera*, more dazling bright,  
 Than *Parian* Marbles glitt'ring white,  
 So pure, so sleek, no mortal wight,  
 Upon her Face can stay his sight.  
 Her charming Coyness blows my Flame,  
 And mads the Fire, which it would tame.  
 All that *Venus* is, and Fair,  
 In her Form presented are ;  
*Cyprus* naked, dispossest'd,  
 The Goddess rages in my Breast ;  
 My Soul o'er-powers with Love and Wonder,  
 As *Jove* did *Semele* with Flames and Thunder !  
 Distracted with such wond'rous Glory,  
 I cannot sing the *Scythians* Story ;

Nor

Nor in accustom'd numbers write,  
 The *Parthians*, who when flying fight;  
 No, nor sing ought, but *Great Loves* Might.

Haste then, a fresh and springing Turf prepare,  
 Here scatter Vervins, Boys and Odours there,  
 Pour out the Goblet of the two years Wine,  
 The Queen of Love propitious to incline,  
 And Radiant *Glycera* more gentle shall be mine.

Lib. 1. Ode 28. *Paraphrased.*

CLOE, bashful, timorous, shy,  
 Like the stray'd Fawn, away does fly,  
 Wildly hasting to recover,  
 Through pathless ways, its lost Mother.  
 Starts at ev'ry Leaf and Bush,  
 If but a Lizard through them rush;  
 The Wind, the Air, the smallest thing,  
 The soft approaches of the Spring,  
 Scare and affright, as they come on,  
 And she alarm'd, strait is gon:  
 When nothing's near her to surprize,  
 She trembles at her own surmise.

As th'Heart and Knees do pant and go,  
 Of this little frightened Doe;  
 Such is *Cloe's* great Distress,  
 At the gentlest Love Address.  
 Why, *Fair One*, not thy Life to take,  
 Such eager Pursuit do I make :  
 Then cast aside thy Causeless Pain,  
 Thou only kill'st, and I am slain.  
 Grown now to Age, exchange thy Childish Shame,  
 A Mothers Dandlings, for a Lovers Flame.

### Hor. l. 3. Ode 9.

*Hor.*] **W**Hile lovely I appear'd to thee,  
 Nor more wish'd Arms, whatever He,  
 About thy Snowy Neck could fling,  
 I flourish'd more than *Persias* King.

(*Dame*,  
*Id.*] While more thou burn'd'st not with another  
 Nor *Lydia*, prized after *Cloe* came,  
 Peerless *Lydia* then, and of Great Name,  
 Out-shon the *Roman Ilia* in my Fame.

*Hor.*]



*Hor.*] Now *Thracian Cloe* my Heart sways,  
 Deep skill'd in Musicks charming Lays;  
 For whom I would not fear to dy,  
 Might I prevent her Destiny.

*Lyd.*] Mutual Love in equal Bonds does ty,  
*Calis, Ornithus* beauteous Son and I,  
 For whom, without Regret, ev'n twice I'd dy,  
 So Gods would spare my Lov'd Boy's Destiny.

*Hor.*] But say again thy Beautys wound,  
 And in Eternal Chains I am bound;  
 If fair-trefs'd *Cloe* I forsake,  
 And *Lydia* my sole Goddess make?

*Lyd.*] Tho brighter than a Star my *Calis* be,  
 And than a Cork, more floating, I know thee;  
 Storming beside, and raging like the Seas,  
 With thee no Life, no Death would me displease.

*An Ep. out of Catullus.*

**M**Y Farm is not expos'd to Northern Winds,  
 Nor yet annoiance from the Eastern finds;  
 The scortching Blasts o'th' South do not molest,  
 Or the impetuous Tempests of the West:  
 But 'tis expos'd to a more boist'rous Rage,  
 More than a Thousand Pounds my Land engage.  
 Oh, ruffling Winds, destructive pest'lent Aire!  
 Both Farm and Farmer up by th' Roots you tare.

*Seven Epigrams after Ausonius.**On Venus arm'd.*

**W**Hen *Venus* clad in *Armes*, *Pallas* did see,  
 Now to contend, she said, I challenge thee,  
 And let thy minion *Paris* Umpire be.  
*Venus* reply'd, Arm'd dar'st thou me despise,  
 Who from thee naked bore away the Prize?  
*Pall.*] Nor of the Vict'ry wilt thou ever fail,  
 If thou can'st winn'r, by shewing of thy Ta---

*On Diogenes.*

**A** Scrip, a Staff, a Mantle, and a Cup,  
 Summ'd all the Richs of the Cynic up :  
 But when from's Hand he saw One Water sup ;  
 Avant, he cry'd, henceforth superfluous Cup.

*On Niobe.*

**W**Hat now you see a Rock, a Queen was late,  
 Who, when I prosp'rous was, durst violate  
*Latonas* Sacred Deity and Race,  
 My self above her, in her Temple place :  
 Of twice seven Goodly Off-spring being prov'd,  
 I would by all a Goddess be allow'd.  
 My num'rous Issu in one hour she slew,  
 All I brought-forth, I on the Beer did view :  
 Nor thus appeas'd, (of Humane shape bereft)  
 She me incrusted in cold Marble left ;  
 And tho' my Vitals lost, my Grief I keep,  
 My Childrens death eternally I weep.  
 Ah, ceaseless Rage, which Heavenly Brefts retain !  
 The Mother's dead, and yet her Griefs remain.

*On the Statue of Niobe.*

**T**HO' Marble now, I formerly did live;  
 This seeming Life *Praxiteles* did give;  
 My Form, my Limbs, my Majesty restore,  
 Excepting *Sense*, all that I was before!  
 Yet 'twixt these Beings little is the Odds,  
 Small *Sense* I shew'd, when I defy'd the Gods.

*On the Statue of Rufus the Rhetorician.*

**T**HIS Piece does *Rufus* rarely hit,  
 'Tis Speechless, Brainless, void of Wit:  
 The Stone yet one thing does not show,  
 His Wanton Softness make us know.

*On Faustus the Dwarf.*

**F***aus*tus presum'd a Grasshopper to ride,  
 And thought he did an Elephant bestride;  
 The skittish Insect cast the Over-bold,  
 Which laughter mov'd in all that did behold.  
 The Gallant Elf, sprung from the ground, and cry'd,  
 What is it, Envious, that you thus deride?

What

What in my brave Adventure do you see,  
But's common both to *Phaeton*, and Me?

*Eccho.*

**F**OND Painter, Why to me a Face do'st lend?  
To make me subject to the Eye contend?  
None my Myfter'ous Deity er'e saw,  
Much less my Figure durst attempt to draw.  
Daughter of Tongue and Aire, a Voice, I am,  
Speeches that utter, from no Mind that came  
But others Words I catch, as they decline,  
And mocking them reherse with' like of mine.  
My sole Existence in the Ear is found,  
Who will my Likeness paint, must paint the Sound.

*After Sannazarius, preferring Venice before Rome*

**W**Hen *Neptune*, i'th' *Adriatic*, *Venice* saw  
Amid'st the Waves, giving to Seas the Law.  
Now *Jove*, says he, hast thy *Tarpeian* Towers,  
The Walls of *Rome*, its other *Martial* Powers:  
As Seas of *Tyber*, *Venice* has the odds  
Of *Rome*; *Rome* work of Men; but *Venice* of the Gods!

*On St. Peter's being at Rome ; after Owen.*

**T**Hat *Peter* e'er saw *Rome*, some do decry,  
That *Simon* did, there's no Man does deny.

*Why the Husband wears Horns ; after Owen.*

**W**HEN 'tis the Wife that wrongs the Marri'ge-  
Why wears the Husband Horns? 'Cause he's  
(Bed,  
(the Head.

*Ep. I. By Dr. Tho. Locky.*

*In filium Reginae natum post alterius abortum.*

**Q**UOD *Lucina* tuos prius est frustrata labores,  
Nec fortunantes praeiuit illa manus,  
*Regina ignoscas : uno molimine ventris*  
*Non potuit Princeps ad tria regna dare.*

*English'd.*

That thy first Labour unsuccessful prov'd,  
And by thy Vows *Lucina* was not mov'd,  
Great Queen forgive ; thy Womb could not bestow,  
A Prince to rule three Kingdoms with one throw.

*Ep.*

*Ep. 2. By Dr. Tho. Locky.*

*In Caroli primi Regis filium quinto-genitum.*

**O** *Quam densa tuo surgunt fulcimina sceptro !  
Sic gignunt inopes, sic peperere casæ :  
Rara sub angustis, numerosa puerpera, plumis,  
Flere hæc, stantem uterum & sceptrum caduca, solent.  
Ante Deus dederat dotes tibi Principis omnes,  
Dat tibi nunc etiam, quæ bona Plebis erant.*

*English'd.*

How thick the Props to thy blest'd Scepter grow !  
So Poor Men get, Cottages bring forth so :  
A num'rous Issu's rare to th' Royal Bed,  
A failing Line's here mourn'd, a Womb that's dead.  
All to a Prince belong'd, Heaven gave before,  
And now it gives the Blessings of the Poor.

*Ep.*

*Ep. 3. By Dr. Tho. Locky.*

*Carolus primo Variolis, sed leviter, tinctus.*

**Q**UÆ toties orbasq; domos vicosq; reliquit,  
 Innumeras latho stravit & exequias:  
 Quæ parcens, pejus sævit; pro corpore, linquens  
 Ulcus; quæ toties abstulit Ora lues,  
 En tibi furtivos, a tergo, vix dedit ictus;  
 Et sacra vix lambit pectora plaga levis.  
 O quantum placuisti! ut Cælo es, Carole, cordi!  
 Si dum cædit, amat; si tibi ira favet.

*English'd.*

That dire Disease, which on the Bier does lay  
 Corps without number, sweeps whole Towns away  
 Where 't spares, is most severe; the Form bereaves,  
 And the whole Body but one Ulcer leaves:  
 Scarce, on the Back o' th' King, by stealth one sore  
 Did fix, passing his Sacred Body o'er.  
 O Charles! thou'rt dear to Heaven, thou'rt much its care  
 Whom, when it strikes, it loves; when wounds, does

(spare

Ep



Ep. 4. By Dr. Tho. Locky.

honoratissimi Domini Gulielmi Killigræi.  
Regiæ Vi-Camerarii præclarum & incul-  
patissimum Drama, Selindra, præconium.

**Q**UOD prudens tua, quòd modesta Musa  
Vitavit petulantiora Scenæ,  
Nec lenocinium joci procacis  
Quod falso Ingenium student vocari)  
Dum risum movet, exuit pudorem;  
Inculcata tua at sonant Theatra,  
Quod Virgo proba, quod stolata Mater,  
Quod purus, positâ severitate,  
Cum post pulpita perlegat Sacerdos;  
Quod jurat tibi nullus Histrionum, aut,  
Esso Numine, queritur venustas;  
Nec constat Populo tuum Poema  
Impensis animæ suæ, & crumena;  
Quod (sermone humili urbium relicto  
In sordidulis & Institori)  
Penam nobilis aulicumque spiras,  
Indignum Caesaris aure, cum requirens  
Immas Imperii levare curas;

Vult

*Vult ut desipiat duabus horis.*

*Has Dotes reputo tuas secundas ;*

*Sed, quod cum veniunt ad Implicata,  
Cum Scena hæreat, & quod impeditæ*

*Desperant animi Exitum Fabellæ,*

*Qua Vates veteres Jovem vocabant*

*Ad partes, poterit Throno ut crepante*

*Narrare ambigui dolos Theatri,*

*Atq; (ut Vincula Gordiana quondam*

*Pellæus Juvenis) molesta tollunt*

*Infulso gladio. Undiq; plaga,*

*Tu, per nescio quam modo citatam*

*Ex nota tibi Plebe passionum*

*(Ut quodam noviter resplante Vento)*

*Convertes alio, novisq; tota*

*Compages Operis rotis movetur,*

*Neglectis Superisq; Inferisq; ,*

*Per curam facilem domesticamq;*

*Affectum proprio è sinu petatum*

*Salvas attonitos & hesitantes !*

*Hanc Artem tibi, Killigrai, solus*

*Tu posces, dubii hanc Strophæ Theatri.*

*The foregoing Verses English'd.*

**T**Hat thy wise and modest Muse  
 Flys the Stages looser Use,  
 Not Baudry, Wit, does falsely name,  
 And to move Laughter, puts off shame ;  
 That thy Theaters loud Noise,  
 May be Virgins chaste Applause ;  
 And the stol'd Matron, grave Divine,  
 Their Lectures done, may tend to thine ;  
 That no Actor's made profane,  
 To debase God, to raise thy Strain ;  
 And People forc'd, that hear thy Play,  
 They Money and their Souls to pay ;  
 That thou leav'st affected Phrase,  
 To the Shops to use and praise,  
 And breath'st a Noble Courtly Vein,  
 Such as may *Cæsar* entertain,  
 When he, wear'd, would lay down,  
 The Burdens that attend a Crown,  
 Disband his Soul's severer Powers,  
 In Mirth and Ease dissolve two Hours.

These

*Vult ut desipiat duabus horis.*

*Has Dotes reputo tuas secundas;*

*Sed, quod cum veniunt ad Implicata,  
Cum Scæna hæreat, & quod impeditæ*

*Desperant animi Exitum Fabellæ,*

*Qua Vates veteres Jovem vocabant*

*Ad partes, poterit Throno ut crepante*

*Narrare ambigui dolos Theatri,*

*Atq; (ut Vincula Gordiana quondam*

*Pellæus Juvenis) molesta tollunt*

*Insulso gladio. Undiq; plaga,*

*Tu, per nescio quam modo citatam*

*Ex nota tibi Plebe passionum*

*(Ut quodam noviter reflante Vento)*

*Convertes alio, novisq; tota*

*Compages Operis rotis movetur,*

*Neglectis Superisq; Inferisq;,,*

*Per curam facilem domesticamq;*

*Affectum proprio è sinu petiturum*

*Salvas attonitos & hesitantes!*

*Hanc Artem tibi, Killigrai, solus*

*Tu posces, dubii hanc Strophæ Theatri.*

*The foregoing Verses English'd.*

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 Flys the Stages looser Use,  
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 When he, weari'd, would lay down,  
 The Burdens that attend a Crown,  
 Disband his Soul's severer Powers,  
 In Mirth and Ease dissolve two Hours.

These

These are thy inferior Arts,  
 These I call thy Second Parts :  
 But when thou carry'st on the Plot,  
 And all are lost i'th' subtile Knot,  
 When the Scene sticks to ev'ry Thought,  
 And can to no Event be brought ;  
 When thus of old, the Plot betray'd,  
 Poets call'd God's unto their aid,  
 Who, by Power, might do the thing,  
 Art could to no Issue bring :  
 As the *Pelean* Prince, that broke  
 With a rude and boisterous stroke.  
 The prophetick Gordian Noose,  
 Which his Skill could not unloose.  
 Thou do'st a Nobler Art profess,  
 And the coyl'd Serpent can'st no less  
 Stretch out from ev'ry twisted fold,  
 In which he lay inwove and roll'd :  
 Induce a Night, and then a Day ;  
 Wrap all in Clouds, and then display  
 Th' easie and the even Design,  
 A Plot, without a God, Divine.

Let others bold pretending Pens  
 Write Acts of Gods, that kuow not Mens:  
 In this to thee all must resign,  
 Th' Intrigue o'th' Scene is wholly thine.

In Regem.

**T***Res olim Insignes cicrum tria munera belli,  
 Præ reliquis valunt, tollere Fama, Duces.  
 Pyrrhus castra locat; Fabius cunctator; & Audax  
 Hostem Marcellus cominus ense ferit;  
 Tu Scis castra locare; Morari; hostemque ferire  
 Rex Gilielme; Trium quod fuit Unus habes.*

On King William.

**F***ame does exalt, above all others far, (War;  
 Three Great Commanders, for three Arts in  
 Pyrrhus for'th' Camp; Fabius for wise Delay;  
 Marcellus brave i'th' Charge and bloody Fray.  
 William, thou know'st t' incamp, to Fight, forbare,  
 Excell'st in what, these three Great Men did share.*

In

## In Mortem Reginae.

**D**Um Regina subit, Constanti pectore, Mortem,  
 Opprimit immodicus Te Gulielme, Dolor.  
 Fœmina, Virque animos, jam, commutasse videntur,  
 Cor habet hic teneræ Conjugis, illa Ducis.

## On the Queens Death.

**T**HE Queen, her Death, with Constancy receiv'd;  
 Her Loss the King well-nigh of Life bereav'd;  
 How Nature each exchang'd, 'twas rare to see;  
 She seem'd the Hero, the Soft Lady He.

F I N I S.

## E R R A T A.

**P**Age 7. Verse 5. read *Giving* to each impartially their due. p. 29. v. 8. for *And* r. *Thou*. p. 51. v. 5. r. *It* chang'd, &c. p. 52. v. 8. r. *from the* *Moths*, not *thee*. p. 62. v. 9. r. or a *stray*. p. 70. v. 15. for *Head* r. *heed*. p. 78. v. 14. r. *fat* *Geese*. p. 109. v. 10. for *bids* r. *bade*. p. 121. v. 8. for *Aim* r. *claim*. p. 157. v. 8. for *shews* r. *Shoes*. p. 163. v. 13. for *did* r. *does*. p. 165. v. 8. for *thou* r. *you*. p. 175. v. r. to his *Muse*. p. 181. v. 11. for *Altars* r. *Altar*. p. 192. v. 6. for *the* r. *a*. p. 193. v. 13. for *were* r. *where*. p. 218. v. 4. for *ill* bred r. *ill fed*. p. 225. v. 5. for *If* r. *And*. p. 253. v. 7. r. *Verses* of *sprightly*. p. 267. v. 11. for *or* r. *nor*. p. 287. v. 16. dele *also*. p. 293. v. 14. for *Baloon* r. *Balloon*. p. 299. v. 11. for *attended* r. *attending*.



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